

MEMOIRS OF THE  
COMTESSE DE BOIGNE

1815 — 1819

DC 146 .B75 v.2

Boigne, Louise-El eonore-  
Charlotte-Ad elaide

Memoires of the comtesse de  
Boigne

Wm H. Ingham  
San Carlos  
March 1909

From Wm H. Ingham.





MEMOIRS OF THE  
COMTESSE DE BOIGNE


MEMOIRS OF THE COMTESSE DE BOIGNE

Volume I—1781-1814

Volume II—1815-1819

Volume III—1820-1830

Each, *net*, \$2.50



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2025





# MEMOIRS OF THE COMTESSE DE BOIGNE

1815—1819

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL MS.

BY

M. CHARLES NICOULLAUD

II

WITH PORTRAIT

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS  
NEW YORK :: :: :: :: :: 1908

ARCHBISHOP ALEMANY LIBRARY  
DOMINICAN COLLEGE  
SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA

75  
B636 me  
v. 2

Copyright, 1907, by  
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Published October, 1907



98416

# CONTENTS

## CHAPTER I

Departure for Piedmont—Stay at Lyons—Marion—Arrival at Turin—The King's arrangements—His government—The ornithological museum—Count Roburent—The *biglietto regio*—Society—The chandelier—The boxes—The theatre—The opera—Social customs—The Marquis del Borgo . . . Pp. 1-16

## CHAPTER II

Callers at Turin—Count and Countess Balbe—M. d'Auzers—The Prince de Carignan—The diplomatic body—General Bubna—Weariness of life at Turin—Appearance of the town—Lodgings—Union of Piedmont and Genoa—Dinner given by Count Valesè—Jules de Polignac . . . . . Pp. 17-29

## CHAPTER III

Revelation of the Bonapartist plans—Dr. Marshall—Journey to Genoa—Experiments with Congreve rockets—Princess Graszalcowics—The Emperor leaves the island of Elba—He disembarks in France—An officer sent by General Marchand—Declaration of March 13—My brother carries the declaration to the Duc d'Angoulême—The Pope—The Duchess of Lucca . . . . . Pp. 30-43

## CHAPTER IV

The Princess of Wales—Entertainment given to King Murat—Audience of the Princess—Our situation becomes painful—Message from the Duc d'Angoulême—Anxiety for my brother—Murat's march—He is beaten at Occhiobello—The Abbé de Janson—Henri de Chastellux—Intercepted correspondence . . . . . Pp. 44-53

## CHAPTER V

Return to Turin—M. de Labédoyère—March from Cannes—The Emperor Napoleon—Exhibition of the Holy Shroud—Return of Jules de Polignac—He is made prisoner at Montmélian—Capture of a regiment at Aiguebelle—Conduct of General Bubna—Hatred of the Piedmontese for the Austrians—Hopes of the King of Sardinia . . . . . Pp. 54-65

## CHAPTER VI

My father's reply to the First Chamberlain of the Duke of Modena—Conduct of Marshal Suchet at Lyons—Conduct of Marshal Brune at Toulon—Catastrophe at Avignon—Expulsion of the French residing in Piedmont—I leave Turin—Events in Savoy—Journey of Monsieur to Chambéry—Festival of St. Louis at Lyons—Painful admission—Gendarmes rewarded by the Emperor—The soldiers of the Army of the Loire—Excellence of their behaviour . . . . . Pp. 66-78

## CHAPTER VII

Mme. de Labédoyère—Her courage—Her despair—Her resignation—Baroness von Krüdener—Her strange reception of me—Story of her arrival at Heidelberg—Her influence on the Emperor Alexander—She uses her influence in favour of M. de Labédoyère—Remark of M. de Sabran—Agreement of the Holy Alliance—Submission of Benjamin Constant to the Baroness von Krüdener—His love for Mme. Récamier—His conduct on March 20—His letter to Louis XVIII . . . . . Pp. 79-92

## CHAPTER VIII

Extravagant demands of foreigners in 1815—Attitude of the Emperor Alexander at the commencement of the campaign—Retort of General Pozzo to Bernadotte—Conduct of the Duke of Wellington and General Pozzo—Astonishment of the Emperor Alexander—Stay of the King and of the Princes in Belgium—Energy of a soldier—Kindness of the Prince de Talleyrand—The Duke of Wellington plunders the Museum—Salon of the Duchesse de Duras—Death of Hombert de La Tour du Pin—The Chamber known as *undiscoverable*—Resignation of M. de Talleyrand—My father is appointed Ambassador to Lon-



don—The Duc de Richelieu—Revelations of Dr. Marshall—  
Visit to the Duc de Richelieu—Unflattering reception—His  
apology . . . . . Pp. 93-112

## CHAPTER IX

Generous farewell of the Emperor Alexander to the Duc de Riche-  
lieu—Patriotic sentiments of the Duke—Ridiculous sentiments  
of M. de Vaublanc—My father arrives in Paris—Trial of Mar-  
shal Ney—His execution—Excitement in the Royalist party—  
Trial of M. de La Valette—The Duchesse d'Angoulême under-  
takes to ask a pardon for him—She is dissuaded—Steps taken  
by the Duc de Raguse—He introduces Mme. de La Valette  
into the Palace—His disgrace—Fury of the Royalist party at  
the escape of M. de La Valette . . . . . Pp. 113-125

## CHAPTER X

Parties given by the Duke of Wellington—The Duc d'Angoulême—  
The Duc de Berry refused by a grand-duchess—Decision in  
favour of the Princess of Naples—Happy saying of the King—  
Treatment of the English Ambassador's wife at court—Favour  
shown to M. Decazes—Extravagance of the ultra-Royalist  
party—M. de Polignac refuses to take the oath as peer—In-  
voluntary stay of the family of Orléans in England—I start  
for London—Request of the Dowager Duchesse d'Orléans—  
Remark of Mme. de Preninville . . . . . Pp. 126-139

## CHAPTER XI

I return to England—Appearance of the country—London—Con-  
cert at court—My presentation—Queen Charlotte—Considera-  
tion of the Prince Regent for her—The Duchess of York—  
Princess Charlotte—Miss Mercer—Intrigue exposed by Prince  
Leopold of Saxe-Coburg—The Marchioness of Hertford—  
Habits of the Prince Regent—Dinner at Carlton House  
Pp. 140-152

## CHAPTER XII

The diplomatic body—Countess Lieven—Princess Paul Esterhazy  
—Life of Englishwomen—Their infancy—Their maturity—  
Their old age—Their death—The fate of widows . Pp. 153-162

## CHAPTER XIII

The independence of English character—Dinner at the house of Lady Dunmore—Criticism of Lady George Beresford—Drawing-rooms of the great ladies—The idea of society in England and in France—Ball at the house of the Marquis of Anglesey—Lady Caroline Lamb—Marriage of the Duc de Berry—Reply of the Prince de Poix . . . . . Pp. 163-172

## CHAPTER XIV

The Orléans family at Twickenham—Their movements watched—Disagreement between Louis XVIII. and the Duc d'Orléans at Lillie in 1815—Domestic life at Twickenham—Sayings of Princesse Marie—The Comtesse de Vêrac—Birth of a Princess of Orléans—Comtesse Mélanie de Montjoie—The Baron de Montmorency—The Comte Camille de Sainte-Aldegonde—The Baron Athalin—The Duc de Bourbon—The Princesse Louise de Condé . . . . . Pp. 173-182

## CHAPTER XV

Lord Castlereagh—Lady Castlereagh—Cray Farm—Devotion of Lady Castlereagh to her husband—Danger and prudence—Lady Castlereagh's suppers—Lady Liverpool's country party—My dress at the Queen's court—The beauty of this assembly—Baptism of the little Princesse d'Orléans—The Princesse de Talleyrand—She consents to a separation from the Prince de Talleyrand—The Comtesse de Périgord—The Duchesse de Courlande—The Princesse Tyszkiewicz—Marriage of Jules de Polignac . . . . . Pp. 183-196

## CHAPTER XVI

Decree abolishing the Chamber—Reflection of the Vicomtesse de Vaudreuil on this subject—Negotiations with the English ministers—Opposition of the Duke of Wellington—Difficulty of securing credit—My return to Paris—Party excitement—Pamphlet by M. Guizot—Regrets by a lady of the ultra-Royalist Party—M. Lainé referred to as one of the Reds—Anger of the Royalists—Disbandment of the King's domestic bodyguard—Colonel Pothier and M. de Girardin—The semi-Royalists—Evening party at the house of Mme. de Duras—The clique

known as "the Château"—M. de Chateaubriand wishes to leave France—He sells the Vallée aux Loups to the Vicomte de Montmorency—Observation by the Prince de Poix to M. Decazes . . . . . Pp. 197-209

## CHAPTER XVII

Negotiations for a loan—Ouvrard goes to England—He introduces Mr. Baring to my father—Understanding with Lord Castlereagh—Arrival of Mr. Baring and Mr. Labouchere in Paris—Unrealised hopes—Dinner with the wife of Marshal Moreau—Pamphlet by Salvandy—Influence of General Pozzo on the Duke of Wellington—Evening party given by the Duchesse d'Escars—The contract for the loan is signed—Complaints of the Opposition . . . . . Pp. 210-220

## CHAPTER XVIII

The Duchesse de Berry—The Duchesse de Reggio—Arrangements for my brother's marriage with Mlle. Destillières—Scene at the Tuileries—The King is ill in consequence—Manuscript of St. Helena—The reading of it at the houses of Mme. de Duras and Mme. d'Escars—Success of this apocryphal publication—Its author . . . . . Pp. 221-230

## CHAPTER XIX

M. de Villèle—Court intrigue to bring back M. de Blacas—The Duchesse de Narbonne—Martin and Sister Récolette—Arrival of M. de Blacas—Lunch at the Tuileries—Madame's little bitch—Prudence of the Duc d'Angoulême—Agitation of the courtiers—Annoyance of M. Molé—Cheerfulness of M. Decazes—Continued delay of M. de Blacas—He is sent back by the King . . . . . Pp. 231-241

## CHAPTER XX

M. Decazes as favourite—His style of flattery—The conspiracy of Lyons—The Duc de Raguse calms popular feeling—Speech of M. Laffite—The Duc d'Orléans returns to Paris—Story invented concerning my mother—My indignation—The arrival of the whole of the Orléans family—Lunch at the Palais Royal—Absurd slander concerning Mademoiselle . . . . . Pp. 242-248

## CONTENTS

## CHAPTER XXI

Tom Pelham—Opening of Waterloo Bridge—Dinner at Claremont—Ill-temper of Princess Charlotte—Her kindness—A new caprice—Conversation with her—Death of Princess Charlotte of Wales—General mourning—Character of Princess Charlotte—Her tastes and habits—Suicide of her doctor—Strange advice of Lord Liverpool—Maxim of Lord Sidmouth . Pp. 249-261

## CHAPTER XXII

The King of Prussia wishes to marry Georgine Dillon—The proposal is broken off—Discourtesy of Louis XVIII. towards the Orléans family—Several instances of the fact—Resulting irritation—The Comte de La Ferronnays—His attachment for the Duc de Berry—Mme. de Montsoreau and the layette—Scene between the Duc de Berry and M. de La Ferronnays—Irritation of the royal family—Mme. de Gontaut appointed governess—Advice of Prince Castelcicala—Mme. de Noailles  
Pp. 262-272

## CHAPTER XXIII

I refuse to consult a fortune-teller—Adventure of the Chevalier de X.—Elections of 1817—The Royalist party under the influence of M. de Villèle—The Duc de Broglie and Benjamin Constant—M. de Chateaubriand calls the Left Opposition "the Liberals"—My brother's marriage—Visit to Brighton—Elaborate hospitality of the Prince Regent—Customs of the royal pavilion—Account of the Regent's visit to King George III.—Breakfast on the staircase—The Grand Duke Nicholas at Brighton  
Pp. 273-285

## CHAPTER XXIV

I am shipwrecked on the coast between Boulogne and Calais—Results of this accident—Patriotic remark of Monsieur—Strange conversation of Monsieur with Edouard Dillon—The law concerning recruiting—The peers with posts in the King's household vote against the Ministry—Reply of Mr. Canning on this subject—M. de Marcellus and Rome . . . Pp. 286-295

## CHAPTER XXV

Pistol-shot fired at the Duke of Wellington—Discovery of the assailant—Anxiety of Monsieur concerning the withdrawal of



foreigners—General agitation—Vespers in the chapel of the Tuileries—The Duc de Rohan at Saint Sulpice—His absurdities—The Duc de Rohan becomes a priest—An adventure at Naples—Prince Talleyrand in favour—Ball given by the Duke of Wellington—Will of Queen Marie Antoinette—Death of the little Princesse d'Orléans born at Twickenham—Death of the Prince de Condé—The funeral oration . . . . Pp. 296-308

# CHAPTER XXVI

Death of Mme. de Staël—Influence of her work upon the Revolution—I return to London—Agents of the Ultra party—Presentation of the secret note—The King deprives Monsieur of the command of the National Guards—Fury of Jules de Polignac—Conspiracy of the Water's Edge—Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle—The Duc de Richelieu secures the liberation of the territory . . . . . Pp. 309-318

# CHAPTER XXVII

Comte Decazes desires a change of ministry—Attacks upon the Duc de Richelieu—He resigns—General Dessolle succeeds him—Marriage of M. Decazes—Comte de Sainte Aulaire—My father requests permission to retire—He is replaced by the Marquis de La Tour Maubourg—The King is displeased with my father—My ideas concerning a diplomatic career—Creation of a batch of peers—M. de Barthélemy . . . . Pp. 319-331

# CHAPTER XXVIII

My habits and my friends—National reward to the Duc de Richelieu—The Queen of Sweden follows him upon his journey—*Salon* of the Duchesse de Duras—Mme. de La Rochejaquelein and her taste for civil war—Mme. de Duras as an author—Marriage of Clara de Duras—The Duchesse de Rauzan . . . . Pp. 332-340

Appendix . . . . . Pp. 341-357

Index . . . . . Pp. 359-375



# MEMOIRS OF THE COMTESSE DE BOIGNE

## CHAPTER I

Departure for Piedmont—Stay at Lyons—Marion—Arrival at Turin—  
The King's arrangements—His government—The ornithological  
museum—Count Roburent—The *biglietto regio*—Society—The  
chandelier—The boxes—The theatre—The opera—Social customs  
—The Marquis del Borgo.

I HAVE always thought that the only means of preserving the dignity of existence is concentration upon one chief and enduring affection, and that devotion is the only connecting tie in a woman's life. As I was, in reality, neither wife nor mother, my affections became entirely filial. I objected to the career which my father had resumed and to the city to which he was appointed; I was entirely independent, yet I cannot remember that I experienced a moment's hesitation in following him. This recollection, though divided from me by twenty years, remains an agreeable memory.

We stopped for three days at Lyons. I remember an incident of this stay which moved me greatly. My maid, who was a native of that town, asked to be allowed to go out for a few hours in order that she might visit a former friend of her father. The next day while I was dressing, she was sent for. She had ordered several drapers' representatives to call upon me, and proceeded to ask if they were now waiting; she was told that it was an old peasant with only one arm.

"Oh," said she, "it is the good Marion! It is a fine

thing that arm of hers, Madame! My mother often made us kiss it as a mark of respect."

This statement aroused my curiosity, and I secured the following story.

"You know, Madame, that my father was the chapter bookseller, and sold church service books for the most part, which fact brought him into connection with the ecclesiastics. Of these M. Roussel, vicar of —, was the most frequent visitor at our house; my father often went to see him, and they were great friends.

"During the Terror both were arrested and thrown into the same prison. Marion was the servant of M. Roussel, and was greatly attached to her master; she left the village of —, and went to Lyons to be near him. My mother gave her a home, though we were quite as uneasy and unhappy as she was, for bread was even more difficult to procure than money, and we had much trouble in finding anything to eat. However, Marion succeeded in collecting every day a little basket of provisions, and was generally able to carry it in to M. Roussel.

"One morning, when she had been brutally repulsed, her perseverance in requesting admission to the prison exasperated one of the *sans-culottes* who was on guard; he proceeded to assert that her basket certainly contained evidence of a conspiracy against the Republic, and attempted to seize it. Marion, fearing that her poor dinner would be plundered, attempted to defend it. Then one of these monsters, a little more ferocious than the others, cried, 'Well, we will see,' and struck off the arm which held the basket with a blow from his sword. Roars of laughter greeted this action.

"Poor Marion left her hand and half her forearm on the pavement of the prison, wrapped the bleeding stump in her apron, and came home to us. My mother gave her first aid while a physician was fetched to dress her wound. She dis-



played extraordinary strength and nerve. Shortly afterwards my mother saw her find another basket and fill it once more with provisions.

“‘What are you doing there, Marion?’

“‘Well, I am getting master’s dinner ready.’

“‘But, Marion, you do not intend to go there again?’

“‘Oh, it is not so far as all that.’

“In spite of all our protestations she started off, but at the end of a minute came in again.

“‘You see, Marion, that you were not fit to go,’ said my mother, pushing forward a chair.

“‘Oh yes, I am, thank you; but, Madame Vernerel, could you arrange this roll of linen and fix it on to my arm to make it the right length? If the master sees that it has been shortened, he might be vexed, and he has already trouble enough, poor dear man.’

“My mother, moved to tears, performed her request. Marion told M. Roussel that she had a whitlow on her finger, and was thus obliged to wear her arm in a sling. She did not cease her ministrations for a single day, and it was only when he left prison that her master learnt of the loss of her arm.”

As may be imagined, I was keenly anxious to see the admirable Marion. I went into the room where she was sitting with a little present of fresh eggs and cream cheese which she had brought for her dear child, as she called my maid Louise. She was an old peasant woman, tall, thin, wrinkled, and sunburnt almost black, but still upright and of vigorous appearance.

I put some questions upon the story which I had just been told, and noted with satisfaction that she had no conception of her own heroism. She seemed somewhat vexed by my admiration, and was chiefly anxious to excuse herself for the deceit which she had practised upon her vicar.

"The fact is," she said, "that the good man was so stupid in not sparing himself and in worrying about other people."

I reassured her as well as I could on the question of this pious fraud.

"Indeed," she said, "the vicar has since told me that he would have forbidden me to return had he known of this little game," and here she looked at her arm; "and so I did quite right in deceiving him," and she broke into a cheerful peal of laughter.

Louise said to me, "And Marion cooks as well as ever, Madame, and gave me such beautiful soup yesterday."

Marion smiled at these flattering words, but said, shaking her head, "Oh dear no, my child; I am not so clever as I used to be, but that poor dear man of God never loses patience."

I much regretted that I had not seen M. Roussel. This "rather stupid" man, in Marion's phrase, who was able to inspire such devotion, must have been an interesting character.

We reached Turin at a moment when society was utterly disorganised. The King<sup>1</sup> had come back from Cagliari with one solitary idea, to which he clung with the obstinacy of dotage; he wished to re-establish everything as in *Novant-ott*. This was his mode of expressing 1798 in his Piedmont patois, at which date he had been driven from his estates by the French armies.

Ridiculous consequences were the result: for instance, his former pages resumed their duties side by side with new appointments, so that some were fifteen years old and others forty. Similar confusion prevailed everywhere else. Officers who had risen to higher rank could only remain in the army by becoming subalterns once more. The same principle was pursued in the judicature and the civil service, etc., and the confusion was indescribable. There was one exception to

<sup>1</sup> Victor Emmanuel I., born in 1759, king from 1802 to 1821; died in 1824, after abdicating in favour of his brother, Charles Felix.

the law of *Novant-ott*, on which matter the good King showed himself wholly pliable; this concerned the levying of taxation. Taxes had been trebled since the French occupation, and to this change his Sardinian majesty adapted himself very readily.

The King had brought back all the courtiers who had followed him to Cagliari during his exile. Not one of them was capable of performing the work of government for a single day. Moreover, the Emperor Napoleon had, as usual skimmed off the most distinguished characters from Piedmont for employment in the service of the Empire, for which reason they were regarded by the King as unable to serve in his Government. The consequent difficulties were great.

An attempt was made to bring back to public life a man who had retired from politics but was not without capacity; this was the Count of Valse, who for many years had lived in seclusion in his castle in the Val d'Aosta. He had retained many aristocratic prejudices and ideas opposed to revolutionary principles, but he might be regarded as a Liberal in comparison with the new arrivals from Sardinia. He was obliged to treat them gently, and I think that he must often have blushed for the concessions which he was forced to make to their ignorance.

In his passion for restoring the system of *Novant-ott*, the King wished to destroy all that the French had created, including several scientific collections. He was asked one day to spare the ornithological collection which he had visited the evening before and with which he seemed delighted. He flew into a passion and said that all these innovations were works of Satan; that these collections did not exist in *Novant-ott*; that they got along very well without them; that there was no need to be cleverer than one's ancestors.

His anger being exhausted, he added that he would make an exception only of the birds, as they pleased him, and he

wished that great care should be taken of them. The Sardinian party in the council approved the King's resolution. Count Valse and Count Balbe<sup>1</sup> looked upon the ground and were silent; the destruction of the ornithological collection and the preservation of the collection of birds was resolved by an immense majority.

Absurdities of this kind, though I give but one example, were of daily occurrence, and exposed the Government to ridicule; upon our arrival in Turin it had fallen into the lowest disrepute. Afterwards the great geniality of the King had procured him a kind of popularity, and necessity had obliged him to moderate the absurd ideas which he had brought back from Cagliari. He was obliged to turn to people whose merits were known and appreciated by the country, even though they had not passed twenty-five years of their lives in idleness.

Count Valse did not find association with men to whom he had been so long a time hostile an easy task. Perhaps he feared that when once the objections to their employment had been completely overcome, intellects superior to his own might be found among the Emperor's former servants. As, however, he was a man of honour and desired the welfare of the state, he advised the King to entrust important posts to those who were able adequately to fill them, and each day brought some improvement of the original absurdities.

The absence of the Queen,<sup>2</sup> who had remained in Sardinia, made the King more amenable to reasonable advice. She had, however, delegated her influence to a certain Count Roburent, a chief equerry and a kind of favourite, whose im-

<sup>1</sup> Count di Balbe, born in 1762 and died in 1837; Minister of the Interior and President of the Academy of Sciences at Turin.

<sup>2</sup> Maria Theresa Josephine of Austria, born in 1773, daughter of Ferdinand of Austria, brother of the Emperor Joseph II. and of Beatrice of Este, the heiress of Modena. She was the grandmother on her mother's side of the Comtesse de Chambord.

portance at court was outstanding. He represented the old system of the exiled party, with all the extravagance which might be expected in a man of limited views and profound ignorance. I remember that one day at my father's house the conversation turned upon the ceremonies of initiation which sailors undergo when crossing the line: my father said that he had undergone this ceremony, and Count Roburent observed with a gracious smile, "So your excellency has crossed the line. I suppose, then, that you have been ambassador at Constantinople?"

There were then three legal codes in force in Piedmont—the old civil code, the military code (which was able to claim jurisdiction in every case), and the Napoleonic code. A *biglietto regio* enjoined the use of that code favourable to the party protected by the authorities, a procedure renewed in every instance. If this precaution had been insufficient, a second *biglietto regio* quashed the decision and decided in a contrary sense without any right of appeal, though it must be admitted that this process was only possible in the case of people in high favour.

One incident during our stay caused much stir. Two provincial nobles at Piedmont had been to law, and the case was decided at Casal. The man who lost posted to Turin, made his way to Count Roburent, and pointed out to him that the judgment was unjust in view of the fact that he was his cousin. Count Roburent understood the force of this argument, and easily obtained a *biglietto regio* in favour of his cousin. Three days afterwards the other litigant arrived, bringing with him a full genealogy, and supported by documentary evidence, which proved that he, too, was a cousin of Count Roburent and one degree nearer than his opponent. The Count examined the genealogy with great care, admitted that he had been guilty of injustice, went to the King, and brought back a second *biglietto regio* which re-established the



original decision. All this was done quite openly, and the only point where concealment was practised was in our own amusement, which was a necessary precaution in an official position such as ours.

Intolerance was carried to such a degree that the French embassy was regarded as a centre of wickedness. Our King was not to be pardoned for the grant of the charter; still less was my father for his approval of the grant and for his open assertion that it was a salutary measure rendered indispensable by public feeling in France. These subversive doctrines proved so repugnant to the spirit of the Sardinian Government that the Piedmontese received strong hints to avoid listening to theories which the Government could not prevent the ambassador from professing.

The "thorough-going" party were little inclined to visit the embassy; those who had acquired some tinge of Liberalism from service in France were afraid of compromising themselves, and thus we hardly saw the natives of the country except upon formal visits, nor was the fact much to be regretted.

Turin society, like that of almost every town in Italy, offers but few of those honourable mediocrities which compose society in other countries. A few scholars and some highly distinguished people, perhaps a little more numerous here than elsewhere, led a secluded life full of intellectual interest. To break this charmed circle or to attract any of the members composing it is an exceedingly difficult task, though success would amply repay any trouble expended for these purposes. On the other hand, the rank and file who go to balls and call upon one another are incredibly stupid and ignorant.

It is said that in the south of Italy natural intelligence is to be found. The native of Piedmont is a northerner by intelligence and a southerner by education. Generally speaking, the country has been unfortunate. Its climate is colder than that of France in the winter and more stormy and suffo-



catingly hot than that of Italy in summer, while the fine arts have not crossed the Apennines to enter this province. They would be appalled at the frightful jargon spoken there, which would inform them that they were not in their own country.

Throughout the period of my stay at Turin, during the so-called early evening when my father received callers, I daily and regularly heard a discussion of a question which I propose conscientiously to explain from every point of view.

Prince Borghese,<sup>1</sup> the governor of Piedmont under the Emperor, had placed a chandelier in the hall of the great theatre. This was, it must be said, an innovation. He offered to give it, to sell it, to take it away at his own expense, to spread a report that he had sold it, but to take no money, to accept anything that the King would care to give for it, and finally to say nothing more about it. I would willingly have fallen in with this last proposition. When I left Turin, at the end of ten months, the question was still undecided and society was shaken by violent views upon the subject of the chandelier; they were awaiting the arrival of the Queen to settle the matter.

The distribution of the boxes had for a time provided some distraction from this former occupation. I was so unprepared for these customs that I cannot describe the astonishment with which I learnt that as the carnival approached the King had gone to the theatre with his confessor to decide to whom the boxes should be given. The loyalists received the best treatment, though the first floor boxes could only be obtained every day by those of high birth in addition to sound political opinions. The second-rate nobility were admitted to the second tier, and the minor nobles struggled with the upper commercial classes for the

<sup>1</sup> Camillo Borghese, 1775-1832, husband of Pauline Bonaparte, sister of the Emperor Napoleon I.; governor of Piedmont from 1807 to 1814.

remaining boxes. At the same time, to get the third or the fourth of a box in the third tier, some aristocratic connection was indispensable.

While this list was being composed, the confessor was the centre of an infinite number of intrigues, and the publication of the list gave rise to complaints no less numerous. This fact will be understood if it be remembered that individual jealousies and their interaction were thus published every evening for six weeks. Hence may be understood the fury and the anger of people who for twenty years had lived upon an equality with the nobles, and who suddenly found themselves degraded to membership of a class excluded from the only pleasure of the country.

I was surprised at the fact that a woman of noble birth who had married a commoner or a *roturier* (for these terms were still in use at Turin) received better consideration in the distribution of the boxes than the wife of a noble who was herself *roturière*. I suppose the regulation was made in the interest of girls of high birth who have no kind of fortune in Piedmont, and am the more inclined to believe it, as I have heard the statement that a girl brought the right to half a box given as one of her advantages in view of marriage.

When the list had been revised, discussed, and corrected, it was confirmed, and a magnificent official letter was despatched, signed by the King and sealed with his arms, informing the recipient that a certain box, in part or in its entirety, was assigned to him, and that he could send for the key. To get the key it was then necessary to pay a sum quite as heavy as that charged at any other theatre in Europe. It was necessary, moreover, to have the box furnished, to paper it and put in curtains and chairs, for the key merely provided admission to an empty kennel with dirty walls. Thus there was a fine windfall for the King's upholsterer.

After this expense a further payment was made at the doors for entrance into the theatre, at a rate, however, comparatively moderate; hence a stranger invited to be present at a performance was obliged to pay for his ticket. In spite, or perhaps in consequence, of all these formalities, the opening of the grand opera was an event of the utmost importance. On the morning the whole population was in a ferment, and in the evening the doors were thronged by so multitudinous a crowd that, notwithstanding all our ambassadorial privileges, my mother and myself were almost crushed upon our arrival.

The theatre itself was sufficiently handsome: the chandelier had been left in place provisionally and provided adequate illumination, though the enthusiasts of the *ancien regime* objected that it tarnished the splendour of the "crown." By the "crown" was meant the King's box. This was a little drawing-room at the back of the theatre. Two rows of boxes high, with the width of nearly five boxes, it was highly decorated with hangings, gold fringes and brilliantly lighted by clusters of candles. Before the innovation of a chandelier the theatre depended upon the royal box for its light.

The box of the French Ambassador was always opposite that of the Prince of Carignan, in the best possible place. An attempt would have been made to take it from the ambassador of a constitutional king, but no effort of the kind was ventured, as my father himself had intimated that he would be forced to regard deprivation as an affront. Nor could he act otherwise, in view of the importance popularly attached to this privilege.

The performance was as it is everywhere in Italy: two good singers were surrounded by detestable supers, so that there was no kind of uniformity in the performance. It was, however, quite satisfactory to people who only went to the theatre for purposes of conversation. They listened to two

or three pieces, and chattered the rest of the time as if they were in the street; the pit, where people stood, became a promenade when there was room. A detestable ballet aroused transports of admiration, and the scenery was little better than the dancing.

Young married women await the opening of the opera with more interest, as they generally live with their mothers-in-law, and therefore are unable to receive callers in their own home. At the theatre their box becomes their home, and they can admit whom they will. Men of the lower nobility can converse with the ladies of the upper nobility, who would not be able to see them in their own houses. One often hears the phrase, "So and so is one of my theatre friends," and Mr. So and So appears quite happy with this connection, which is said to become intimate at times and never claims to pass the threshold of the lady's house. The custom of "attendant cavaliers" has fallen into disuse. If any of the fraternity are left, they admit none to share their title for nothing, and except for the fact that they are more public, these intimacies are no more innocent than elsewhere.

The custom in Piedmont is to marry children without giving them any fortune. The girls have a dowry so small that it can barely suffice for their personal expenditure; moreover, it is always paid to the father-in-law, who defrays the expenses of the young household, but provides no income.

I have seen Count Tancred of Barolo, the only son of a father who had an income of £20,000, obliged to go to him to settle the expenses of a carriage to take his wife to the waters. The Marquis of Barolo went into long calculations as to the amount necessary for the journey, and the proposed visit, after which he readily provided the funds. If his daughter-in-law expressed a desire to see her apartments refurnished, architects and upholsterers came in and repairs were completed in magnificent style. But she would not

have been able to buy a seven-and-sixpenny table which might have struck her fancy.

She had full permission to import all the Paris fashions, and the bills were always met without the slightest protestation. In one word, the Marquis of Barolo refused nothing to his children except their independence. I learnt these details for the reason that the lady was a Frenchwoman, Mlle. de Colbert, and was somewhat vexed by this custom, which was, however, general. As long as the parents were alive, the children remained members of the family in the full sense of the term, though attempts were made to satisfy their desires so far as existing fortunes would allow.

The Marquis of Barolo, of whom I have just spoken, was a senator and an assiduous courtier of the Emperor. While the latter was staying at Turin, the Marquis made vigorous remonstrances to him upon the fact that he was paying extraordinary taxes to the extent of £5,000.

"Dear me," said the Emperor, "are you really paying £5,000?"

"Yes, Sire, not a halfpenny less, as I can prove to your Majesty. Here are the papers."

"No, no, that is quite unnecessary; I believe you, and I compliment you warmly upon the fact."

The Marquis of Barolo was obliged to be content with these words.

The ladies of Piedmont take such delight in the theatre that their attendance is regular, though no longer obligatory, as before the Revolution. When a woman was away from the opera for two consecutive days the King used to send to inquire the reasons for her absence, and if her excuse was thought inadequate she was reprimanded.

Nothing, upon the whole, was so despotic as this so-called paternal Government, especially as regarded the nobility. The nobility were, indeed, often permitted to repudiate debts

which they had contracted with commoners, which fact, by the way, so raised the rate of interest upon loans that many families were ruined in consequence; on the other hand, the Government decided in what way a man's revenue should be expended. Some were told to build a castle, others to found a chapel, another to give concerts, another to give balls, etc.

The Government fixed the residence of every man in such province or town as might be found convenient. To go abroad, it was necessary to ask the special permission of the King, which was never immediately given, and only for a very limited time. A stay of greater or less length in the fortress of Fénestrelle would have been the result of the least disobedience, while if absence abroad were prolonged beyond the limits imposed, the property of the absentee might be sequestered without further formality.

The Marquis del Borgo, one of the richest lords of Piedmont, was so great a sufferer from rheumatism that he had established himself at Pisa, being unable to bear the climate of Turin. When King Victor Amédée built the square of St. Charles a *biglietto regio* ordered the Marquis to buy one of the sides of the square and construct an arcade. Shortly afterwards a new *biglietto regio* ordered the construction of a magnificent residence, plans of which were provided; then came orders to decorate it, and then to furnish it with royal magnificence, room by room. Eventually a final *biglietto regio* intimated that the owner of so fine a residence ought to live in it, and permission to remain abroad was withdrawn. The Marquis returned to Turin in a fury, and established himself in a servant's room at the end of his magnificent reception room, which he refused ever to see, but which was crossed morning and evening by the she-goat who provided him with milk; and this was the only female that ever went up the grand staircase as long as the old Marquis was alive. His children had been left in the family residence.



I have visited his daughter-in-law when she was settled in this residence in the square of St. Charles; it was a remarkably fine house. She was a strong opponent of the formalities of the Sardinian sovereigns, for the reason that when she was very young and was present at a court ball, Queen Clotilde<sup>1</sup> had sent a maid of honour across the room with a pin to fasten her fichu, which the Queen thought was too wide open.

The Marchioness del Borgo, sister of the Marquis de Saint Marsan,<sup>2</sup> was witty, sarcastic, cynical, but amusing and amiable. She was, however, of little use to us, as she had every reason to fear the result of any familiarity with us.

The conduct of the ladies of Piedmont is as a rule very far from strict. It is possible, however, that foreigners exaggerate their wrong-doing, for they proclaim their intimacies with that careless effrontery of Italian manners which we find so objectionable. The husbands seem to raise no obstacle, and to trouble themselves but little in such matters.

This marital philosophy is common to all classes beyond the Alps. I remember a story told by Ménageot the painter.<sup>3</sup> When he was director of costumes at the Paris Opéra he went in one day to old Vestris and found him trying to console a young dancer and fellow countryman, whose wife, a pretty and lively member of the ballet, was giving him great anxiety.

After the commonplace phrases appropriate to calm the

<sup>1</sup> Madame Clotilde of France, sister of Louis XVI. See first volume of these Memoirs (1781-1814), p. 400, note.

<sup>2</sup> M. de Saint Marsan had been Councillor of State under the Empire and French Minister at Berlin. His eldest son belonged to the Emperor's household as a page and orderly. They had returned to Piedmont at the Restoration. The father became a Minister, and the son colonel and King's *aide-de-camp*.

<sup>3</sup> François Guillaume Ménageot obtained the *grand prix* in 1766. He was director of the French Academy at Rome; born in 1744 and died in 1816.

fury of the stage Othello, Vestris added in his half Italian jargon:

“Well, you see, my friend, in our profession this kind of thing is like cutting teeth: it’s the devil of a business to cut them, but one gets used to them by degrees, and eventually one eats with them.”

Vestris asserted that this advice had speedily proved efficacious.

## CHAPTER II

Callers at Turin—Count and Countess Balbe—M. d'Auzers—The Prince de Carignan—The diplomatic body—General Bubna—Weariness of life at Turin—Appearance of the town—Lodgings—Union of Piedmont and Genoa—Dinner given by Count Valsecchi—Jules de Polignac.

As long as the opera season lasts calls are neither given nor returned. This is a greater advantage for the reason that at Turin social custom permits only evening calls. The mansions are unprovided with door-keepers or the staircases with lights. The servant who follows you is provided with a lantern, with which he escorts you to the first, second, or third floor of a vast house in which the titled proprietor occupies a small corner, the remainder being let, often to financial grandees. It is necessary to appear at his door in person. To sit in one's carriage and send to inquire if the occupier is at home is regarded as rudeness.

Ladies, however, are rarely at home to visitors in Turin. The style of dress in which they are to be found and the arrangement both of their rooms and of their persons shows that they are not ready to receive society. An exception must be made in the case of some houses which were always open, those, for instance, of del Borgo, Barolo, Bins, Masin, etc.

As we were not very regular attendants at the theatre, we often spent many quiet evenings at home. Our greatest resource were Count and Countess Balbe. The Count was one of those distinguished men to whom I have referred above. His deep learning in every department did not prevent him

from being a witty, amiable, and lively companion in the ordinary intercourse of life.

The Emperor had placed him at the head of the University. Public confidence had appointed him chief of the provisional government which had been formed between the departure of the French and the arrival of the King. He had so entirely secured popular favour that no attempt was made to enforce his complete retirement, and he had remained director of public instruction with a seat at the council, to which, however, he was only summoned for special objects, discussions, for instance, upon ornithological museums! He was far removed from any childish fear of the consequence of any kindness shown by him to us, and we saw him daily. His wife was a Frenchwoman, kind, lively and amusing; she was a cousin of M. de Maurepas, had known my parents at Versailles, and her intimacy with us soon became definite.

The Cavour family were also numbered among our intimate friends. They were too deeply compromised already to have any reason for prudence; the mother had been a lady of honour to the Princess Borghese, and the son marshal of the palace and the Prince's friend. His wife's sister had married a Frenchman who had certainly solved a great problem. M. d'Auzers, director of the police during the French administration, not only gave entire satisfaction to his superiors, but had become so popular throughout the country that protestations were universal when the King wished to drive him out with the other French officials in Piedmont. He remained at Turin on excellent terms with everybody, and eventually acquired great influence in the Government, and since my departure I have heard that he became one of its leading members.

We also knew, though less intimately, the Countess Masin, a highly distinguished intellect: she had been brought up by

her uncle the Abbé Caluso,<sup>1</sup> whose name is familiar to every learned man in Europe. These names, together with the diplomatic body, formed the basis of our social circle.

The Prince de Carignan<sup>2</sup> was delighted when his tutor brought him to our house. Hardly had he escaped from a boarding-school at Geneva, where he enjoyed all a school-boy's freedom, when he was subjected to the stricter life of a prince of Piedmont, though the authorities hesitated to proclaim him heir to the crown. To secure this recognition formed part of my father's instructions; for this purpose he worked zealously, and the young Prince regarded him as his protector and used to tell him all his vexations.

Of these, one of the chief were the exaggerated precautions which were taken to preserve his life and personal safety, and the constraint which this care imposed upon him. For instance, he was only allowed to mount a horse in his garden between two equerries and under the eye of his doctor and his confessor.

This confessor dogged his every footstep, was with him when he went to bed and when he rose, and at every meal made him say his prayers and his benedicite; in short, he did his best to exorcise the demon which had presumably entered into the soul of the Prince during his stay in those two accursed districts, Paris and Geneva. Instead, however, of securing the confidence of the Prince, he had merely succeeded in persuading him that he was a spy and reported his every action to the King's confessor, who had placed him in attendance upon the Prince.

While sympathising with his misfortunes, my father urged him to patience and prudence. He understood that a young

<sup>1</sup> Valperga di Caluso, astronomer and Orientalist, born and died at Turin (1737-1815); member of the Oratory, Director of the Turin Observatory, and President of the Academy of Sciences.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Albert. See first volume of these Memoirs (1781-1814), p. 389.

man of sixteen who had hitherto been brought up in the enjoyment of almost exaggerated liberty, for his mother troubled herself very little about him, must feel the irksomeness of so complete a change of life.

M. de Saluces,<sup>1</sup> his tutor, was greatly attached to the Prince, who trusted him and also Count Balbe, one of his guardians. When he found himself at my father's house, with only these men and ourselves about him, his happiness was inexpressible. He was already very tall for his age, with a handsome face. He lived all alone in the immense palace of Carignan, which had been given up to him. He had not yet gained possession of his property, so that he lived uncomfortably, with much privation, and indeed it was difficult to meet the very small expenses of his establishment.

The King was very little better off. The palace had been left furnished, but the necessary utensils belonging to Prince Borghese had been taken away by him, so that the King found nothing upon his arrival. For a long time he used china, linen, crockery, horses and carriages borrowed from the nobles of Piedmont. I do not know how expenses were paid.

Negotiations to secure the recognition of the Prince de Carignan had been concluded, but the influence of Austria and the intrigues of the Duke of Modena, the King's son-in-law, still prevented any announcement of the fact. One day when there was a court reception my father's carriage happened by arrangement to cross that of the Prince de Carignan; my father pulled the check string, and gave the Prince the right of way. The French Ambassador had right of precedence over the Prince de Carignan. This concession

<sup>1</sup> Alexander de Saluces, Count of Menusiglio. He had been the protector of Charles Albert on the death of his father, the Prince de Carignan, and had remained his guardian. But he was not his tutor after his return to Savoy. The first tutor was Count Grimaldi, and the second, General Polycarpe d'Osasque (cp. *La Jeunesse du Roi Charles Albert*, by the Marquis Costi, of the French Academy).



therefore announced the Prince as heir to the crown, and forced that declaration which the King personally desired, while the gratitude of the Prince was extreme.

When this point was gained, France being interested in preserving the succession of the house of Savoy, my father made it his business to secure the recognition of the legitimacy of the other Carignan, the son of the Comte de Villefranche.<sup>1</sup>

He made a careful search for the document which the confessor of the late King had extorted from him during his last moments. Unfortunately the search proved successful. The document stated that the King consented to recognise the "conscientious marriage" contracted by his cousin the Comte de Villefranche, but that this recognition was never to confer any right upon the wife to assume the rank and title of princess, nor could the children of this union raise any claim of any kind under any pretext whatever, as their birth had been and was illegitimate.

After the discovery of this document, which the family of La Vauguyon had loudly claimed, it was necessary to keep silence, at any rate for a time. However, my father had resumed negotiations during the Hundred Days, and if M. de Carignan had gone to Turin instead of joining the Emperor Napoleon, his claims would very probably have been admitted.<sup>2</sup> The King of Sardinia was personally as anxious as we were to avoid the extinction of the house of Savoy.

The diplomatic body included Mr. Hill for England, a pleasant companion, though gloomy and a hypochondriac; he rarely came forth from a seclusion which made his position somewhat equivocal. There was also Prince Koslovski for Russia, an intelligent and well-informed man, but so

<sup>1</sup> See first volume of these *Memoirs* (1781-1814), p. 389.

<sup>2</sup> The rights of the branch Carignan-Villefranche were recognised by Charles Albert when he became King. Decree of April 28, 1834.

unprincipled as to be useless for social purposes. The other embassies were as yet unoccupied, though Austria was represented by Count Bubna,<sup>1</sup> general of the army of occupation which had been left in Piedmont. His position was thus both diplomatic and military. It is harder to imagine a man of greater intelligence or one able to tell a story with greater wit and attraction. He had recently married a young German of Jewish birth, who was not received in Vienna society. Hence he desired to remain abroad. His wife was a pretty and by no means unintelligent woman, and the best company in the world. She spent her time at our house. She was greatly wearied at Turin, though at that time she was much in love with her husband, who treated her like a child and gave her a ball once a week at the expense of the town of Turin. His military position implied full indemnity for all diplomatic expenses, and he denied himself nothing.

Upon several occasions he had been sent to treat with the Emperor Napoleon when the Austrian monarchy was in its most critical condition, and he used to give very amusing accounts of the details of these negotiations. I much regret that I cannot recall them with sufficient exactitude to narrate them here. He used to speak of the Emperor with extreme admiration, and to say it was easy to deal with him as man to man, though difficult when it became a question of empire to empire. The truth is that Napoleon appreciated and was fond of Bubna, and had given him several marks of his esteem. Approbation thus highly prized was a great means of seduction. In any case, the fact remains that I have often sat until one o'clock in the morning listening to Bubna's stories of Bonaparte.

Bubna had also some reputation as an expert pillager, an idea by no means refuted by the dexterity with which he

<sup>1</sup> The Count of Bubna-Littitz, field marshal (1772-1825). He had been Ambassador at Paris under the Empire.

tapped the resources of the town of Turin, though peace had been long established; hence he desired to maintain the military occupation as long as possible. My father, on the contrary, supported the Sardinian authorities, who were anxious to be relieved of this occupation. This business opposition never altered our social relations, as the General was too sensible not to keep business in its proper place. Hence we always remained upon intimate and friendly terms. At length the Austrian troops were withdrawn and Count Bubna remained as minister, pending the arrival of Prince Stahrenberg, who was to take his place.

I may be doing the people of Piedmont an injustice when I assert that the town of Turin is the gloomiest and most wearisome place of residence in the whole universe. I have already pointed out various circumstances which contributed to make it disagreeable for people in general and for ourselves in particular during the period of my stay. It must also be remembered that after the excitement, the animation, and the dramatic intensity of the two years 1813 and 1814, which I had spent at the one centre where events were most strongly felt, I had come to this capital, with its sadness and its monotony, to hear daily discussions on the question of the chandelier; hence it will be understood that I might well feel some unjustified prejudice against the town.

The town of Turin is regularly laid out and the streets run in parallel lines, but the arcades which decorate the chief thoroughfares give them a deserted appearance, and the carriages are not sufficiently numerous to replace the lack of pedestrian traffic. The exterior of the houses is handsome. A Venetian used to say that in his country the inhabitants wore masks, but that here the town was masked. The metaphor is entirely exact, for these beautiful frontages usually veil dreadful hovels with labyrinths of apartments inconveniently placed and poorly furnished. It is indeed

astonishing to find so much poverty behind the screen of these architectural designs. In any case it is difficult to appreciate their merit in the condition into which they are allowed to fall.

Under the pretext that repairs will be required some day, and that the solidity of the buildings might be injured by the construction of new scaffoldings, the holes originally made in the walls have never been filled up, so that every wall, including those of the King's palace, is riddled with square holes; and each of these holes provides a habitation for a family of jackdaws, which form a black cloud in every street and make a terrific uproar throughout the town. To the unaccustomed eye nothing is sadder than the appearance and the cries of these birds.

As regards one's domestic life, the rooms that can be procured do not compensate for the weariness of life outside. So few strangers stop at Turin that it is difficult to find a lodging. The fine palaces are occupied by their owners or let upon long leases, and the diplomatic body have the greatest trouble in finding suitable residence. Comfort is not to be thought of.

My father had taken the house of the Marquis Alfieri, then Ambassador at Paris, as he had been assured that it was laid out and arranged in the French style. It is true that it did not possess the enormous "salla" of the Piedmont palaces, and that every room had glazed windows. But my room, for instance, was also fronted by a long stucco gallery; there were no means of lighting a fire, and though furnished with beautiful crimson damask, it was paved, not with flagged stones like a moderately respectable kitchen, but with cut blocks like the Paris streets. At the head of my bed a door led through an open balcony and communicated with my maid's room. My mother was little better off, and my father even worse, for his room was still larger and gloomier.

The English minister had a superb palace, the architecture

of which was remarkable and greatly admired; this was the palace Morozzi, which rejoiced in the possession of the "salla" of which the Piedmontese think so much. This "salla" occupied the centre of the house from top to bottom, so that on the first floor communication was made by outer galleries which the architect had been careful to leave open, that they might be sufficiently light. Poor Mr. Hill had offered to have them glazed at his own expense, but the whole town was horrified at this mark of Britannic barbarism. In order to avoid the rigours of these outside passages he had eventually established himself in three little rooms just below the first floor, the only apartments in the building which could be heated. This was the more necessary as the winter at Turin is long and cold. For several weeks I have seen the thermometer between ten and fifteen degrees below zero, and the inhabitants did not seem surprised or inconvenienced by this temperature, notwithstanding the scantiness of their precautions to meet it.

The Congress of Vienna presented the King of Sardinia with the state of Genoa. Notwithstanding our share in providing this important accession to his territory he remained no less irritated with France than before, on account of our retention of Savoy. The remarkable point is that King Louis XVIII. was no less vexed by this question than the King of Sardinia, and was sincerely anxious to return the province to him. He seemed to regard himself as a receiver of stolen property. My father did not share the scruples of his sovereign, and was very anxious that France should retain that part of Savoy which the treaties of 1814 had left to her.

When the deputies of Genoa came to do homage for their state to the King of Sardinia, he requested Count Valesc, Minister of Foreign Affairs, to give them a dinner. The diplomatic body was invited. Throughout the previous fortnight this dinner was an object of anxiety to the whole

town, which discussed the origin of the fish, the game, and the cooks. The accessories were collected with infinite pains and trouble, recourse being had to the kindness of the court nobles and especially of the ambassadors. The manner in which the candles of one harmonised with the plate of another furnished a keenly interesting topic of conversation for several evenings.

At length the day of the festival arrived, and twenty of us sat down. The dinner was quite magnificent and well served. Notwithstanding the ornamentation, which made me apprehend some ridiculous result, nothing of the kind occurred. Count Valse did the honours with the easy manner of a born noble. The weariness and monotony which overwhelms the inhabitants of Turin induces them to grasp eagerly at anything resembling an event. This was the sole occasion on which I have seen any of the members of the diplomatic body invited to dinner at a Piedmont house.

Strangers, as I have said, were little inclined to stop at Turin: there is nothing to see, the society is not attractive, and the inns are bad.

We saw Jules de Polignac<sup>1</sup> for a moment on his way to Rome, where he had been sent by Monsieur. I believe the point at issue was the existence of the Jesuits and especially of the Congregation,<sup>2</sup> which had already been extending its

<sup>1</sup> Polignac (Jules), Count and afterwards Prince de Polignac (1780-1847), second son of the Duc Jules de Polignac and of the Duchesse Yolande de Polastron, governess of the Children of France and favourite of the Queen, Marie Antoinette. The part which the Prince de Polignac played during the reign of Charles X. and in 1830 is well known. Condemned to perpetual confinement and loss of civil rights, he was kept in the fortress of Ham until the amnesty of 1836.

<sup>2</sup> As regards the Congregation, a pious and charitable association quite distinct from the "Little Church," see the fine and learned study of M. Geoffrey de Grandmaison, *La Congrégation*, 1801-1830, with preface by Comte Albert de Mun. (Paris: Plon and Co. One vol., 8vo, 2nd edition.)



ramifications throughout France under the name of the "Little Church." It was upon hostile terms with the Pope, Pius VII., as it had never been willing to recognise the Concordat or the bishops appointed in consequence of that agreement. It was expecting that the persecution which it had inflicted upon the prelates whose investiture the Pope had refused during his discussions with the Emperor would compensate for its original disobedience.

There was a desire that the Pope should recognise the bishops who were entitled to sees previous to the Concordat and who had not resigned, as retaining their rights. Jules was on his way to negotiate this transaction. The Pope was probably extremely discreet, for Jules was highly dissatisfied upon his return from Rome. He had, however, secured his nomination as Prince of Rome, a matter of no great difficulty.<sup>1</sup>

His stay at Turin was prolonged for a considerable time. The Jesuits were beginning to grow powerful in that town, and he used their influence to secure his appointment as Chevalier de Saint Maurice. I have never been able to understand why a man of his title and in his position should have been anxious to secure this scrap of ribbon.

The Order of the Annonciade is one of the most illustrious and exclusive in Europe; it includes none but full members, styled excellencies. The King of Sardinia creates excellencies as elsewhere a sovereign may create dukes or princes, with the exception that the title is never hereditary. Certain posts as well as the collar of the Annonciade give the right to this title. It implies all the distinctions and privileges that can be enjoyed in the country. I can understand that such a

<sup>1</sup> Mme. de Boigne is here mistaken upon the dates. Jules, Comte de Polignac, was made Prince of Rome by letters of May 24, 1822, (*Bibliographie Universelle*). In the *Almanach Royal* of 1822 appears the title Jules, Comte de Polignac, in 1823, S.S. Prince de Polignac.



distinction might be desired, though it can have but little advantage to offer a foreigner. However, the little cross of Saint Maurice can be met at every turn in the street, and seemed to me a strange ambition for Jules. When, however, a man with the title of M. de Polignac is willing to become a prince of the Pope, there can be no limit to his childish vanities. This fact, however, did not prevent him from conceiving higher ambitions.

Accustomed as we were to his absurdities, he still retained the capacity of rousing our astonishment. The young men of the embassy were amazed at the theories which he supported with considerable eloquence, it must be admitted, but with a total lack of common sense. One day he informed us that he was very anxious to be nominated minister by the King, not, he added, because he thought himself cleverer than others, but because nothing was easier than to govern France. He would impose only one condition upon the King: he would demand that for ten years he should be guaranteed the portfolios of foreign affairs, of war, of the interior, of the finances, and, in particular, of the police. With these five departments exclusively in his hands he would be responsible for everything, and that without the smallest trouble to himself.

Upon another occasion he said that since France was anxious for a constitution, she ought to be given one which was broad and satisfactory to the most liberal opinions; that the constitution should be read before the Chamber, and that the reader should then place it upon the tribune and add:

"You have heard the reading of this constitution, which ought to suit you; it remains for you to show yourselves worthy of it. Preserve peace for ten years, and it shall be published; but every revolutionary movement, however feeble, will delay for one year the moment which we desire no less than yourselves." Meanwhile, "Io el rey!" he would continually cry aloud, with his hand upon a great sword which he

dragged about after him. As the King's *aide-de-camp*, though he had never seen a pistol fired or commanded a man, he was as often in uniform as possible.

The conversation turned one evening upon the bad feeling prevalent in Dauphiné, which was attributed to the large numbers of those who had acquired the property of exiles.

"That is the fault of the Government. I have proposed a very simple means of solving this difficulty. I have guaranteed its infallibility, but no one will use it."

"What is this means?" I asked him.

"I have offered to lead a flying column of ten thousand men, to establish myself successively in each province, to drive out the new owners and to reinstate the former proprietors with a force in every case too great to permit any hopes of resistance. It could be easily done without the least uproar, and everybody would be satisfied."

"But, my dear Jules, you can hardly expect the new owners whom you are expropriating to be satisfied."

"Oh, dear me, yes, for they will always be unruly."

These stupidities would be hardly worthy of mention were it not for the deplorable notoriety which the poor Prince de Polignac acquired at so high a cost. I might make a long collection of these incidents, but these will suffice to show the tendencies of this narrow mind.

### CHAPTER III

Revelation of the Bonapartist plans—Dr. Marshall—Journey to Genoa  
—Experiments with Congreve rockets—Princess Grassalcowics—  
The Emperor leaves the island of Elba—He disembarks in France  
—An officer sent by General Marchand—Declaration of March 13  
—My brother carries the declaration to the Duc d'Angoulême—  
The Pope—The Duchess of Lucca.

My father had been ordered to keep an eye on the movements of the Bonapartists who were scattered about Italy, and upon their communications with the island of Elba. For this purpose he had employed an English doctor called Marshall, whom the Prince Regent of England had sent to Italy to gather information upon the conduct of his wife, who was something more than indiscreet.

In 1799 this Marshall had brought vaccine to Italy; he had been at Naples at the moment when the court exacted its cruel vengeance after its return from Palermo in the ships of Admiral Nelson. At that time he was young, and had been justifiably disgusted by the spectacle of these horrors. Hence he had availed himself of his English nationality and of the freedom which his doctor's profession allowed him to do many kindnesses to the victims of this Royalist reaction. Since that time he had remained in close connection with the revolutionary party, and had every opportunity for learning their projects without participating in their plots.

One night in January 1815 he came to my father with great secrecy, and showed him documents which proved almost beyond doubt that a movement was being arranged in France, and that the Emperor Napoleon was intending shortly to

leave the island of Elba to give his personal support to the movement. My father was convinced of the gravity of this news, and urged Marshall to communicate with the French Government. He refused to impart his information to any minister. According to him, the offices of every minister were surrounded by Bonapartists, and he feared for his personal safety.

M. de Talleyrand had been temporarily replaced by M. de Jaucourt,<sup>1</sup> who never answered any despatches; correspondence was conducted from the offices, and was purely official. My father could not have known to what minister he should refer Marshall, who, moreover, refused to submit the documents he had secured to any one except the King himself. He prided himself upon his personal connection with the Prince Regent, and it would seem that the lofty station of his employers dignified in his eyes the somewhat dishonourable traffic which he pursued. The importance of his revelations justified his obstinacy on this point.

My father gave him a letter to the Duc de Duras, who introduced him to the study of Louis XVIII. on January 22. The King sent his thanks to my father for the zeal which had procured this precious information. No special precautions, however, were taken, and the Government did not even send a corvette to cruise off the island of Elba. The carelessness prevalent at this time was far in advance of the credulity of other years.<sup>2</sup>

I have just said that my father had received no despatches from the Minister of Foreign Affairs. I was wrong: one despatch he received, demanding Piedmont truffles for the King; it was four pages in length, and went into the minutest

<sup>1</sup> Marquis de Jaucourt (1757-1852), colonel, member of the Legislative Assembly and of the Tribunal, Minister, peer of France, a supporter of the July Monarchy, and afterwards of the Second Empire.

<sup>2</sup> Cp. *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. III, p. 63.

details concerning the manner of their transport with rapidity and certainty. Prince Talleyrand kept him, indeed, fairly well informed of the proceedings of the Congress, but as he was resident at Vienna, he could neither learn nor communicate any news from France.

Towards the end of February the court moved to Genoa to receive the Queen, who was expected from Sardinia. The diplomatic body followed the court. We left the valley of Turin and of Alexandria beneath the snows which had covered it since the month of November, and reached the summit of the Bocchetta. This route is no longer used. The mountain of the Bocchetta is remarkable for the fact that there is no level at the top, and a carriage has no sooner completed the ascent than the horses have begun to descend the other side.

At the time of year when we were travelling, this fact was the more striking for the reason that we passed directly from midwinter to late spring. Upon one side the mountain was covered with snow, the streams were frozen, and the waterfalls displayed their stalactites of ice. On the other side of the mountain the trees were in flower or in leaf, the grass was green, the streams were murmuring, the birds twittering, while nature seemed to be making holiday and anxious to obliterate the sad impressions which had overwhelmed the mind a quarter of a minute before. I have rarely experienced a more delightful impression.

After a rapid drive of several hours across delightful country, we reached Genoa on February 26. The streets were carpeted with flowers, never have I seen so many, and the weather was delightful: I forgot the fatigues of the journey and its toilsome beginning.

On getting out of the carriage I took a walk in these sweet-smelling streets, clean and well flagged and far pleasanter to the foot than the floor of my paved room in Turin. I found

them filled with a cheerful, animated, and busy population, strongly contrasting with the dirty and listless inhabitants I had just left. The women with their silken shoes and their heads covered with the becoming *mezzaro* delighted me, and the children seemed charming.

The whole of Genoese society was also in the streets, and in five minutes we were surrounded by forty acquaintances. I suddenly felt that the leaden cloak which a six months' stay in Turin had fastened to my shoulders was now raised. My joy was, however, somewhat calmed by the one hundred and fifty steps which I was forced to climb in order to reach the pleasant rooms in a great palace which had been reserved for the French Ambassador.

During my stay at Genoa the only inconveniences were the height of the staircases and the unexampled importunity of the beggars. I shall not repeat what everybody knows concerning the magnificence and beauty of the palaces, nor shall I say anything concerning the customs of the country, for I had no opportunity of observing these; a few days after our arrival political events obliged our retirement, and I saw little or nothing of society.

The Genoese were at no pains to hide their objection to the reunion with Piedmont and their dislike for the King. Few of them came to the court, and they were regarded with disapprobation by their countrymen. Their vexation was the keener as they had expected emancipation for some time.

Lord William Bentinck,<sup>1</sup> attracted by the fair eyes of Louise Durazzo, as they say in Genoa, had authorised by his silence if not by his words the re-establishment of the former

<sup>1</sup> Lord William Cavendish Bentinck (1774-1839), English Plenipotentiary and Commander-in-Chief of the British troops in Italy; Governor-General of India from 1827 to 1833. He was the second son of William Henry Bentinck, third Duke of Portland, one of the chiefs of the Whig party and Prime Minister of England in 1801 and 1807. (*Dictionary of National Biography*, Vol. IV.)



government during his occupation of the town. The acts by which the Congress settled the fate of the Genoese seemed to them the more cruel in consequence. Master for master, they preferred a great man to the good King Victor, and if they were no longer to be Genoese, they would rather be French than Piedmontese. The decision of Vienna had made them violent Bonapartists, and the rivers of Genoa were a special starting point for correspondence with the island of Elba.

The English army, before handing over the town to the Sardinian authorities, had dismantled the public works and carried off everything from the harbour, even including the chains of the galley slaves. This outrage had exasperated the Genoese sentiments of nationality.

The day following our arrival we were invited to a demonstration which an English commodore was giving to the King. He was to be shown the effect of Congreve rockets, a new invention at this time. We all went on foot, in admirable weather, to a little plateau upon a rock some furlongs from the town, whence a magnificent view was to be seen. An old ship, moored out at sea so far as to be hardly visible with the naked eye, served as a target. A sea breeze was blowing which spoiled the rocket display, but cooled the air and made it delightful. The spectacle was animated upon the coast and brilliant in the harbour, which was to be seen upon our right hand, crowded with ships in full dress.

The firing was interrupted by the danger of striking two little ships embayed by the wind. Evidently they did not wish to land, and were tacking to get out to sea; eventually they succeeded, and firing practice was resumed. In view of the facts which we afterwards learnt, there is no doubt that these two brigs were carrying Bonaparte and his fortunes to the shores of Cannes. Had one of these rockets chanced to

strike these boats, how great a change might have been made in the destiny of the world!<sup>1</sup>

The commodore gave a well-appointed lunch in a marquee, and the company separated, well pleased with their morning's amusement.

I remember the Princess Grassalcowics came to finish the day with us. I had long been intimate with her. She was sailing the next day for Livorno. During the evening we talked of the want of news, the monotony of the papers, and wondered whether it was worth while living merely to wait another fortnight for a wretched protocol of the Congress of Vienna. Half seriously, half jestingly, we regretted the agitations and the excitement of the previous years; life seemed to us monotonous when no great movement was in progress. My mother observed:

"This is young ladies' talk; let me advise you not to tempt Providence. When you are as old as I, you will know that these peaceful moments which you are so childish as to call wearisome never last long."

Three days afterwards the Princess returned to Genoa, as she had been unable to disembark at Livorno, and before a hasty return to Vienna she came to our house with downcast face and said:

<sup>1</sup> Mme. de Boigne has previously related (see the first volume of these Memoirs, pp. 74 and 75) an anecdote which, as she said, might have cut short the fortunes of Napoleon at the very outset. Though the story has been disputed, it is true. Only M. de Belloy (and not Belloc), second captain of the Barrios regiment of infantry, has confused Napoleon with his elder brother, Joseph Bonaparte, who was returning to Corsica with his father at the end of the summer of 1784, after leaving the college of Autun. Cp. *Mémoires de Joseph Bonaparte*, Vol. I, p. 28; Chuquet, *Jeunesse de Napoléon*, Vol. I, p. 135; Frédéric Masson, *Napoléon Inconnu*, Vol. I, p. 78 ff.

Upon this occasion there is nothing to show that the boats in question actually were the little flotilla which left the island of Elba on the evening of February 26, carrying the Emperor Napoleon and his soldiers.

“Ah, dear Lady Ambassador, you were right, and I ask your pardon for my foolishness; I am greatly ashamed of myself.”

I might have shared her remorse, as I had shared her fault.

While we were at a concert my father was called away; a message was waiting for him despatched by the French consul at Livorno and announcing the departure of Bonaparte from Porto-Ferrajo. My father immediately proceeded to inform the authorities. He despatched a courier to M. de Talleyrand at Vienna, and another to Paris; then he sent a secretary from the embassy to take the news to Masséna, with orders to warn all the authorities upon the coast as he went. This precaution was nullified by the rapidity of the Emperor's movements. A few hours after his departure from Genoa, M. de Château<sup>1</sup> was crossing the bivouac of Cannes, which had been already abandoned though the fires were still burning. We had spent the night copying letters and despatches which were entrusted to these various couriers, and there was but one part of the Genoese chancellery where no such business was apprehended.

Great was the excitement the following morning. It was expected that the Emperor would disembark at some point of Italy and join the troops of Murat, who had been raising forces for some time. The Austrians were not in a position to offer resistance; General Bubna was most uneasy, and reproached the Piedmont authorities for their anxiety to secure the German evacuation before they had time to form a national army. Count Valse, on the other hand, asserted that the expenses of the occupation absorbed all the revenues of the state, and that military organisation was impossible so long as the occupation continued.

Lord William Bentinck arrived in great haste. People looked at one another, expressed their anxiety and disquiet-

<sup>1</sup>Second Secretary to the French Embassy at Turin (*Almanach Royal*, 1814-1815).

tude and uttered mutual reproaches, but in view of the general uncertainty concerning the Emperor's disembarkation it was impossible to decide any line of action or to issue any orders. General Bubna was the first to receive instructions; thereupon the Austrians, the English, and the Piedmontese were somewhat reassured, and thought they had time to look round.

Bubna demanded permission to march his troops into Piedmont. Count Valsecchi obstinately refused, and the general was obliged to quarter them upon the frontier of Lombardy; he also issued a formal declaration that he would remain behind the Po, leaving Piedmont unprotected, if the Neapolitan army should advance. The Sardinian Government persisted in its attitude, and soon conceived the strange idea that it might be able to secure its neutrality from Napoleon and from Murat. The relations of my father with the Government were afterwards affected by this delusion. The Sardinian Ambassador was the only representative who did not join King Louis XVIII. at Ghent.

M. de Château returned bringing the fairest promises from Masséna. He had seen Mme. Bertrand arrested upon her arrival from the island of Elba, and had observed everywhere as much enthusiasm for the Duc d'Angoulême as indignation against the Emperor. This news was correct, as far as Provence was concerned and for the time being.

Very different news was brought in on the wings of the wind. With astonishing rapidity and by unknown channels we learnt the success of the rapid march of Bonaparte.

One morning a French officer wearing the white cockade came to my father and handed him a despatch from General Marchand,<sup>1</sup> which was too insignificant to have been the true

<sup>1</sup> Comte Marchand (1765-1851). The general commanded the department of Isère for the King. Accused of surrendering Grenoble to Napoleon, he was tried in 1816 and acquitted. He re-entered the Army after 1830, and became a peer of France under the July Monarchy.

reason for his appearance. He was greatly agitated and demanded an immediate reply, as the General had arranged the moment for his return. My father urged him to go and rest for a few hours. While he was trying to find the answer to this riddle, which was the more difficult to discover, as the rumour had gone abroad that General Marchand had recognised the Emperor, General Bubna came in and said:

"My dear Ambassador, I have to thank you for the care with which you have paid the postage of my letters. I know that fifty louis have been asked you for the letter which I have here. It is from General Bertrând, who writes to me by Napoleon's orders, bidding me send off by courier immediately these despatches to Vienna for the Emperor and for Marie Louise. I am never in a great hurry, and shall wait quietly for a favourable opportunity. What do you propose to do with your young man?"

My father thought for a moment, and concluded that to have him arrested would be too serious a step. He summoned him from his inn, requested him to leave immediately, warning him that, if he left the Sardinian Government time to learn the manner in which he had crossed the frontier, he would be arrested as a spy, when no ambassador could attempt to save him. The officer was so imprudent as to observe that he would have to stop at Turin, where he had letters to deliver. My father advised him to burn them, and gave him a passport prescribing a route which would carry him away from Turin. I have heard nothing more of this gentleman, who had the audacity after this explanation to ask my father for the fifty louis which General Marchand in his supposed letter had requested him to hand the messenger for travelling expenses.

Bubna kept the secret a sufficient length of time to secure the safety of the messenger. At that moment he might have been in a critical situation, for the pacific tendencies of the

Sardinian Government were then non-existent, while its horror at the Bonapartist leanings of the Piedmontese had been raised to the highest pitch.

The declaration of March 13 was sent to my father by M. de Talleyrand as soon as it had been signed by the sovereigns assembled at Vienna. My father had it printed without delay, and three hours after its arrival my brother started off to carry it to the Duc d'Angoulême, whom he found at Nîmes. So great had been the rapidity of its transmission that the effect of the document was somewhat impaired, and doubts were cast upon its authenticity. The Duc d'Angoulême kept my brother with him, and appointed him his *aide-de-camp*. Shortly afterwards he sent him into Spain to ask for help which he did not secure. In any case, if this help had been granted, it would have arrived too late.

In view of my system of noting the smallest circumstances which in my opinion throw any light upon character, I feel obliged to relate one incident, puerile as it may seem.

My brother, as I have said, had brought to the Duc d'Angoulême a document of the highest importance, and had displayed an energy which proved the extent of his zeal. Everywhere he had scattered copies of the declaration along his road, without inquiring into the political opinions of the persons to whom he handed them, a proceeding not entirely without danger. The Duc d'Angoulême knew this, and seemed well pleased with him; he invited him to lunch. Rainulphe dressed himself as well as a man could do who had just ridden a hundred leagues, and accepted the invitation.

Hardly had they sat down when the Duc d'Angoulême began:

"What uniform are you wearing?"

"That of a staff officer, my lord."

"To whom are you *aide-de-camp*?"

"To my father, my lord."



"Your father is only a lieutenant-general; why then are you wearing a shoulder-knot? Only the King's family and the families of the princes have any right to them, though they are permitted in the case of marshals; you are wrong to wear one."

"I did not know it, my lord."

"Now that you know, you must take it off at once. In strict justice you should be arrested, but I will excuse you. Do not let me see it again."

It will be understood how greatly a young man such as Rainulphe then was would be disconcerted by so public a rebuke. The Duc d'Angoulême would occasionally grow excited to the point of anger upon small matters of military detail, and delude himself with the idea that he was a great general.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These are extracts from the letter in which Comte Rainulphe d'Osmond relates his journey to his father:

"NIMES, *Thursday*, at 10 p.m., *March*, 1815.

"Here I am, and I arrived this morning at 4.45. I stopped at the Prefecture, where my lord is lodging, and was first sent, as I requested, to the officer on duty. . . . I woke him up, told him my business, and when lights were fetched I read the document to him.<sup>1</sup> He told me that he did not think it was worth while to wake my lord for that (there is no accounting for taste), and I then said that I would wait until the Prince rose. It was a quarter past five when I returned, and my lord was up and working, as his custom is. I asked to be announced, and was shown in a moment afterwards. His Royal Highness read the document and seemed to me to be struck by its importance; he told me that it was a good thing to publish it. I replied by telling him of what I had done upon the route. After discussing certain minor details upon different points, he told me that he was inclined not to accept any offers of service until he was obliged. I answered that I was of his opinion, but that I was no stranger, and therefore came to offer him my services, and that I placed myself at his orders for him to do with me as he thought fit. He thanked me, and sent me to take some rest. . . . We met an *aide-de-camp* of the Prince de Condé; I think his name is M. d'Esgrigny, who showed me extreme politeness, accompanying me all over the town to try and find a sabre, but in vain. I am to have an

---

<sup>1</sup> Declaration of the Congress of Vienna, March 13.

The King of Sardinia announced that he was proposing to make an excursion to Turin. His ministers and General Bubna accompanied him. The English minister remained at Genoa with my father, who was more easily able to communicate from that town with the Duc d'Angoulême in the south of France.

answer this morning. On returning to my inn, I found an officer who came from my lord to invite me to dinner. M. d'Esgrigny, who had accompanied me, was able with much trouble to procure me the loan of a rapier, and I arrived when they had already sat down. The Prince did not appear vexed, and received my excuses with much kindness. He asked me whose *aide-de-camp* I was, and I replied simply that I was my father's. 'Ah,' he said; 'the reason is that I see you are wearing a shoulder-knot.' He asked me how long I had been a major. I could not remember, myself, and told him from the month of May. He spoke to me several other times. My lord has here with him Comte Etienne de Damas, Baron de Damas, the Duc de Guiche, and Melchior.<sup>1</sup> After dinner some people came in immediately, and I was afraid that I should have no further opportunity of speaking to the Prince. However, he came up to me and asked me if I was tired. Then he attacked me again upon the subject of the shoulder-knot, and said, though with much kindness, that only the King's household and officers in waiting upon the princes were allowed to wear them. My only reply was, 'My lord, I will take it off to-morrow.' Then I spoke to him of . . . In short, our conversation lasted for nearly half an hour. He had forgotten that it was to him that I owed my promotion. M. de Rivières is at Marseilles. . . ."

As will be seen, Mme. de Boigne has somewhat dramatised the incident of the shoulder-knot. She was writing twenty years after the incident, and although the Duc d'Angoulême was perhaps, of all the princes of the elder line, the one to whom she has shown the least injustice, she did not pass over an occasion of showing him in an unfavourable light.

This little anecdote is thus worth recollection. It is an excellent illustration and criticism of the style of the Comtesse de Boigne. There is always a substratum of truth in her stories, but she often uses it, though always with wit, to subserve her own inclinations to what she believes to be the welfare of her party. Fortunately, such a document as the preceding letter can not only re-establish the exact truth in this particular case, but also can give us the key to many other incidents.

<sup>1</sup> Comte Melchior de Polignac, third son of the Duke and of the Duchess, *née* Polastron.

We soon witnessed the arrival of all the public characters who had been driven out of the south of Italy by the movements of the Neapolitan army. The Pope<sup>1</sup> was the first, and was lodged in the King's palace. I had not seen him since the time when he came to the coronation of the Emperor Napoleon; we went several times to pay our respects to him. He talked willingly and familiarly upon all subjects. I was especially touched by the calm and dignified manner in which he referred to his years of exile, to which incident he seemed to attach neither glory nor merit; he appeared to regard it as a circumstance which had unfortunately been inevitable and regretted that his duty had forced him to drive Napoleon to the wrong-doing of his persecution. His discourses were characterised by a noble and fatherly moderation which must have been inspired from on high, for upon other subjects he was by no means so distinguished. One felt that he was a man who was again beginning a career of tribulation which would lead him neither to bitterness nor to exaltation. The word serenity seemed to be invented especially for him, and he inspired me with a very sincere veneration for him.

Shortly afterwards he was followed by the Infanta Marie Louise, Duchess of Lucca, and better known by her title of Queen of Etruria.<sup>2</sup> Genoa was crowded, and as she could

<sup>1</sup> Pius VII. (Gregorio Chiaramonti, 1742-1823). Benedictine and Bishop of Tivoli in 1782, Cardinal Bishop of Imola in 1785. Appointed Pope on March 14, 1800, by the Conclave which had met at Vienna on October 1, 1799. Pius VI. had died in exile on August 29, 1799. Pius VII. was the author of the Concordat of 1801. Napoleon confiscated his estates in 1809, and kept him prisoner at Genoa, at Savonne, and then at Fontainebleau. Pius VII. re-established the Society of Jesus in 1816. He interceded for Napoleon when he was a prisoner in St. Helena, and welcomed his family to Rome. Consalvi was his first minister.

<sup>2</sup> Marie Louise Joséphine de Bourbon (1782-1824), daughter of Charles IV. of Spain. She had married Louis de Bourbon, eldest son of the Duke of Parma, and was Queen of Etruria and afterwards Duchess of Lucca. She was canonised by Pope Pius IX. in 1876.

not find a suitable lodging, she established herself in a large room in an inn, where with the aid of screens a sleeping apartment was constructed for the whole of her family. She appeared to harmonise entirely with this dingy apartment. I have rarely seen a more vulgar personage than this princess, and her conversation was no better than her appearance. As she was a Bourbon, it was necessary to pay some court to her, but it was done with little enthusiasm.

She used to drag a daughter about with her who was as untidy as herself, and a son who had been so strangely brought up that he wept if he was obliged to mount a horse, was made ill by the sight of a gun, and when he was obliged one day to cross a ferry was overcome with an attack of nerves. The Duchess of Lucca insisted that the Spanish princes had been brought up precisely as her son. My father attempted to remonstrate with her upon the subject, but only succeeded in making himself disliked.

## CHAPTER IV

The Princess of Wales—Entertainment given to King Murat—Audience of the Princess—Our situation becomes painful—Message from the Duc d'Angoulême—Anxiety for my brother—Murat's march—He is beaten at Occhiobello—The Abbé de Janson—Henri de Chastellux—Intercepted correspondence.

MR. HILL came to us one morning with a face even sadder than usual; his Princess of Wales<sup>1</sup> was in the harbour. Under pretext of giving up his room to her, he left her to the care of Lady William Bentinck,<sup>2</sup> jumped into a carriage, and went off to Turin. Lady William would have done the same if she had been able. Princess Caroline established herself in Mr. Hill's rooms.

The next day we saw in the streets of Genoa a sight which I shall never forget. There was a kind of phaeton constructed like a sea shell, covered with gilding and mother-of-pearl, coloured outside, lined with blue velvet and decorated with silver fringes; this was drawn by two very small piebald horses driven by a child who was dressed like an operatic cherub with spangles and flesh-coloured tights, and within it lounged a fat woman of fifty years of age, short, plump, and high-coloured. She wore a pink hat with seven or eight pink

<sup>1</sup> Caroline Amelia (1768–1821), wife of the Prince of Wales, who was Regent and afterwards King of England as George IV. She was a daughter of the celebrated Duke of Brunswick. Notwithstanding the errors of her conduct, English public opinion was upon her side in her quarrels with the King.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Mary Acheson, daughter of Lord Gosford, married Lord William Cavendish Bentinck in 1803 (*Dictionary of National Biography*, Vol. IV.).

feathers floating in the wind, a pink bodice cut very low, and a short white skirt which hardly came below her knees, showing two stout legs with pink top-boots; a rose-coloured sash which she was continually draping completed this costume.

The carriage was preceded by a tall and handsome man, mounted upon a little horse like those which drew the carriage; he was dressed precisely like King Murat, whose gestures and attitude he attempted to imitate. The carriage was followed by two grooms in English livery and upon horses of the same kind.

This Neapolitan turn-out was a gift from Murat to the Princess of Wales, who exhibited herself in this ridiculous costume and in this strange carriage. She appeared in the streets of Genoa on this and the following mornings.

The Princess was then in the full fury of her passion for Murat, and would have wished to accompany him to the camps. He had been obliged to insist on her departure with some sternness. She only consented to leave because she hoped to induce Lord William Bentinck to unite the English forces with the Neapolitan arms. On this subject she spared neither demands, supplications, nor threats. The influence of these upon Lord William can easily be imagined, and he moreover, went away two days after her arrival.

She was also a highly zealous Bonapartist, though she showed some fear that the Emperor might compromise the King, which title she reserved exclusively for Murat. She speedily became the centre of every opposition element in Genoa, and went so far that after some days the Sardinian Government begged her to find another refuge.

During the previous carnival, which she had just spent at Naples, she had conceived the idea of inducing the resident English to give a subscription ball to Murat. The scene took place in a public hall. At the moment of Murat's arrival a group of the prettiest Englishwomen, dressed like



goddesses from Olympus, advanced to receive him. Minerva and Themis then took possession of him and conducted him to a platform where the curtains opened and showed the spectators a group of symbolical figures including Renown, a character sustained by one of the pretty Harley ladies. Glory, who was represented by the Princess, even more ridiculously dressed than the others, tripped forward, took a feather from the wing of Renown, and wrote in large golden letters upon a panel which she held, the names of the different battles in which Murat had distinguished himself.

The spectators roared with laughter and applauded, while the Queen of Naples<sup>1</sup> shrugged her shoulders. Murat had sufficient good sense to feel vexed, but the Princess took this masquerade seriously, as a glorious ovation for the object of her affections and for herself, who was so well able to do him honour. I heard the story of this performance from Lady Charlotte Campbell, the last of the ladies of honour to abandon her. She wept with vexation as she spoke, but her story was only the more comical in consequence. It was necessary to have the heroine before one to appreciate the ridiculous element to the full.

It was to console the grief which she felt at her separation from Murat that the Princess of Wales had conceived the idea of dressing one of her men who slightly resembled him in precisely similar fashion. This living portrait was Bergami,<sup>2</sup> who afterwards became famous, and who even then, according to the captain of the ship which had brought him from Livorno, assumed the rights of Murat over his royal mistress as well as his costume. This, however, was regarded as nothing more than a sailor's bad joke.

<sup>1</sup> Caroline Bonaparte, third sister of Napoleon I. (1782-1839).

<sup>2</sup> Bartolomeo Bergami, formerly subaltern in an Italian regiment. Overwhelmed with favours by the Princess, he was made co-respondent in the action which George IV. brought against his wife.

It was necessary to go and pay our respects to this merry-andrew, as her position required. She hated us, as she considered us hostile to the King, and gave herself the petty pleasure of great rudeness. We went with Lady William Bentinck at a day and hour fixed by her. She kept us waiting a long time, and at length we were admitted to a green arbour where she was lunching, dressed in an open dressing-gown, with Bergami to wait upon her. After a few words to my mother she attempted to speak nothing but English to Lady William. She was somewhat disconcerted to find us also taking part in the conversation, from which she had hoped to exclude us, and was thus reduced to speaking of the virtues and the royal and military talents of Murat.

Shortly afterwards she gave an audience to my father, and began a long speech upon the infallible success of Murat, his approaching union with the army of the Emperor Napoleon, and the triumphs which awaited them. My father began to laugh.

“You are laughing at me, Ambassador?”

“Not at all, Madame; it is your royal highness who is trying to throw me off the scent by your serious air. Such a conversation between a Princess of Wales and an Ambassador of France is so frivolous that your highness can hardly expect me to take it seriously.”

She showed herself much offended, and cut short the interview. We were in no way tempted to renew the acquaintance. She insisted that my father had helped to secure the order for her departure, an utterly false assertion. If the Government had been urged by any one, it was rather by Lady William Bentinck, who was greatly weary of her. Lord William and Mr. Hill were spared these annoyances.

We were in a most unpleasant situation. Nothing is more painful than to be abroad in an official position in the midst of such a catastrophe, and obliged to display a calmness

which one does not feel. No one shared our feelings in a manner satisfactory to ourselves. Some proclaimed the certain success of Bonaparte, others his rapid downfall before the Allies and the humiliation of the French armies. It was rarely that the language of these predictions was so well chosen as not to wound our feelings. Consequently, as soon as the undeniable seriousness of events relieved us of the painful necessity of pretending an assurance which we had not felt for a moment, we shut ourselves within our house and went out no more.

The Marquis de Lur-Saluces, *aide-dè-camp* of the Duc d'Angoulême, arrived with despatches. The Prince ordered my father to ask the King of Sardinia for the help of a body of troops which would enter the country at Antibes and join him in Provence. He had just secured a considerable success at the bridge of the Drôme, and had also displayed before the eyes of both armies a personal bravery which had greatly raised his reputation. He felt the need and the desire for vigorous action.

When the Duc d'Angoulême could be roused from his fatal predilection for passive obedience, he was not wanting in energy. He was by no means so great a nonentity as certain foolish actions with which a volume might be filled would induce one to believe. He was an imperfect but by no means an incompetent character.

My father made ready a carriage and went off to Turin with M. de Saluces. From the latter we had learnt that my brother had been sent into Spain. A few days afterwards the *Moniteur* published letters from the Duc d'Angoulême to the Duchesse which had been intercepted; the letters stated that young d'Osmond was the bearer. We had every reason to fear that he had been arrested, and our anxieties continued for twenty-seven days.

Communications with the south had been interrupted; our

only knowledge of events was derived from the Paris newspapers which arrived at irregular intervals. Thus it was that we learnt of the defeat of the Duc d'Angoulême, of the convention made with him, and of his departure from Cette. The name of my brother was nowhere to be found, but eventually we received letters from him written from Madrid. He was about to leave this capital to rejoin his prince, whom he thought was still in France, and after a long circuit he found him again at Barcelona.<sup>1</sup>

The Duc d'Angoulême had proposed to send my brother to Madame, as he told him in his letter, and had then changed his plan and despatched him to the Duc de Laval, Ambassador at Madrid.<sup>2</sup> This fact it was that had caused us such great uneasiness, while our anxiety was entirely justified at the outbreak of civil war, when it was impossible to foresee what would be the fate of the prisoners or what vengeance would be taken upon one side or the other. The event showed that political passion had been exhausted as well as anger, and that personal interests were the only remaining characteristics of the early Revolution years.

Murat was advancing so rapidly in Italy that people were already packing up at Turin. My mother and I were both anxious to go and rejoin my father, but he daily opposed the plan. The question of economy was becoming important, and affected our prospects of security so far as to dissuade us from a double journey at an uncertain time.

The demands of M. de Saluces had been received with great coldness by the Sardinian Government. Their success in any case was out of the question, as the news of the disaster and

<sup>1</sup> We still possess this interesting series of letters written by Comte Rainulphe d'Osmond during his stay in Spain to the chief of the staff of the Duc d'Angoulême, in which he relates the incidents of his journey and the succeeding events.

<sup>2</sup> Adrien de Montmorency. See note, Vol. I, p. 164.

withdrawal of the Prince arrived immediately afterwards. At that moment, however, my father observed some embarrassment in the minister's<sup>1</sup> reception of him, and noticed a tendency to keep the ambassador at arm's length while overwhelming the Marquis d'Osmond with politeness.

At the same time all Austrian or English help was rejected, and it became plain that the Government hoped to conduct negotiations independently and to maintain the possibility of securing its neutrality from the Emperor if he succeeded in establishing himself. Bubna was greatly amused by this policy, and used to speak of King Victor as the august ally of the Emperor Napoleon. My father was not in a position to laugh, but he also believed that these ideas were entertained by the Sardinian Cabinet.

Murat was defeated at Occhiobello by the Austrian armies and ceased to advance, while the embargo upon our movements was removed. It was officially announced that the arrival of the Queen from Sardinia was indefinitely postponed and we returned to Turin.

Before leaving Genoa, I wish to say a word of two men whom we saw there as they passed through. The first was the Abbé de Janson.<sup>2</sup> He had heard of the departure from the isle of Elba on the coast of Syria, where he was making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and the wind had so entirely seconded his own energy that he had reached Genoa with almost inconceivable rapidity. He stayed only two hours to learn the course of events, girded up

<sup>1</sup> Count Valesè, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

<sup>2</sup> Comte Charles de Forbin Janson (1755-1844). He was Sub-Councillor of State, and entered the seminary in 1808. He had been admitted to the Congrégation of Père Delpuits in 1805. Ordained priest in 1811. Vicar-General at Beauvais, he was one of the organisers of the missions and of the Calvary of Mont Valérien. Bishop of Nancy in 1824, he resigned after 1830 and went to Canada. Upon his return to France he founded the charitable work of the Sainte Enfance.

his loins, bestrode a post-horse, and went off to join the Duc d'Angoulême.

This abbé in his ecclesiastical costume excited much ridicule among the soldiers; but when they saw him walking among the grape-shot during the battle on the bridge of the Drôme, carrying the wounded upon his shoulder, and giving them every kind of consolation and help with as much coolness as a grenadier of the Old Guard, the vicar, as they called him, stirred their enthusiasm to the highest point. The Abbé de Janson afterwards threw his energies with regrettable zeal into the service of intrigue. He became Bishop of Nancy,<sup>1</sup> and one of the most active members of the Congregation which proved so fatal to the Restoration; he then made himself so unpopular that he was driven from his episcopal town during the Revolution of 1830.

The other personage whose passage through Genoa I wish to recall was Henri de Chastellux. He was twenty-five years of age, master of a considerable fortune, and attached to the embassy at Rome.<sup>2</sup> It was there that he learnt of the treachery of his brother-in-law, Colonel de Labédoyère. He was the more horrified as he had a tender affection for his sister and understood her deep need of consolation, situated as she was amid a family whose Royalism was no less advanced than her own. He immediately obtained leave of absence from his ambassador, and after putting his papers in order packed up

<sup>1</sup> Where he succeeded Bishop d'Osmond, the uncle of Mme. de Boigne, who died on September 27, 1823.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Louis de Chastellux, born February 28, 1786, died March 3, 1863, married on August 31, 1819, to Claire H. P. B. de Durfort de Duras. He was made Duc de Rauzan on August 15, 1819. He was the son of Henri Georges César de Chastellux and of Angélique Victoire de Durfort, daughter of Emeric Joseph de Durfort, Duc de Civrac, lord of Blagnac, Ambassador at Vienna, and of Anne Monbadon de La Faurie, lady of honour to Madame Victorie. (*Hist. général. de la famille de Chastellux*).



his books and effects and started in a hired carriage, having struck a bargain with the owner to carry him to Lyons in twenty-seven days.

Revolutions do not usually proceed at this pace. On arriving at Turin, M. de Chastellux was informed that he could not continue his journey. He went to Genoa to consult my father upon his future action. It was decided that he should go to join the Duc d'Angoulême. My father told him that he would give him despatches to carry. Two hours later a secretary went to take him the despatches, and found him lying on a bed, reading Horace.

"When do you start?"

"I do not yet know. I have not yet been able to settle with the owners of conveyances which have been sent to me, and am expecting others."

"You are not going, then, by the Corniche?"

"No; I intend to hire a felucca."

The secretary brought back the despatches, which were sent off by courier.

Henri de Chastellux embarked the next morning, but as he had arranged to sleep on shore every night, he did not reach Nice until five days later. There he heard disquieting rumours concerning the position of the Duc d'Angoulême: he waited patiently for their confirmation, and after ten or twelve days, he saw him reappear at Genoa, having pushed his explorations no farther than Nice.

This singular apathy in the case of a young man who was by no means unintelligent, and should have been urged forward, under the circumstances, by his social position and his family connections, formed an extraordinary contrast with the prodigious activity displayed by a man whose cloth might have dispensed him from action: it was a contrast which struck us greatly at the time, and which I have never forgotten.

My father was in continual correspondence with the Duc de Narbonne, Ambassador at Naples, the Duc de Laval, Ambassador at Madrid, and the Marquis de Rivière,<sup>1</sup> who was commanding at Marseilles. He sent them the news which came in to him from Germany and from the north of France. The embassy at Turin was very ill provided with secretaries and *attachés*, and when my father left Genoa he made me responsible for this correspondence. The duties were confined to sending an abstract of the news which came in to us, distinguishing official news from the common rumours with which we were inundated. Several of these letters were intercepted, and some, I believe, were printed in the *Moniteur*.<sup>2</sup>

Malignity has seized upon this puerile incident to assert that I usurped the duties of Ambassador. My own anger at this absurdity induced me readily to remain in ignorance of the diplomatic business which my father has since handled, and my ignorance is probably greater than it would have been but for this ridiculous invention. Politics amuse me, as I have already said, and I gladly take an amateur part in them to occupy my spare time. As I never felt the necessity of talking about matters confided to me, my father would readily have communicated any business to me had I desired to know it.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Fr. Riffardeau, Marquis and then Duc de Rivière (1763-1828), officer of the French Guards, and *aide-de-camp* of the Comte d'Artois during the exile. He was condemned to death as an accomplice of Cadoudal, but pardoned (1803). Ambassador at Constantinople in 1814. Peer of France in 1815. Returned to Constantinople from 1816 to 1820. Captain of the Guards of Charles X., Duke in 1827, and guardian of the Duc de Bordeaux.

<sup>2</sup> The *Moniteur* of April 18, 1815, published a letter from the Marquis d'Osmond, Ambassador at Turin, to the Comte de La Tour du Pin, another from the same to his Royal Highness the Duc d'Angoulême, and a letter from the Comtesse de Boigne, dated Genoa, Sunday, April 9, 1815, and addressed to the Marquis de Rivière, French Ambassador at Constantinople, then at Marseilles.

## CHAPTER V

Return to Turin—M. de Labédoyère—March from Cannes—The Emperor Napoleon—Exhibition of the Holy Shroud—Return of Jules de Polignac—He is made prisoner at Montmélian—Capture of a regiment at Aiguebelle—Conduct of General Bubna—Hatred of the Piedmontese for the Austrians—Hopes of the King of Sardinia.

IN Piedmont we continued to lead the retired life which we had adopted at Genoa. My father did not wish to change anything in the outward appearance of his establishment, but circumstances allowed him to reform all extraordinary expenses as prudence required. Our only amusement was to take delightful walks every day upon the beautiful hills which border the Po beyond Turin and extend to Moncalieri.

This amusement would have been a real resource if the roads had been less disagreeable; even on foot they were difficult and most fatiguing to traverse. The paths serve as water-courses in the rainy season, are steep and filled with loose pebbles. Walking is difficult and even painful, and the ladies of the country hardly ever venture upon these paths. Fatigue, however, is compensated by admirable and infinitely varied views over a delightful countryside.

We learnt in succession circumstantial details of what had happened at Chambéry and at Grenoble. All these accounts coincided in pointing to M. de Labédoyère<sup>1</sup> as chiefly to

<sup>1</sup> Charles Huchet, Comte de Labédoyère (1786–1815), colonel of the 7th Regiment of the Line at Grenoble. On his return from the isle of Elba he went out to meet the Emperor with his own regiment and handed the town over to him. He was appointed general of division, peer of France, and *aide-de-camp*. At the Second Restoration he was court-martialled, condemned and shot, in spite of his wife's efforts.

blame. I was the more inclined to believe the assertions that his action was premeditated for the reason that before my departure from Paris I had heard him use language entirely Bonapartist and wholly hostile to the Restoration.<sup>1</sup>

The family of his wife, Mlle. de Chastellux, had been foolish enough almost to force him into the King's service, and he had been weak enough to agree. I cannot state at exactly what time this weakness became treason, but this fact is certain: a few days after he had rejoined his regiment, as he was going from Chambéry to Grenoble, he stayed to lunch with Mme. de Bellegarde, and told her that he had no doubt whatever of the success of the Emperor Napoleon, and earnestly desired his good fortune. As he was mounting his horse he called out to her:

"Good-bye, Madame; in a week I shall either be shot or be a marshal of the Empire."

He seems to have begun the movement among the troops who joined the Emperor, and to have misused the weakness of General Marchand, who was entirely dominated by him. The gratitude of the Emperor for the service he had rendered was not repaid so highly as he had hoped, but his premonitions in the other direction were realised only too sadly.

It was impossible not to be struck with the grandeur, the decision, the audacity, and the prodigious skill which the Emperor displayed during the march from Cannes to Paris. It is not surprising that his partisans were electrified, and that their zeal was re-confirmed by the touch of his genius. It was, perhaps, the greatest personal achievement accomplished by the greatest man of modern times. I am persuaded, moreover, that it was not a pre-arranged plan. Nobody in France was wholly in the secret, and it is not likely that any one in Italy knew more.

The Emperor had left a great deal to chance, or rather to

<sup>1</sup> See first volume of these Memoirs, p. 371.

his own genius. A proof of the fact is the case of the commander of Antibes, who was first called upon to surrender and refused to admit the imperial eagles. The flight of these eagles was thus entirely conditioned by the attitude of the men whom they met upon the road, and the fine expression which speaks of them as flying from steeple to steeple, though justified by success, was a hazardous enterprise. Once more the Emperor had trusted in his star, which had not failed him, though it was to serve as torch-light at his vast obsequies.

On arriving at Paris he learnt of the Declaration of Vienna on March 13, and experienced at the same time a coldness and a reticence on the part of those people who had been most devoted to him in the civil government. His instinct for government immediately understood that these people represented public feeling much more than the soldiers. He would perhaps have been tempted to govern by the sword if the sword had not been sufficiently occupied in resisting foreign opposition. There was but one means of crushing that constitutional spirit which had so rapidly developed in France: this was to give full rein to those popular passions which speedily produce the most frightful tyranny under the name of liberty and nationality. To do the Emperor justice, no one ever had a deeper hatred of such measures. He certainly desired absolutism, but under regular forms adequate to ensure public order, peace, and national honour. As soon as he fully understood the nature of his position, he despaired of success, and the resulting despondency probably exerted some influence upon the discouragement which he showed at the time of the catastrophe at Waterloo. I have reason to believe that a very few days after his arrival at the Tuileries he ceased to display the energy which he had exhibited from the time of his departure from Elba. Possibly, if he had found among his former civil servants the same enthusiasm which inspired the military, he would have been better able to

accomplish the gigantic task which lay before him; perhaps, again, this task was impossible of accomplishment.

I return to affairs at Turin. The Pope had preceded us thither, and his presence gave occasion to a somewhat curious ceremony, at which we were present. Piedmont is in possession of the Holy Shroud. Christianity attaches such value to this relic that the Pope alone can order its exhibition. It is enclosed in a box of gold, which again is enclosed in one of copper, which again is enclosed—in short, there are seven boxes, and their seven keys are in the hands of seven different persons. The Pope keeps the golden key. The box is placed in a magnificent chapel of a splendid church, called the Church of the Holy Shroud. Canons who bear the same name perform the services. The relic is never displayed to the eyes of the faithful except in special circumstances and with most imposing ceremonies. The Pope usually sends a special legate, whose business it is to open the box and to bring him back the key.

The presence of the Holy Father at Turin and the importance of current events aroused the desire to give the soldiers, the population, and the King the satisfaction of beholding this precious relic.

Notwithstanding the hopes which the Sardinian Government secretly cherished of obtaining a recognition of its neutrality in every quarter, it had none the less raised a considerable number of troops in haste, the rank and file of which appeared highly competent. These new bodies were assembled in the castle square, and after the Pope had blessed their new flags the Holy Shroud was displayed.

The King and his little court, those members of the diplomatic body who were of the Catholic faith, the Knights of the Annonciade, the other excellencies, cardinals, and bishops, were the only spectators admitted to the room where the ceremony was prepared. There were not more than thirty



of us: the only ladies were my mother, Mme. Bubna, and myself, and we thus gained excellent places. The box was brought by the chapter in charge of it. Each box was opened in succession, the high personage who keeps the key handing it over in his turn, and a report upon the state of the locks was drawn up with great length and minuteness. This part of the ceremony proceeded after the manner of taking the seals off any property, without any religious formula, except that the cardinal, who opened the locks recited a prayer upon each occasion.

When the last of these caskets was reached, a box of some size and brilliantly shining with gold, prayers and genuflexions began. The Pope approached the table on which the casket had been placed by two cardinals. Everybody knelt down, and many forms and ceremonies were expended in opening the casket. These would have been more in place in a church than in a drawing-room, where they seemed somewhat undignified, especially from a near point of view. At length the Pope, after approaching and withdrawing his hand several times, as if he feared to touch the casket, drew from the box a large piece of coarse stained cloth. Accompanied by the King, who followed him closely, and surrounded by the cardinals, he carried it out to the balcony, where he unfolded it. The troops fell on their knees, together with the population, which filled the streets behind them. All the windows were thronged, and the spectacle was fine and imposing.

I have been told that it was possible to see distinctly the blood-stained marks of the face, the feet, the hands and even of the wound upon the Holy Shroud. I was unable to judge for myself, as I was placed at a window near that in which the Pope was standing. He exhibited the relic in front of him, to the right and to the left, during which time the most solemn silence prevailed. At the moment of his withdrawal the kneeling crowd arose, uttering loud cheers: the firing of

cannon, the rolling of drums, the cheers, announced that the ceremony was concluded. When he returned to the drawing-room the prayers began once more.

The Holy Father was kind enough to ask us, through Cardinal Pacca,<sup>1</sup> if we would like to have any object blessed and touched with the Holy Shroud. As we had not foreseen this favour, we were not provided with any suitable article. However, we gave our rings and the little chains which we wore round our necks. The Pope made no objection, and gave us a glance full of kindness and paternal goodness. We had recently seen him on many occasions at Genoa. He alone and the cardinal whom he was obliged to appoint legate extraordinary for this occasion had the right of touching the Shroud itself. They had much trouble in folding it up, but no one was allowed to offer them any help. When the first casket was closed the Pope took the key, and the cardinals then placed the box in the second shell. After this ceremony, the Pope, the King, and those who were invited went into a room where lunch had been laid, or rather where refreshments were ready, for there was no set table. The two sovereigns there held a reception. They waited until all the boxes had been closed and the canons had resumed their procession to the church, after which every one withdrew.

I do not remember whether Jules de Polignac was present at this ceremony, but about this time he arrived, invested with full powers by Monsieur,<sup>2</sup> who had been appointed by Louis XVIII. lieutenant-general of the kingdom. He asserted that he was ready to raise a French Legion of the White Cockade on Sardinian territory, but the Government

<sup>1</sup> Bartolommeo Pacca, Bishop of Ostia 1756-1843, Cardinal in 1801, Pro-Secretary of State in 1808.

<sup>2</sup> The Comte d'Artois, Charles X. on the death of Louis XVIII., his brother.

would not hear of this plan. After much trouble he obtained permission to establish himself on the frontier, in order to keep a closer eye upon his connections in the south, and settled himself in the house of a priest. He was in almost daily correspondence with my father, and gave him all kinds of unpleasant news.

My father's information from other sources led him to expect a near outbreak of hostilities. He advised Jules to take measures for his safety; Jules replied under date June 15 that he was certain to receive warning at least ten days before the opening of the campaign, which could not begin for four or five weeks. While thanking him for his caution, he begged him to set his mind at rest, as he was certain to be earlier and better informed than any one else.

The same messenger brought a letter from the priest (we seemed to be beset by priests) of Montmélian, who informed my father that, after taking his letter to the post, Jules had gone back to the house to take his horse, and that at the moment when he had his foot in the stirrup the house had been surrounded by a company of French soldiers, who had entered the town without striking a blow, and that Jules had been taken prisoner. The priest was the more uneasy as the saddle-bags were filled with correspondence which would compromise Jules and all his connections. The priest had sent the letter across the mountains to an office which was not yet seized; Jules's letter, however, which bore the postmark of Montmélian, arrived at the same time. It was one more occasion on which poor M. de Polignac was betrayed by that lack of foresight which seemed to be his special quality. It was invariably accompanied by self-confidence pushed to a fabulous extreme, and as to this he added great rashness and remarkable courage, which had often been put to the test, there was nothing to warn him of danger, and he plunged into it blindly. It must be said in fairness that when the

consequences had happened he would contemplate them calmly and undergo the results of his errors with unusual fortitude.

We were horrified to hear that he was a prisoner. His gentleness and courtesy in ordinary life made him very attractive. I forgot at that moment that I had always accused him of being guided by ambition and of using the fald-stool as a stepping stone; I remembered only the pleasant and obliging character whom I had known from the time of our joint childhood, and wept bitterly for his fate. It was impossible to foresee how the Emperor's policy would oblige him to treat such prisoners as Jules. As the Restoration had freed him from his captivity under the Imperial Government, he was in a special and very dangerous predicament.

My father made many efforts to hear from him, but for a long time without success. However, he obtained a declaration from all the ministers resident at Turin announcing that their sovereigns would take reprisals if M. de Polignac was treated otherwise than as a prisoner of war. The Sardinian Cabinet was the most obstinate, but eventually consented to sign last of all. These efforts were useless. Marshal Suchet had no intention of making capital out of this conquest. He sent M. de Polignac to Fort Barraux, advised him to keep perfectly quiet, and seemed to forget all about him, though he saw that he was well treated. He received orders to send him to Paris, and took no notice of them. I do not know whether he could have continued this benevolent indifference for long, but events were marching rapidly.

The Government of Piedmont had so entirely shared the assurance of Jules that at the moment when the French were seizing Montmélian another body crossed the mountains and carried off at Aiguebelle an excellent Piedmontese regiment, which was quietly drilling with blank cartridge. The best part of this adventure is that the same thing had happened

in the same place and in the same way at the outset of the preceding war. Great was the sensation at Turin. M. de Saint Marsan was speedily appointed Minister of War, although he had served in the French Government. The authorities begged for Austrian help with as much zeal as they had hitherto refused it. General Bubna, however, informed Count Valsecchi that he would have to pay for his obstinacy: he had warned him long ago that hostilities were about to break out, and that his secret and personal negotiations with the French Government to secure neutrality would be unsuccessful. He had not been willing to believe him, and he therefore now gave him formal notice that if the French should seize the Mont Cenis, before he could occupy it, an event which seemed highly probable, he would withdraw his troops into Lombardy and abandon Piedmont.

No sooner had he uttered this threat than he displayed prodigious energy in order to nullify it. Bubna was a strange character. Tall, stout, lame from a wound, idle when he had nothing to do, he spent three-quarters of every day lying on a bed or on the straw in the stable, smoking the foulest tobacco from the lowest public-house. When he was pleased to enter the drawing-room he was the best company in the world, apart from the smell of his pipe; a witty story-teller, caustic and cynical, understanding and using every refinement of a language. If civil or military affairs demanded his attention he took not a moment's rest, and the Bubna who had spent six months almost entirely in a horizontal position would have spent seventy-two hours on horseback without appearing fatigued.

He told me in confidence that he was somewhat exaggerating his anxiety and his intentions, in order to punish Count Valsecchi for his hesitation. As I was very angry with the Count for the coldness he had shown to the French Ambassador, I was highly pleased by this attitude. My father, with



his superlative wisdom, did not participate in this joy: he approved of the success of Count Valse in saving his country some weeks of the Austrian occupation, and sympathised with the desire of a little kingdom to try and secure its general neutrality, although he thought the effort hopeless.

It is certain that the resistance which the Cabinet had offered to the re-occupation of Piedmontese territory by the Austrians was regarded in the eyes of the inhabitants as compensating many of the errors with which the Government was reproached. The population had conceived a hatred for the Austrians, who had taught them to regret the French troops. "The French," they used to say, "extorted much, but what they took they ate with us in our houses, while the Germans take even more and carry everything away."

This saying was true, both of the administration and of the officers and soldiers. The authorities imported everything from Austria, even horse-shoes, and bought nothing in the territory which they occupied; on the other hand, they carted everything away, even the hinges and the locks from the doors and windows in the barracks which the troops were evacuating. The waggons following an Austrian regiment evacuating an "allied" country were a curious spectacle, both for their fabulous number and for the multitudes of every kind of object with which they were crammed. These convoys aroused the anger of the Italian peoples, who suffered under this system of general spoliation.

The news of the opening of the campaign upon the Belgian frontier, and the battle of Ligny, fought upon the 16th,<sup>1</sup> came to us with great rapidity through France by means of a telegraph which had brought it to Chambéry. We were obliged to await the arrival of a regular courier to receive the news of Waterloo. Thereupon events which we were obliged to call good news followed as rapidly as bad news had

<sup>1</sup> June 16, 1815.



occurred three months before. We were forced to rejoice, but there were some heart-burnings.

The King of Sardinia's head was entirely turned by the sight of the Piedmontese troops entering France with the Austrian army, and he already regarded himself as a conqueror. His magnanimity was contented with the Rhone as his frontier. He manifested some desire for Lyons, but consoled himself with the thought that it was a disloyal town.

I have already said that he was easy of access; he was at home to everybody and was very talkative, especially at this exciting time. There was not a monk or a peasant whom he did not buttonhole to relate his military projects. At the time when he was Duke of Aosta he had served upon a campaign in the valley of Barcelonnette,<sup>1</sup> and had preserved a great admiration for the agility and courage of its inhabitants; he therefore wished to capture Briançon by storm at the head of his "Barbets,"<sup>2</sup> as he called them. He expounded this plan to General Frimont<sup>3</sup> when he came to take up the chief command of the Austrian army. Bubna, who was present at this interview, used to relate in a most ridiculous manner the calm astonishment of the Alsatian Frimont, who vainly attempted to meet his eye to learn what he thought of these extravagances, and was forced by Bubna's obstinacy to answer for himself. Fortunately, the King tumbled off a chair on which he had climbed to take by

<sup>1</sup> Victor Emanuel I. had been commander during the reign of his father, Victor Amedeo III., of the Piedmontese troops in the campaigns against France (1792-1796) which ended in the Treaty of Paris (May 18, 1796).

<sup>2</sup> A name given to the Vaudois of Piedmont.

<sup>3</sup> Jean Marie, Comte de Frimont, born in Lorraine (1759-1831), Austrian general. In 1815 he occupied Besançon, Lyons, and Dijon, where he established his headquarters until 1818. He was agent of the Holy Alliance in Italy.

assault a jar of tobacco on the top of a wardrobe, and hurt himself rather badly, dislocating his wrist, and Briançon was saved.

The physical appearance of this poor prince made his plans the more ridiculous. He was an ugly copy of the Duc d'Angoulême. He was smaller and more stunted; his arms were longer, his legs thinner, his feet flatter; his grimace was broader, in short, he approached more nearly that particular type of monkey which seemed to be the ideal of either personage. He suffered terribly from his wrist, which was badly set by a kind of bone-setter brought over from Sardinia. Rossi, one of the cleverest surgeons in Europe, was turned out of the castle because he had entered it under a French Government. However, pain had its way, and at the end of ten or twelve days Rossi was called in, the wrist was properly set, and the King's sufferings relieved.

## CHAPTER VI

My father's reply to the First Chamberlain of the Duke of Modena—  
Conduct of Marshal Suchet at Lyons—Conduct of Marshal Brune  
at Toulon—Catastrophe at Avignon—Expulsion of the French  
residing in Piedmont—I leave Turin—Events in Savoy—Journey  
of Monsieur to Chambéry—Festival of St. Louis at Lyons—Pain-  
ful admission—Gendarmes rewarded by the Emperor—The soldiers  
of the Army of the Loire—Excellence of their behaviour.

THE boasts of the King and of his party, absurd as they were, were by no means agreeable to our ears. Some weeks later my father was able to seize the opportunity for a most happy retort. The Duke of Modena<sup>1</sup> came to see his father-in-law, upon which occasion a court reception was held. My father was present, and happened to be near a group of men at the moment when the First Chamberlain of Modena was loudly asserting the ease and necessity of dividing France in order to secure the peace of Europe. My father intervened, and observed in the politest manner:

“May I venture to ask you, Comte, from what historical document you have derived the information that France can be disposed of as if the Duchy of Modena were in question?”

As may be imagined, the First Chamberlain was highly disconcerted. This counter-thrust, so strongly in contrast with my father's habitual politeness, was widely reported at Turin,

<sup>1</sup> Francis IV. of Este (1779-1846). He was the son of Ferdinand of Austria and brother of the Emperors Joseph II. and Leopold II. and of Marie Beatrice, only daughter of Hercule III. He had married his niece, Marie Beatrice, Princess of Sardinia. He was the father of the Comtesse de Chambord.

where the claims of the German Duke of Modena were far from popular.

The course of events in Belgium stopped the march of the French armies in Savoy, and gave the Austrians time to concentrate at Chambéry a force too large to admit the possibility of resistance. The occupation of Grenoble, where none of the Piedmontese troops were left, completed the pride of these extempore conquerors. I cannot say whether our vexation or our anger was the greater when we thought of our cannon in the hands of the "Barbets" of the King. Although Fort Barraux continued to hold out, means had been taken to permit the escape of Jules de Polignac, who rejoined the troops at the headquarters of General Bubna, and took part in the attack upon Grenoble.

These recollections are too painful, and I would not willingly recall them to memory. I prefer to relate two incidents which were in my opinion more honourable to our old captains than any of those military successes which are so familiar to them. These incidents are proof of their patriotism.

The Allies admitted that wherever they might find the Government of Louis XVIII. in force before their arrival they would insist upon no kind of confiscation. Any towns, however, into which they might enter by force of arms, or in consequence of capitulation, were to be treated as conquered countries, and the munitions of war were to be carried off. They were, indeed, expert at the work of dismantling fortifications, as Grenoble can testify.

The advance guard under the orders of General Bubna was advancing upon Lyons. Monsieur de Corcelles, commander of the National Guard, went to the General and offered to induce the townspeople to assume the Austrian cockade or the Sardinian cockade, or indeed any colour rather than the white cockade. M. Bubna, kind as he was, was by no means inspired with a sacred respect for the prop-

erty of others, and was too clever to authorise the "patriotic" intentions of M. de Corcelles, though he did not entirely reject them. He told him that decisions upon such important points could not be made off-hand, and that he had no instructions upon this point, but would ask for them, and that doubtless it would not be impossible for the House of Savoy to transfer its capital to Lyons, while Piedmont might be reunited with Lombardy. This was a question for consideration, and in the meantime no precipitate action could be taken; his advice, therefore, was that the tri-colour cockade should be retained. The Austrian army would be in the town the next morning, and then would be the time to discuss the accommodation of mutual interests.

M. de Corcelles returned to Lyons, and reported the steps which he had taken, and the interview which he had had, to Marshal Suchet.<sup>1</sup>

The General treated him with the utmost contempt, told him that he was a villain and a bad citizen, and that for himself he would prefer to see France reunited under any kind of government rather than that she should lose a single village. He drove him out of the house, deprived him of his command in the National Guard, and immediately sent for M. de Polignac, M. de Chabrol,<sup>2</sup> M. de Sainneville (the one being prefect and the other chief of police before the Hundred Days), installed them himself in the exercise of their duties, and did not withdraw until he had seen the royal colours dis-

<sup>1</sup> Louis Gabriel Suchet, Duke of Albuféra, born at Lyons in 1772; volunteer in 1792, captain 1793, brigadier-general 1798, general of division 1800, marshal of France and duke in 1811. After brilliant successes in Spain, created peer of France at the Restoration. His rank was annulled after the Hundred Days, but restored in 1819. He died in 1829.

<sup>2</sup> Comte de Chabrol de Crousal, André Jean (1771-1836), was Minister of the Interior, peer of France, Naval Minister and Financial Minister under the Polignac Ministry, but retired to private life before the decrees of 1830.

played. Bubna found these colours flying the next day, to his great disappointment, but did not venture to complain.

At the same time, the same results influenced the course of events at Toulon under slightly different circumstances. Marshal Brune<sup>1</sup> was in command of that town. The garrison was wildly enthusiastic for the imperial system, and these sentiments were shared by the town. One morning, when the gates were open, the Marquis de Rivière, Admiral de Ganteaume,<sup>2</sup> and an old *émigré*, Comte de Lardenoy, who was commanding at Toulon for the King, followed by one gendarme, and all wearing the white cockade, passed the sentinels, galloped into the square, and reached the Marshal's house before the astonishment which their sudden appearance had caused could permit any movement for their arrest. They reached the study where the Marshal was busy writing. At first he was surprised, but immediately recovered himself, held out his hand to M. de Rivière, whom he knew, and said to him:

"I thank you, Marquis, for this proof of confidence, which shall not be disappointed."

The new arrivals showed him the Declaration of the Allies, and informed him that an Austro-Sardinian body of troops was advancing from Nice, and that an English fleet was sailing upon Toulon. It was impossible to defend the town with any success, as the whole of France was occupied, and the King already at Paris; if, however, the Marshal insisted on flying

<sup>1</sup> Guillaume Marie Anne Brune (1763-1815), compositor and journalist, friend and favourite of Danton, general in the Italian army, and marshal in 1804. Assassinated at Avignon after the Hundred Days.

<sup>2</sup> Ganteaume, Honoré Joseph Antoine (1755-1818), naval lieutenant 1781, captain in 1794, rear-admiral in Egypt in 1799, councillor of state 1800, after bringing Bonaparte back to France; vice-admiral 1804, commanded the Mediterranean squadron 1809. Joined the Bourbons in 1814, remained faithful to them during the Hundred Days, and was created peer of France by Louis XVIII.



his colours, his action would cost the country the vast amount of naval and military stores contained in the place. The Allies would spare nothing, and were hastening to reach the town before the King's Government had been recognised. These gentlemen, trusting to his enlightened patriotism, had come for the purpose of explaining the situation, and were ready to swear upon their honour to the accuracy of the facts.

The Marshal carefully read the documents, which confirmed their words, and added:

"The fact is, gentlemen, there is not a moment to be lost. I can answer for the garrison, but am by no means certain what terms I can obtain from the town. In any case, we shall all perish together, but I will not lend myself to any foolish obstinacy which would deliver the harbour to English plunderers."

He immediately took steps to assemble the officers of the troops, the authorities of the town, and the most influential members of the Bonapartist party. He harangued them to such effect that shortly afterwards the white cockade was adopted, and the old Comte de Lardenoy was recognised as commander.

The Marquis de Rivière was well able to appreciate the loyalty of the Marshal, by which he was greatly touched. He advised him to remain with his friends during the first moments, when the excitable passions of the southern population would reach their height. Marshal Brune insisted upon withdrawing; possibly he feared that he might be accused of treason by his own party. Whatever his motive was, he went away, accompanied by an *aide-de-camp* of M. de Rivière. This companion he sent back when he thought himself beyond the district where he could be recognised or meet with any danger.

The horrible catastrophe of Avignon is well known, as also is the manner in which a furious and cruel population pun-

ished an action which the historian at least must regard as praiseworthy in the extreme. Would that it were possible to say that the scum of the population alone were guilty. The fact, however, is that many of the actors in this horrible scene were men whom party spirit so protected that it was impossible to bring them to justice. This is one of the blots upon the fame of the Restoration.

The conduct of Marshals Suchet and Brune has ever inspired me with the more respect for the reason that I cannot pretend that their example would have been followed by Royalist leaders. Few of these latter would not have preferred to place their commissions in the hands of a foreigner at the risk of immense loss to their country, and would have shrunk from restoring the tri-colour with their own hands; and had any been found to adopt their methods, our party would have branded them as traitors.<sup>1</sup>

In the early days of March the King of Sardinia issued orders for the expulsion of all the French from his states. The rapid success of the Emperor so impressed him that he did not venture to secure the execution of these orders. As soon, however, as his fears were somewhat calmed by the battle of Waterloo, his orders became peremptory and his agents pitiless. Frenchmen who had been domiciled for thirty years in Piedmont, who were landowners and had married in the country, were driven from their homes by the royal *carabinieri*, were conducted to the frontier as if they had been malefactors, though no one took the trouble to utter the least reproach against them; their wives and children came weeping to the embassy, and we were overwhelmed

<sup>1</sup> Mme. de Brigne quotes no facts in support of this opinion; it is highly disputable. During this period of national disturbance there were acts both of weakness and of high devotion. The mistakes and exploits were the outcome of individual action. An impartial historian cannot possibly attribute them exclusively to the action of any one political party.

with their complaints. We could do nothing but share their lamentations and their deep indignation.

My father made every official protestation that was possible, while the other members of the diplomatic body supported his efforts and displayed their disgust and their disapproval of this cruel measure, which, however, nothing could stop. At length my father received a message from Prince Talleyrand, informing him that the Government of Louis XVIII. had been reconstituted. He immediately presented himself to Count Valse, and told him that if this unjustifiable persecution of the subjects of his Majesty were continued, he would at once demand his passports, would inform his own court of his intention, and could rely upon their approval. This step saved some of the unfortunate wretches who had obtained a respite, but the majority had either gone, or were at any rate ruined by this precipitate display of fear and of childish animosity against a body of innocent inhabitants.

These circumstances completed my dislike for absolute and arbitrary governments; home-sickness had grown upon me to such an extent that I could no longer breathe in the gloomy environment of Turin. It was a real relief to leave the town, at any rate for a time. I therefore resolved to spend a few weeks in Paris, where personal business had summoned me. My father consented the more readily to my departure as he was himself anxious to secure more exact information upon the course of events in France than that which he could derive from the newspapers. Despatches arrived irregularly, and often gave but scanty details, whereas my correspondence would be both detailed and daily. I was intended by Nature for the post of onlooker, and he could have no observer better suited to his requirements.

I have said that my brother had rejoined his Prince at Barcelona; he made some stay in that town, and accompanied him to Bourg-Madame. The Duc d'Angoulême sent him to

carry his despatches to the King as soon as he knew that his Majesty was in Paris. The King sent my brother back to his nephew, and he was therefore obliged to make his way through the Army of the Loire upon two occasions, a matter of some danger in these early days. He was, however, successful in accomplishing his double mission, and was rewarded by leave to join his relatives. I was expecting his arrival, and after spending several days with him I preceded him upon the road to Paris, where he was to rejoin me immediately.

I left home upon August 18. St. Helen's Day, after wishing my mother many happy returns of her birthday; my absence could not be replaced so far as she was concerned, and she was much depressed. The next day she was to accompany my father to Genoa, where the Queen disembarked without difficulty upon this occasion. When she arrived from Sardinia, her dress and manners recalled the charming and fashionable Duchess of Aosta as Piedmont remembered her. Her unpopularity in that province was extreme; I cannot say if it was justified, as I have had no further connection with that country, and only an inhabitant can pass a correct judgment upon this matter. The accounts given of the affair by the Piedmontese were always characterised by extreme reticence.

I stayed for several days at Chambéry, where I learnt the exact circumstances of the treason committed by the troops, and especially by M. Labédoyère. It was obvious that he had been working beforehand to influence his regiment, and that the events of Grenoble were very far from unpremeditated. Public feeling in Savoy was highly excited. The old nobility earnestly desired the restoration of the dynasty of Savoy. The middle classes, the manufacturing and commercial element, preferred to remain Frenchmen. The peasants were ready to shout "Long live the Sardinian King!" as soon as their priests gave the order. Hitherto wishes, sighs, fears, and

prejudices had been merely whispered, and parties had confined themselves to mutual hatred.

Shortly before the Hundred Days, Monsieur had made a tour in the south, where his charming and affable manners had brought him high popularity. At Chambéry he lodged with M. de Boigne, who showed him much kindness. The day before his departure, the Duc de Maille handed him from the Prince six Crosses of Honour for distribution in the town. M. de Boigne made no bad choice, though the responsibility was entirely his own. The accompanying documents had been filled in with the names which he suggested, without any further information.

It seems that throughout this tour Monsieur had been in the habit of thus returning the hospitality which he received. It has been supposed that his recklessness in scattering Crosses of Honour during 1814 was dictated by political objects and by a wish to bring the Cross into disrepute. This, in my opinion was not the case: the Cross was regarded as valueless by our princes, and they gave it away as a thing of no account. It will be understood to what a degree this action irritated people who had shed their blood to secure it. By such ignorance of popular feeling, rather than by malice aforethought, the princes of the House of Bourbon often trampled unsuspectingly upon interests and national prejudices which had grown up during their long absence. They never took the trouble to learn any of these sentiments, persuaded as they were that their restoration had been accomplished. They were never able to understand that they occupied a responsible position, implying work to be done and duties to be performed.

I arrived at Lyons on August 25. With the assistance of the Austrian garrison, an uproarious celebration of the Festival of St. Louis was then in progress. The town was illuminated, fireworks were going off, and the whole popula-

tion seemed to be occupied in these celebrations. One could not but ask what had become of that other crowd which formerly had received Bonaparte with such enthusiasm. I have seen so many reversals of popular favour that I have often asked myself this question. I think that the mass of people are the same, but that they are differently influenced by a small nucleus of leading figures who change and are carried in different directions. The same crowd, however, is fully convinced of the honesty of its applause, to whatever object directed.

I now arrive at a painful admission, which I might omit, since it concerns only myself and my personal feelings. I have promised, however, to tell the truth concerning every one, and can make no exception in my own case. It is well that people should know how far natural good feeling can be destroyed by party passion.

On arriving at the Hôtel de l'Europe, I asked for the newspapers, and when I read of the condemnation of M. de Labédoyère I was seized with a dreadful feeling of delight.

"At last," I said to myself, "one of these wretched traitors has been punished."

This feeling was only transitory, and I was immediately horrified by my sentiment. It was, however, sufficiently definite to weigh upon my conscience. From that moment, in view of the disgust and remorse with which it inspired me, I have foresworn to the utmost of my power all party spirit or the vengeance which it exacts. I might, indeed, have been able to find some excuse for myself in the information concerning the conduct of M. de Labédoyère which had just been received at Chambéry. There were the gloomy results of his guilty treachery: the country torn by faction and invaded by a million foreigners. In a woman's heart, however, nothing can excuse bloodthirsty thoughts of vengeance, and this dreadful feeling must be ascribed to its proper



author—party spirit, which is a monster whose advances can never be too energetically repulsed if one lives in times of revolution and wishes to preserve some tincture of humanity.

I spent two days at Lyons, where several persons were met together with whom I was connected both through Frenchmen and foreigners. I heard some information on events in Paris. Opinions differed on the part which Fouché had played in these events, but everybody agreed that he had entered the council of Louis XVIII. at the request of Monsieur and under the influence of the most enthusiastic members of the *émigré* party. It was at Lyons that I learned the facts I have mentioned concerning the conduct of Marshal Suchet. I also heard another incident which struck me greatly.

When Monsieur made his sad expedition at the moment of the return from Elba, he was obliged to leave town by the Paris route, while the garrison and inhabitants rushed down the Grenoble road to meet Napoleon. Only two gendarmes of the escort, which had been ordered, prepared to accompany his carriage. The next day they were denounced to the Emperor. He sent for them and promoted them. It cannot be denied that he had every instinct of government.

My stay at Lyons had been unduly prolonged: it was necessary to wait until the roads were free or, in other words, entirely held by foreign garrisons. I still preserve the passport with which I travelled through my sad country during those melancholy days.<sup>1</sup>

These formalities were painful; but the roads offered a spectacle consoling to a French heart notwithstanding its bitterness. This was the magnificent attitude of our dis-

<sup>1</sup> See opposite a fac-simile of this document discovered among the papers of Mme. de Boigne. The number of visas in all languages with which it is covered makes it curious.



AU NOM DU ROI

Nous Ambassadeur de Sa Majesté Très  
Chrétienne près la Cour de Sardaigne,  
~~prions les Autorités Civiles et Militaires chargées de~~  
maintenir l'ordre public dans tous les Pays amis ou  
alliés de la France, et dans l'intérieur du Royaume de  
laisser librement passer Madame de Boigne —  
allant de Turin à Paris —  
avec deux domestiques

et de leur donner aide et protection en cas de besoin

Le présent Passeport délivré à Turin, le 18 Aout 1815

Fait à la Préfecture  
à Chambéry le  
22 Aout 1815

Le Supt Des  
mou. blanc.

L. B. P. J. J. J.



L'Ambassadeur de France  
près la Cour de Sardaigne.

L. M. J. J. J.



Vu Li. Li. Platzkommando zu Chamberij  
am 23. August 1815

Jeterij  
Hofm. Platzkomd.

Vu Li. Li. Platzkommando Pont du Beauvoisin  
am 23. August 1815

Vicorij  
Hofm. Platzkomd.

Vu Bon paus se renoue à Paris.

Syon le 25 Aout 1815

Le chef d'Etat Major du 1.<sup>er</sup>  
corps de l'Armée d'Italie



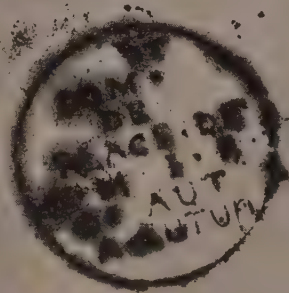
Produce

Vu Li. Li. Platzkommando  
am 23. August 1815

Vu Par le commandant  
à Macon le 26. aout 1815.  
Pour aller à Paris  
De l'ancien  
Haut de place

PLAZ COMANDO  
ZU MACON.

Grosjeun Li. Li. Platzkommando  
am 27. August 1815  
und stellen auf Paris passanten zu



Produce

Vu Li. Li. Platzkommando  
am 26. August 1815

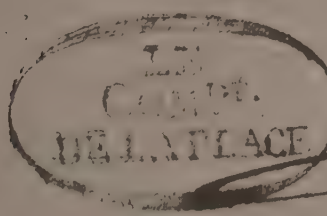
Li. Li. Platzkommando  
am 26. August 1815



Produce

Vu Li. Li. Platzkommando  
am 27. August 1815

Vu Li. Li. Platzkommando  
am 27. August 1815



Produce

Grosjeun Li. Li. Platzkommando  
am 28. August 1815



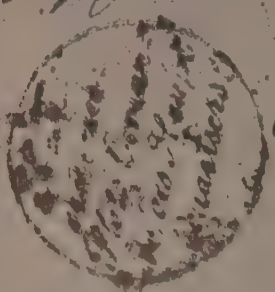
Produce

Grosjeun Li. Li. Platzkommando  
am 29. August 1815

Produce

Produce

Grosjeun Li. Li. Platzkommando  
am 29. August 1815



Produce

banded soldiers. In bands of twelve or fifteen, in uniform as clean and neat as if on parade, with white sticks in their hands, they were going to their homes, sad but by no means crushed, and preserving a dignity in the hour of misfortune which showed them worthy of their former successes.

I had left Italy infested with brigands as a result of the petty campaign of Murat. The first group of soldiers in the Army of the Loire which I met inspired me with some fear, in view of these recollections. As soon, however, as I looked them in the face, my only feelings were those of sympathy, and this they seemed to understand. The nearest of these groups which I passed scrutinised me closely as if to see to what party I belonged, but the last comers invariably saluted me. They inspired me with that kind of pity which a poet has termed charming, and which magnanimity imposes on any one not devoid of generous sentiment. I do not think that there is anything finer in history than the conduct of the army and the attitude of individual soldiers at this time. France has every reason to be proud of them. I did not wait for the day of reckoning to begin my enthusiasm, and from that time I regarded them with respect and veneration. It is, indeed, remarkable that at a moment when more than 150,000 men were disbanded and sent into the country without provisions, there should have been no single crime or misdemeanour committed throughout France which can be laid to their charge. Public security was preserved unbroken. The castles were left in peace, the towns and villages received useful citizens, intelligent workmen, and interesting story-tellers. There can be no higher praise of the conscription than this noble conduct on the part of the soldiers which it had brought forth, conduct, I believe, unique in the course of history. I was the enemy of the soldiers of Waterloo, and had stigmatised them with reason

as traitors<sup>1</sup> for the last three months, but I had not been a single day upon my road when I began to be proud of my glorious countrymen.

<sup>1</sup> Traitors to the legitimate monarchy, which they had abandoned to follow Napoleon after his return from Elba.



## CHAPTER VII

Mme. de Labédoyère—Her courage—Her despair—Her resignation—Baroness von Krüdener—Her strange reception of me—Story of her arrival at Heidelberg—Her influence on the Emperor Alexander—She uses her influence in favour of M. de Labédoyère—Remark of M. de Sabran—Agreement of the Holy Alliance—Submission of Benjamin Constant to the Baroness von Krüdener—His love for Mme. Récamier—His conduct on March 20—His letter to Louis XVIII.

As if for the purpose of impressing upon my mind the horrible cruelty of my feelings concerning M. de Labédoyère, I found that the sensation of the moment in Paris was his execution.

In 1791, when the Comte and Comtesse de Chastellux had followed Madame Victoire to Rome, two of their five children, Henry and Georgine, had remained in France, where their grandmother brought them up in the complete seclusion of a little Normandy castle.<sup>1</sup> On her death, Georgine went

<sup>1</sup> Mme. de Boigne evidently refers to the castle of Thil-en-Forêt in Eure. The Dowager Comtesse de Chastellux, born in 1725, was the daughter of Georges Joubert, Marquis of Thil. Henry (born in 1786) and Victoire Georgine (born 1790) remained until March, 1793, at the castle of Roussillon in Burgundy. This property was confiscated, together with that of Chastellux, as belonging to exiles, and they were taken in by Mme. Guillot. Afterwards they were sent to their grand-aunt, the Marquise de la Tournelle, *née* de Chastellux.

In a letter dated March 21, 1795, the Comtesse de Chastellux writes from Rome to the Marquise d'Osmond:

"We have heard from our children only; in the month of September they were at Autun, and my aunt . . . was in prison at Mâcon; in spite of all our efforts we have heard nothing more of them. You will understand my anxiety, from these facts alone; my mother-in-law is at Rouen. . . ."

The Dowager Comtesse de Chastellux was arrested at Rouen, taken



to join her parents in Italy, and they soon returned to Paris. She was never able to overcome the extreme shyness which she had contracted in the solitude in which she had been brought up until the age of eighteen. She had known Charles de Labédoyère from childhood, as the properties of their respective mothers were situated in the same canton. From childhood the affection between these two neighbours was reciprocal. Georgine became very pretty and M. de Labédoyère greatly in love with her. Henry de Chastellux, whose school friend he had been, encouraged his feelings. The family of Labédoyère were delighted with this prospect of seeing their son settled in life; the Chastellux gave their consent, and the marriage took place shortly before the Restoration.

Charles de Labédoyère was extravagant, fond of gambling and women, and especially of war. In other respects he was a good character, witty, cheerful, loyal, frank, generous; he promised to amend his faults, and really expected to succeed. Georgine adored him in spite of his shortcomings: her affection, however, was rarely shown; she was so shy of displaying her feelings that one might have lived with her for months without discovering them. She was undoubtedly the most modest and retiring creature that I have ever met.

At the time of Bonaparte's return she was reduced to

to Paris to the Luxembourg, and then released (September and October, 1794); she returned to Thil. She died May 31, 1798.

The Marquise de la Tournelle had died on April 18, 1797.

Henry de Chastellux and his sister Georgine rejoined their parents in Italy at the end of 1803. The Comte and Comtesse de Chastellux returned to France, and established themselves at the castle of Thil at the beginning of 1811.

The marriage of Mlle. de Chastellux with the Comte de Labédoyère took place in November, 1813. The Comte de Chastellux died April 7, 1814, and his wife November 14, 1816. (Cp. *Histoire généalogique de la famille de Chastellux*, and *Lettre inédite provenant des papiers de Mme. de Boigne*.)

despair by her husband's action. Though she was hardly recovered from her confinement, she left her house and took refuge with her parents, declining to see her husband when he arrived in the Emperor's suite. The course of events brought about a reaction, and she resumed relations with him as soon as he was in trouble, and attempted to alienate her fortune in order to provide him with the means of escape. She proposed to rejoin him with their child, and I think that it was in order to complete these arrangements that he returned to Paris, where he was arrested.

This timid woman immediately became heroic. Audiences, prayers, supplications, and importunities—nothing deterred her. She begged her family to use their influence in support of her efforts, but no one would accompany her or take any step of the kind. Deprived of all help, she did not abandon hope, but knocked at every door, forced her way in where admission was refused, and even secured an interview with the Duchesse d'Angoulême, though she could not move her sympathy; in short, she displayed the courage of a lion.

When all means were exhausted, she had recourse to Mme. von Krüdener. This last visit gave ground for some feeble hope, and the poor young mother, with her child in her arms, went to the Abbey to communicate her success to her husband. She found the square full of people, a cab surrounded with troops before the door of the prison, and a man in the act of entering the vehicle. A terrible cry was heard, for she had recognised M. de Labédoyère: the reason of this scene was all too obvious. The child fell from her hands; she threw herself into the fatal carriage, and fainted. Charles caught her in his arms, embraced her tenderly, confided her to the care of a faithful servant who had picked up the child, and took advantage of her faint to close the carriage door. His death did not belie the courage which he had often displayed on the battlefield. Mme. de Labé-

doyère was taken home before she had recovered consciousness. From that moment her native shyness returned. For a long time she refused to see her family, and could not pardon their cruel callousness.

Twenty years have elapsed from that day to this, but her sadness has not been relieved for a single day. On the other hand, her Royalist sentiments have become more than enthusiastic. The blood of the victim sacrificed to the Restoration seemed to her a holocaust which must definitely assure its permanence and its glory. In these ideas she educated her son; for her, legitimism was a religion.

I think I have referred to the great deliberation with which her brother Henry was accustomed to travel. I do not know where he was at the time of the catastrophe, but his absence had given Georgine some ground for hoping that he would have helped her in this dreadful crisis if he had been in Paris; she therefore expended upon him all the tenderness which was not absorbed by her son and by her grief. It was only upon the occasion of the marriage of Henry with Mlle. de Duras, daughter of the Duc de Rauzan, that she consented to see her family again. She afterwards lived in the most absolute seclusion.

The name of Mme. von Krüdener<sup>1</sup> has been mentioned above; my relations with her did not begin until somewhat later, but I may as well relate them here.

I was taken to her house by Mme. Récamier. I found her a woman some fifty years of age, with traces of extreme

<sup>1</sup> Juliana von Vietinghoff, born at Riga in Livonia in 1764. Married in 1783 Baron von Krüdener, a diplomatist, whom she accompanied upon his ambassadorial journeys. After a somewhat frivolous and butterfly existence, which she has narrated in an autobiographical novel, she became a widow and a disciple of Swedenborg. For some years she had some influence upon the Emperor of Russia, Alexander I., and is said to have contributed to the agreement of the Holy Alliance. Eventually she fell into disgrace, and died in the Crimea, 1824

beauty. She was thin and pale, and her face showed strong capacity for emotion; her eyes, though hollow, were beautiful, and her look expressive. She had that sonorous voice, with its sweetness, flexibility, and resonance, which is one of the greatest charms of the northern women. Her grey hair was simply parted on her forehead and was dressed with extreme neatness. She wore a black dress with no ornaments, which, however, showed a certain distinction.

She inhabited a large and fine suite of rooms in a residence in the Faubourg St. Honoré. The mirrors, decorations and ornaments of every kind, and the furniture were all covered with grey cloth; the very clocks were enveloped in covers which only allowed the dials to be seen. The garden extended as far as the Champs Elysées, and it was through this garden that the Emperor Alexander when lodging in the Elysée Bourbon, used to visit Mme. von Krudener at any hour of the day or night.

Our arrival had interrupted a kind of lesson which she was giving to five or six people. After the usual formalities, in which she displayed the ease and readiness of one accustomed to the highest society, she resumed her occupation. She was speaking on the subject of faith. The expression of her eyes and the tone of her voice alone marked any change as she took up the thread of her discourse. I was astounded by the eloquence, the readiness, and the style of her extempore address. Her look seemed at the same time vague and yet inspired. At the end of one and a half hours she ceased to speak, her eyes closed, and she seemed to fall into a kind of a stupor. The initiated informed me that this was the signal for retirement.

I was considerably interested, but I did not propose to be present at a second performance. These discourses were given upon regular days, and I thought it advisable to choose another day for leaving my card upon Mme.

von Krüdener. To my surprise, I was admitted, and found her alone.

"I was expecting you," she said; "'the Voice' had announced your visit to me. I have hopes of you, and yet I have been so often deceived!"

She fell into a silence which I did not attempt to break, not knowing how to begin. At length she resumed and informed me that "the Voice" had told her that she would have in the line of prophetesses one successor whom she would form, and who was destined to approach nearer than herself to divinity, for she could do nothing but hear, and this successor would see!

"The Voice" had announced to her that this predestined successor would be a woman who had preserved her purity in the midst of high society. Mme. von Krüdener would meet her at the moment when she expected her least, and without any warning to prepare her for their intimacy. Her dreams, which she did not venture to call visions, for she, alas! was not called to see, had represented this successor to her with some resemblance to my features. I protested with sincere modesty that I was not called to this high glory. She pleaded my cause against myself with the most attractive warmth, and touched me so far that my eyes filled with tears. She thought she had secured a disciple, if not a successor, and strongly urged me to come and see her often. During that morning, for the fascination of her company kept me with her several hours, she told me how it was that she had come to Paris.

In the course of 1815 she was on her way to the south of Italy, where her son was waiting for her. Between Bologna and Siena her sufferings warned her that she was leaving the road which she ought to have followed. After struggling for a whole night against this strong influence, she gave way and retraced her steps, and from that moment the improve-

ment in her condition showed her that she was on the right path. The improvement continued as far as Modena, but some leagues upon the road to Turin caused a renewal of her sufferings, which ceased as soon as she started for Lausanne. When she reached the town, she learnt that her cousin, the playmate of her childhood, and an *aide-de-camp* to the Emperor Alexander, had fallen dangerously ill in Germany. Thus the wishes of "the Voice" were explained; doubtless she was intended to bring light into this soul and to comfort her suffering friend. She crossed Tyrol, encouraged by pleasanter feelings, and went to Heidelberg, where she found the allied sovereigns; her cousin was lying ill in another town. She learnt where he was, and started off the next morning without seeing anybody.

Hardly, however, had she left Heidelberg when her illness was renewed with greater violence than before. She gave way at length, and after several stages retraced her steps to Heidelberg. Her peace of mind returned, and it became impossible for her to doubt that her mission was in this town, but she had not yet discovered its nature.

The Emperor Alexander was intending to make an excursion for some days, and the pains which she experienced during his absence showed her to whom she was called to bring the light. She vainly struggled against the wishes of "the Voice": she prayed, she fasted, and begged that this cup might be taken from her, but "the Voice" was pitiless, and she was obliged to obey.

The Baroness von Krüdener did not inform me by what means she had become intimate with the Emperor, but her success was assured. She had invented a new form of flattery for him. He had grown weary of that kind of flattery which represented him as the greatest potentate of earth, the Agamemnon among kings, etc., and she did



not, therefore, speak to him of his earthly power, but of the mysterious power of his prayers. The purity of his heart gave to his prayers a strength to which no other mortal could attain, for no other had so many temptations to resist. In overcoming these temptations he showed himself the most virtuous of men, and consequently was the most powerful of men before God. It was by means of this clever flattery that she led him as she pleased. She made him pray for her, for himself, for Russia, for France; she made him fast, give alms, undergo self-mortification, and renounce all his favourite pursuits, and obtained everything from him through his hope of increasing his influence in heaven.

She hinted rather than explained that "the Voice" was Jesus Christ. She never spoke of it except as "the Voice," but admitted with floods of tears that the errors of her youth had for ever cut her off from the hope of seeing. It is impossible to say with what rapture she depicted the happiness of one called to see. Doubtless, reading this cold narrative, the reader will say that she was a madwoman or an intriguer. Possibly some one of those who thus judge my account may themselves have been personally beneath the charm of this brilliant enthusiast. As for myself, though little disposed to enthusiasm, I became so suspicious of the influence which she might exert that I only visited her at distant intervals and on days when she was at home to every one, as she was then less attractive than in individual intimacy.

I have sometimes thought that M. de Talleyrand, when he found that he had quarrelled too deeply with the Emperor Alexander to regain any personal influence over him, had invented this means of influencing him. It is certain that the Baroness von Krüdener was working on the side of France during this sad year of 1815. After she had spent several hours in praying the Emperor Alexander that a cloud which

she had discovered on the star of France might be removed, after she had requested him to employ his heavenly influence in this task, and had assured him that "the Voice" declared that his prayer was answered, it was highly probable that at the next day's meeting, if some condition disadvantageous to France was demanded by the other Powers, the Emperor Alexander would come to the help of his suppliant, and would support his mystical prayers with the weight of his earthly greatness.

It was not merely for public business that Mme. von Krudener made use of Alexander. This is what happened concerning M. de Labédoyère. His young wife, as I have said, came to ask the Baroness to request a pardon through the Emperor Alexander. The Baroness received her with benevolence and emotion, and promised to do all that would be permitted. She therefore shut herself up in her oratory. Time passed, and the Emperor found her in tears and in a dreadful state. She had just fought a long combat with "the Voice," without obtaining permission to present the request to the Emperor. He was not allowed to act in this affair, and the sentence was the more rigorous as the soul of M. de Labédoyère was not in a state of grace! The execution took place.

Then Mme. von Krudener persuaded the Emperor that he had one more great duty to fulfil. It was necessary for him to use his great influence before God in favour of this unhappy wretch whom he had been obliged to abandon to the vengeance of man. She kept him for eight hours by the clock in her oratory at prayer, kneeling upon the marble. At two o'clock in the morning she dismissed him, and at eight o'clock a note from her informed him that "the Voice" had told her that the Emperor's prayer had been heard. At the same time she wrote to the despairing Mme. de Labédoyère stating that after spending several hours in purgatory her

husband had an excellent place in paradise owing to the influence of the Emperor's prayers, and that she had great satisfaction in being able to assure her of this fact, being persuaded that it was the best possible relief for her sorrows.

I had heard of this letter, and of the outburst of grief, rising to the point of fury, which it had inspired in Georgine.

I ventured a question to the Baroness upon this subject, which was readily opened, and she told me everything as I have related it.

I can remember a somewhat amusing incident which I witnessed at her house. There were seven or eight of us in her room one morning. She spoke to us in her inspired language of the high virtues of the Emperor Alexander, and praised the courage with which he abandoned his intimacy with Mme. de Narishkine, thus sacrificing to duty his dearest affections and an intimacy of sixteen years.

"Alas!" cried Elzéar de Sabran, with an inimitable expression of sympathy, "alas! Sometimes in these matters it is easier to give up an intimacy of sixteen years than one of sixteen days!"

We all burst into laughter, and the Baroness von Krüdener set the example. Soon, however, she resumed her part and withdrew to the end of the room, as though to apologise to "the Voice" for this incongruity.

Whatever the motives were which guided the Baroness von Krüdener, and I myself believe that her good faith was absolute, she had succeeded in playing a most important part. She had supported the claims of France throughout the peace negotiations, and had been the leading influence in bringing about the "Holy Alliance." She accompanied the Emperor to the famous Camp of Vertus, and the Declaration there signed by the sovereigns, since called "The Convention of the Holy Alliance," was drawn up by Bergasse, another

enlightened member of the confraternity, under her eyes and by her orders.<sup>1</sup>

The Russians and those in attendance upon the Emperor were greatly vexed by the ridicule aroused by his connection with the Baroness von Krudener, and Count Nesselrode reproached me with some impatience for visiting this intriguer, as he called her.

Benjamin Constant seems to have been one of her most ardent disciples. I say "seems," because it has always been extremely difficult to discover the real motives which underlie the actions of M. Constant. She made him fast and pray and mortify himself until his health suffered in consequence and he was terribly changed. When some one mentioned this fact, the Baroness replied that it was good for him to suffer, for he had much to expiate, but that the time of his probation was drawing to its close.

I am not certain whether Benjamin was anxious to secure the favour of "the Voice," or whether he required the special protection of the Emperor, for at this period his position in France was so equivocal that he had thoughts of emigration.

Mme. Récamier had discovered the fountain of youth during her exile. In 1814 she had returned from Italy almost as beautiful as she had been in her early youth, and much more amiable. Benjamin Constant had known her intimately for a number of years, but he suddenly became inspired by an extravagant passion for her.

I have already said that she always had some sympathy and much gratitude for all the men who fell in love with her.

<sup>1</sup> "Baroness von Krüdener was under the influence of one Bergasse, who had been well known in France for more than thirty years for the warmth with which he had defended the impostures of Cagliostro and the eccentricities of mesmerism. The treaty of the 'Holy Alliance' was inspired by these two people. I believe that the report was entirely drawn up by the hand of M. Bergasse. . . ." (*Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. IV, p. 23.)

Benjamin drew heavily upon this general fund of affection. She listened to him, condoled with him, and regretted that she was unable to share sentiments so eloquently expressed.

This frenzy of his was at its height when Napoleon returned. Mme. Récamier was overwhelmed, and feared further persecution. Benjamin was too enthusiastic to avoid adopting the feelings of the woman of whom he was enamoured, and under this influence he wrote a lampoon full of venom and brilliance against the Emperor, announcing his eternal hostility. This composition was printed in the *Moniteur* of March 19, and on that night Louis XVIII. abandoned his capital.

When poor Benjamin learnt this news, terror seized upon his heart, which was not by any means so lofty as his intellect. He hastened to the post. There were no horses; diligences and post-carriages were full; it was impossible to leave Paris. He went and hid himself in a retreat which he thought was undiscoverable. His terror may be imagined when he was sent for the next day by Fouché. More dead than alive, he obeyed the summons. Fouché received him very politely, and informed him that the Emperor wished to see him at once. This seemed to him strange, but he felt somewhat reassured. He reached the Tuileries, and all doors opened before him.

The Emperor received him with the utmost graciousness, requested him to sit down, and began the conversation by assuring him that his past experiences had not been wasted. During his long waiting in the island of Elba he had reflected deeply on the situation and upon the needs of the age; men were evidently desiring liberal institutions. The mistake of his administration had been the neglect of publicists such as M. Constant. The Empire required a Constitution, and he intended to apply to the chief lights of the Empire for the composition of it.

Benjamin thus passed in the space of half an hour from the fear of a dungeon to the joy of being summoned to the part of a miniature Solon, and nearly fell ill with emotion when he found that the dream of his life was accomplished. Fear and vanity fought for possession of him, and vanity remained triumphant. He was overwhelmed with admiration for the great Emperor who could do such ample justice to the merits of Benjamin Constant. And the author of the article in the *Moniteur* of the 19th became a State Councillor on the 22nd and Bonaparte's chief advocate.

Somewhat ashamed of himself, he called upon Mme. Récamier, but she was not the woman to show any displeasure. Perhaps also she was glad to find herself relieved of a responsibility which would have weighed upon her if he had been persecuted for opinions which were rather the result of sudden enthusiasm than of calm conviction. Political parties were less charitable. The Liberals never pardoned Benjamin for his panegyric on the Bourbons and legitimacy, the Imperialists declined to forgive his sarcasms upon Napoleon, while the Royalists hated him for the rapid recantation between the 19th and 22nd of March, and for the part which he played at the end of the Hundred Days, when he went to ask from the foreign sovereigns a master of any kind, provided the choice did not fall on Louis XVIII.

These continual changes had made him the object of universal contempt. He became conscious of the fact and despaired in consequence. In this frame of mind he came into the hands of the Baroness von Krüdener. Whether his object was worldly pleasure, or whether he wished to change the course of his diseased imagination, I will not venture to decide. He continued to go to Mme. Récamier for consolation, and she treated him with gentleness and kindness. He was, however, somewhat vexed with her on account of the



article which she had inspired, and this circumstance had marked the crisis of his great passion.

I have never known any one who was better able than Mme. Récamier to sympathise with all misfortune, and to understand the weaknesses of human nature without showing any irritation. She would no more display vexation with a vain character drawn on to some inconsistency, or with a man afraid who committed some cowardice, than with a gouty man for having the gout or with a lame man for inability to walk. Moral weakness inspired her with as much and perhaps more pity than physical infirmity. This moral weakness was tended with a light and gentle touch which secured her the keen and tender gratitude of many unhappy people. Her power was the more readily realised because her soul, as pure as it was lofty, merely drew upon that abundant source of compassion which Heaven had placed in her most womanly breast.

Some weeks later Benjamin Constant conceived the idea of writing a letter to Louis XVIII. explaining his conduct; it was a difficult task. Full of this idea, he called upon Mme. Récamier, and discussed it at length. The next day there were some people at her house, and she asked him quietly:

"Have you finished your letter?"

"Yes."

"Are you satisfied with it?"

"Entirely satisfied. I have almost persuaded myself."

It was not so easy to convince the King. I believe, though I am not sure, that the letter was printed. Only the Royalist party were foolish enough to take a man of talent seriously. At the end of a few months Benjamin Constant was one of the leaders of the Opposition.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Elected deputy of Sarthe in 1819, he was, notwithstanding his irregular life and his passion for gambling, one of the most formidable adversaries of the Restoration. He died in 1830. He had been born at Lausanne in 1767, and was a naturalised Frenchman.

## CHAPTER VIII

Extravagant demands of foreigners in 1815—Attitude of the Emperor Alexander at the commencement of the campaign—Retort of General Pozzo to Bernadotte—Conduct of the Duke of Wellington and General Pozzo—Astonishment of the Emperor Alexander—Stay of the King and of the Princes in Belgium—Energy of a soldier—Kindness of the Prince de Talleyrand—The Duke of Wellington plunders the Museum—Salon of the Duchesse de Duras—Death of Hombert de La Tour du Pin—The Chamber known as *undiscoverable*—Resignation of M. de Talleyrand—My father is appointed Ambassador to London—The Duc de Richelieu—Revelations of Dr. Marshall—Visit to the Duc de Richelieu—Unflattering reception—His apology.

I RETURN to the day of my arrival in Paris. Ready as I was to share in the general joy evoked by the King's return, my pleasure was spoilt by the presence of the foreigners. Their attitude was much more hostile than during the preceding year. As the conquerors of Napoleon in 1814 they had shown themselves generous; as the allies of Louis XVIII. in 1815 they pushed their demands to the point of insult.

The strength and prosperity of France had aroused their surprise and their jealousy. They thought the country had been exhausted by our long wars, and saw it rise, to their astonishment, from its disasters so fair and powerful that at the Congress of Vienna M. de Talleyrand had been able to secure a leading part for France. Ministries and nations were alike alarmed, and as the opportunity for a further crusade against us had been provided, every one was determined to turn it to the best advantage. Their hatred, however, was entirely blind: although they wished to humiliate France, they were anxious at the same time to consolidate the Restoration. The humiliations, however, of this period inflicted a

wound upon the new Government from which it never recovered, and which became one of the reasons for its downfall. The nation never entirely pardoned the royal family for the sufferings imposed upon it by those whom the Crown called allies. Had the foreigners been styled enemies, animosity would have been less keen and less permanent.

Excusable as these feelings were, they were at the same time entirely unjust. It is inconceivable that Louis XVIII. found any satisfaction in beholding Prussian cannon trained upon the Palace of the Tuileries. The sight of the white Austrian cloaks enclosing the entrance to the Carrousel, while the Arc de Triomphe was despoiled of its ornamentation, was far from agreeable to him. Nor was he any better pleased that foreigners should make their way even to his private apartments, and carry off the pictures which decorated his palace. He was obliged, however, to bear these outrages, and to swallow his disgust in silence. Moreover, it was his personal firmness which preserved the bridge of Iéna, which Blücher<sup>1</sup> wished to blow up, and the column in the Place Vendôme, which the Allies desired to throw down and divide. In his efforts for the latter purpose he was supported by the Emperor Alexander. This sovereign was always generous. Notwithstanding his dislike for the royal family, and the inclination which he had shown at the beginning of the campaign to refuse any support to the Restoration, he now used his influence with the coalition to modify the sacrifices with the Allies wished to impose upon us.

<sup>1</sup> Gebhard Leberecht von Blücher, field marshal in the Prussian army (1742-1819). He was defeated by Davoust at Auerstadt, then by Napoleon at Champaubert and at Montmirail in the French campaign of 1813, and again at Ligny in 1815, but his arrival on the field of battle decided the day of Waterloo. On his re-entry into Paris he committed acts of great vandalism, plundered Saint Cloud, established himself at Rambouillet, and levied contributions upon neighbouring departments in a disgraceful manner.

I never knew exactly what his projects were at the time of the battle of Waterloo. Possibly he had no definite policy, and was involved in that indecision the inconvenience of which had been so strikingly demonstrated by Pozzo<sup>1</sup> to the Crown Prince of Sweden<sup>2</sup> in 1813. This incident I propose to recall, although it belongs to an earlier date.

During the campaign in Saxony, Pozzo and Sir Charles Stewart had been sent to the Swedish army as commissaries. The Allies were invariably afraid that Bernadotte might declare in favour of the Emperor Napoleon. He eventually decided to come into line, and took part in the battle of Leipzig; the rout of the French army was complete. Immediately the Gascon mind of Bernadotte began to entertain wild dreams, and to regard the throne of France as a possibility for himself. He opened a conversation with Pozzo upon this question. Not daring to begin the subject directly, he expounded a long theory, the result of which went to prove that the throne should belong to the worthiest, and that France should choose her king.

"I thank you, Sire," said Pozzo.

<sup>1</sup> Charles André Pozzo di Borgo, born in Corsica in 1764; deputy in the legislative assembly in 1791, member of the Corsican administration in 1792. He declared against Bonaparte in favour of the Royalists when Bernadotte became leader of the French Revolutionists. Secretary of State to the English Viceroy, Sir Gilbert Elliott, and was forced to take flight with him from the French troops; he took refuge in London. See first volume of these *Memoirs*, p. 169. He entered the Russian service, and became the declared enemy of Bonaparte. At the Restoration he became Ambassador in France until 1834, when he was transferred to London. In 1839 he retired, and died in Paris in 1842.

<sup>2</sup> Bernadotte, Jean Baptiste Jules, born at Pau in 1764; sergeant in the Royal Marines in 1789, colonel in 1792, and general of division in the following year. Ambassador to Vienna, and then Minister of War (1798-1799); marshal in 1804. Dismissed by Napoleon, he was nominated hereditary prince by the Swedish States in 1810, and became King in 1818. He died in 1844, and was the brother-in-law of Joseph Bonaparte by his marriage with Mlle. Désirée Clary.

"Why, General?"

"Because I shall be the choice."

"You!"

"Certainly; I believe myself the worthiest. By what means will any one prove the contrary? By killing me? Then others will come forward. But enough of this 'most worthy' theory! The man most worthy of the throne is, for the peace of the world, the man who has the best right to it."

Bernadotte did not venture to carry the conversation further, but he never forgave Pozzo.

The latter gave a similar lesson to his Imperial master in 1815 in a different manner. When the Emperor Alexander heard of the victory of Waterloo, he requested General Pozzo, who was with the Duke of Wellington, to object to the advance of the army, and to try to gain time, so that the English should not enter France until the Austro-Russian and Prussian armies were in line. In his opinion Louis XVIII. should be obliged to await the decision of his fate in Belgium.

Pozzo found himself in the utmost embarrassment upon receipt of this despatch. He knew the Emperor's dislike for the House of Bourbon, a dislike which was increased by the discovery of a proposal for an alliance between France, England, and Austria, which had been concluded during the Congress of Vienna by M. de Talleyrand, with intentions hostile to Russia. A copy of this treaty, which had been left forgotten in the King's study,<sup>1</sup> had been sent by M. de Caulaincourt to the Emperor Alexander during the Hundred Days. The Emperor attached no great importance to it,

<sup>1</sup> The text of the treaty had been carried off by M. de Jaucourt; the mention of forgetfulness at the time was mistaken. But during the Hundred Days the existence of the treaty was pointed out to M. de Caulaincourt by the official of the Foreign Office who had been ordered to recopy it.

believing it to be an invention of Napoleon to withdraw him from the Alliance, but a second copy was found among papers taken from M. de Reinhard,<sup>1</sup> and further doubt was impossible. As to this new reason for dissatisfaction was added the King's treatment of him in the previous year, he was by no means inclined to desire his restoration. Hence he had shown no disinclination to listen to the negotiators who had been sent from Paris, and it was difficult to foresee the result.

Pozzo was by no means in love with Russia, and was anxious to make a fatherland to his own taste in France by preserving a sovereign who was under a personal obligation to himself. After some small hesitation, he went off to find the Duke of Wellington.

"I am about to entrust to you the care of my head," he said. "Here is the despatch which I have received, and here is the answer which you have given."

He then read what he had written to the Emperor concerning the Duke of Wellington, whom he represented as persisting in an immediate march upon Paris, and as taking Louis XVIII. with him.

"Would you mind," he said, "making this answer and continuing these arrangements in spite of the objections which I am presumed to have offered?"

The Duke held out his hand.

"Rely upon me; the conference has taken place exactly as you have reported it."

"Then," said Pozzo, "there is not a moment to be lost, and we must act accordingly."

No one was taken into their confidence. The King was a centre-point of small intrigues, and M. de Talleyrand was sulking. But he had another plan, which had certain special points, though its principal object was to keep himself at a

<sup>1</sup> French minister at Frankfort, who was arrested by a party of Prussians when crossing the frontier.



distance from the Emperor Alexander. He did not know that the papers of M. de Reinhard had been captured, but had continually apprehended some indiscretion. Pozzo did not trust him sufficiently to explain the real situation. The Duke induced him to rejoin the King, who on his side consented to separate from M. de Blacas.<sup>1</sup>

Paris was reached with the utmost speed, and the King was rushed into the Palace of the Tuileries, to use the picturesque language of Pozzo in telling the story. No sooner had this object been attained than he jumped into a carriage and hastened to the Emperor. The Emperor's quarters were by arrangement at Bondy; Pozzo drove with the utmost rapidity, and found the Emperor some leagues beyond that place. He came to inform him that Paris had yielded, and that the Palace of the Elysée was ready to receive him. The Emperor requested him to take a seat in his carriage. Pozzo gave him an animated description of the battle of Waterloo, attached great importance to the manœuvres of Blücher, related the entry into France, the ease of the march, the warmth of their reception, the impossibility of stopping when there were no obstacles, and, finally, the measures taken by the Duke for securing Paris. The Emperor listened with interest.

"The next thing," he said, "is to settle the political situation. Where have you left the King?"

"At the Tuileries, Sire, where he was received with universal enthusiasm."

<sup>1</sup> Duc de Blacas d'Aulps (1771-1839), captain during the Revolution. He went into exile in the service of the Comte de Provence, whom he served with the greatest devotion until the Restoration. He was minister of the King's house and Secretary of State in 1814. In 1815 he was Ambassador at Naples, where he arranged the marriage of the Duc de Berry. He followed Charles X. into exile, and died at Goritz. His two sons, in the service of the Comte de Chambord, have nobly continued the traditional devotion of the family of Blacas for the older branch of the House of Bourbon.

“What! Louis XVIII. in Paris! Apparently it is the work of Providence. What is done is done, and there is no use in attempting to undo it. Perhaps it is for the best.”

The relief which the Ambassador felt on hearing this pious resignation will be understood. Notwithstanding his absolute confidence in the loyalty of the Duke of Wellington, he had been greatly anxious as to the manner in which the Emperor would receive the news of this event. Liberal as this despot was, he did not always forget his estates in Siberia when he thought he had been badly served.

The Emperor continued his journey, and slept at the Elysée. His displeasure was reserved for M. de Talleyrand and Count Metternich. The Austrian was able to overcome this obstacle, but the Frenchman was defeated by it shortly afterwards.

My uncle, Edouard Dillon,<sup>1</sup> had accompanied the King to Belgium. He gave me an account of all the hardships of the departure, the journey, and the residence abroad. Monsieur and his son, the Duc de Berry, had left in the mud of Artois such scanty military reputation as the pity of the exiles would have wished to preserve for them. The King's Household had been dismissed at Bethune with unparalleled curtness and harshness; several of the members, however, had been able to cross the frontier. At their own expense and voluntarily they united at Ghent and formed a guard for the King, who accepted their services with as much carelessness as at the Tuileries.

M. de Bartillat,<sup>2</sup> an officer in the Life Guards, told me

<sup>1</sup> Edouard Dillon, Comte, French general, was born in England (1751?). He was a page of Louis XV., and colonel of the regiment with which he fought in America. He went into exile with the army of the Princes, and served in England. In 1814 he was lieutenant-general. He became ambassador in Dresden and Florence, and First Chamberlain to Charles X. He died in 1839.

<sup>2</sup> The Marquis de Bartillat, colonel and sub-lieutenant of the company of the Duc de Croy d'Havré. (*Almanach Royal*, 1816.)

that he had been at Ghent and had commanded a considerable number of guards of his company who had come together in pure zeal, and that neither he nor they had ever secured a word from the King or had ever been able to discover that he knew of their existence. My own opinion is that the Princes were afraid to compromise themselves towards their partisans or to make promises, in case the new exile should be of long duration.

Shall I tell the story of the Camp d'Alost under the command of the Duc de Berry, which was so unfortunately broken up at the moment when the battle of Waterloo had begun? The Duke of Wellington expounded his views with cruel publicity to the Prince, whom he reproached with breaking down the bridge. The Duc de Berry excused himself upon the ground that false rumours had made him believe the battle was lost.

"The worse for you, sir. When you run away you should not place obstacles in the way of brave men who may be obliged to make an honourable retreat."

I prefer to relate the fierce energy of a certain soldier. Edouard Dillon had been ordered by the King, after the battle of Waterloo, to relieve the wants of the French wounded who were collected in a hospital at Brussels. He came to a bed occupied by a non-commissioned officer in the Imperial Guard, whose arm had just been amputated. In reply to his offers of help the soldier threw the bleeding arm at him, and said:

"Tell the man who sends you here that I still have an arm left for the service of the Emperor."

One of my first cares, on reaching Paris, was to visit M. de Talleyrand. I had been ordered by my father to explain in full detail the painful situation of the French in Piedmont. I accomplished my mission somewhat clumsily; I had never been at my ease with M. de Talleyrand. However, he re-

ceived me very graciously, and when I told him towards the end of the month that I would take his orders for Turin, he urged me not to be in a hurry to pack up. I understood that my father's transference was proposed, but did not venture to ask for further information.<sup>1</sup>

I have always been extremely shy in my dealings with officials, except when I had the moral support of the fact that I required nothing of their kindness. As long as my father was a subordinate official, I felt myself in a dependent and therefore a disagreeable position, notwithstanding the kindness which the authorities invariably showed me.

Our hero, the Duke of Wellington, took upon himself to carry out the spoliations demanded by the Allies. Under pretext that the English had no claims of this kind to make, he was so generous as to come and take down the pictures from our museums with his victorious hands. This expression is not mere rhetoric, but describes the facts. He was seen on a ladder setting the example. When the Horses of Venice were taken down from the arch of the Carrousel, he spent the morning perched on this monument opposite the King's windows supervising the work. In the evening he was present at a small reception given by Mme. de Duras to the King of Prussia. We could not hide our indignation, but he laughed at us, and jested upon the subject. At the same time he was wrong, for our resentment was justified, and was more politic than his conduct.

The foreigners had presented themselves as allies, and had been received as such, so that the discredit of their proceedings fell upon the reigning family. The Duke's conduct was the signal for his subordinates to display their impertinence. The blood still boils in my veins when I remember the remark of a certain vulgar animal called Mackenzie, an army paymaster.

<sup>1</sup> This transference had been considered before the Hundred Days. See letter of Count Nesselrode to Mme. de Boigne in the Appendix.

The conversation had turned with sad and serious earnest upon the difficulty which France would find in meeting the enormous indemnities imposed by the foreigners.

"Oh, nonsense," he said, with a loud guffaw; "they may cry out a little, but the thing will be settled. I have just come from Strasburg; I passed through the town on the day when the Prussian general had demanded the contribution, which was said to be enormous; his contribution was paid. But everybody was dining."

I could have killed him with a look.

The Duc de Duras, First Gentleman of the Chamber, was on duty for the year. Of the various positions at court, this alone was held for more than three months. Mme. de Duras<sup>1</sup> was lodging in the Tuileries. As I was an old friend of hers, and had no house of my own for the moment, I was constantly with her. Her position obliged her to give large parties from time to time, but her *salon* was usually open only to certain regular comers. The conversation there was freer and more reasonable than elsewhere. Probably the conversations which we then held would astonish us now, and we should consider them extravagant if they were repeated to us. None the less, they were the most sensible among the views of the Royalist party. Mme. de Duras was much more liberal than her position would seem to allow. She was ready to listen to any opinion, and her judgments were untainted by party spirit. She would lend an ear to any generous idea which was not calculated unduly to compromise her position as a great lady, which she enjoyed with the more satisfaction as she had waited for it a long time.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Claire de Kersaint, Duchesse de Duras, born at Brest in 1778, died at Nice, 1828. Much has been heard of her in the preceding volume. During the exile she had married Amédée Bretagne Malo, Duc de Duras, peer of France and First Gentleman of the Chamber (1771-1838).

<sup>2</sup> See first volume of these Memoirs, p. 272.

She could not console herself for the fact that M. de Chateaubriand had not been allowed to share in the return from Ghent. His influence had gained him the post of Minister of the Interior to the fugitive King, and she could not understand why the King did not confirm his nomination upon his restoration. Hence there was a tinge of opposition in her language which was entirely to my taste. Her daughter, the Princesse de Talmont, did not share her mother's views: her enthusiasm was exaggerated, but she was so young and pretty that even her foolishness was graceful. In 1813, at the age of fifteen, she had married the only heir of the family of La Trémouille. On this subject Adrien de Montmorency said that it was a historical marriage, and that the birth of her first child would be a national event. The annals of the country have not, however, recorded this event; M. de Talmont died in 1815, leaving no child.

The Duc de Duras exclaimed at the funeral:

"It is a terrible thing to be a widow at seventeen when one is excluded from marrying any one but a sovereign prince."

The Princesse de Talmont declined to be bound by this condition, but against the wishes of her father, and even of her mother. The death of the Prince de Talmont had caused to us no personal grief, but our circle was deeply affected by the misfortune which happened in the family of La Tour du Pin.

Homert de La Tour du Pin-Gouvernet had reached the age of twenty-two. He was a gallant and most distinguished character, though his handsome face and the spoiling which he received from his parents made him appear somewhat futile. During the disturbed period when people enlisted in the colonels, to use the angry phrase of the old soldiers, Hombert had been appointed officer extraordinary, and the Marshal, the Duc de Bellune, had taken him as *aide-de-camp*. It cannot be denied that these marks of favour



caused much vexation among comrades who had won their promotion at the sword's point. Hombert had a discussion upon the rules of the service with one of these latter: the young man argued in a light and the other in a grumbling tone, but the matter went no further. However, upon reflection, Hombert felt some scruples. The next day he went to his father, and told him precisely what had happened, except that he gave his own part in the affair to one Donatien de Sesmaisons, another of his comrades. He added that this friend had requested him to consult his father as to the advisability of carrying the matter further.

M. de La Tour du Pin heard him attentively, and replied:

"This is one of those matters where advice is hardly called for."

"You think, then, father, that they ought to fight?"

"It is not indispensable. And if Donatien had been long in the service, the matter might well be concluded by shaking hands. But he has only just entered the army. The captain has seen much service, and you know what jealousy there is against you new-comers. In Donatien's place I should fight."

Hombert left his father's room to go and write a challenge. The necessary consent arrived, and the meeting was arranged for mid-day in the Bois de Boulogne.

Before the family met for lunch, Hombert informed his father that he was acting as second for Donatien. His anxiety was obvious. He overwhelmed his mother with caresses, and insisted that she should herself pour out for him his cup of tea. She agreed, laughing at his obstinacy. His sister Cécile used to tease him upon the importance which he attached to a certain lock of hair which fell over his forehead, and now resumed this family joke.

"Well, Cécile, to show you that it is not the dearest of all my possessions, as you say, I give it up, and you can take it."

Cécile pretended to fence with a pair of scissors. Hombert did not wince, and she merely kissed his forehead.

"Why, my dear Hombert, it would grieve me as much as you."

Hombert caught her, embraced her tenderly, and went away to hide his agitation. Mme. de La Tour du Pin reproached him for this display of sentiment, which made them all melancholy. M. de La Tour du Pin, believing that he knew Hombert's secret, helped him to hide his distress. When Hombert had gone out, his sister found in her work-basket the lock of hair, and cried out:

"Oh, mamma, Hombert has certainly given up that piece of foolishness. See what a sacrifice he has made! But after all, I am sorry."

Mother and daughter exchanged regrets, but felt no alarm. M. de La Tour du Pin was uneasy concerning Donatien, and went for a walk in the Champs Elysées. He soon perceived Donatien himself, whose gloomy countenance spoke of misfortune. Unfortunately, he had been the second, and Hombert had received a bullet in the forehead in the very spot recently covered by the lock of hair, which now became a most precious relic. He was dead. M. de La Tour du Pin had condemned his son that morning.

The first *aide-de-camp* of the Marshal, a man of influence, had been anxious to compose the quarrel on the ground. Hombert had offered objections. However, the reasons for the quarrel were so slight that the arrangement was almost made in spite of Hombert's resistance, when unfortunately he used a slang expression, saying that his adversary's ill-temper had seemed to him somewhat mad, so far had he been from any desire to give offence. By the word "mad" he meant somewhat unreasonable.

"What! You call me a madman!"

Hombert shrugged his shoulders. Two minutes afterwards he was dead.

M. de La Tour du Pin never recovered from so dreadful a shock; and it might even be said that his reason was affected. I shall not attempt to describe the despair of this bereaved family: we shared their sorrow, and the *salon* of Mme. de Duras, where the family had been constant visitors, was saddened for a long period by this cloud.

The elections of 1815 ran entirely in a Royalist direction, and the nobility secured an immense majority. It was the best chance which the nobility had had for forty years of recovering some superiority in France. Had the nobles shown themselves calm, reasonable, generous, and enlightened, had they displayed a desire to work for the country and to protect its members—in a word, had they played the part which the aristocracy of a representative Government should play at the moment of its supreme power—these services would have been recognised, and the throne of France would have found a real support in the influence of the nobility. But this Chamber, which the King characterised as “undiscoverable” in its early days, now showed itself extravagant, ignorant, factious, reactionary, and entirely dominated by class interests. It cried aloud for vengeance, and applauded the bloodthirsty scenes of the south. Upon this occasion the nobility placed the crown upon its unpopularity, even as ten years later it lost its last claims to respect in the disgraceful debates concerning the indemnity to the *émigrés*.

When the deputies took their seats they had not yet reached that pitch of exaggeration which they afterwards attained. None the less, their animosity drove Fouché out of office even before the opening of the session. They displayed an equal repugnance to M. de Talleyrand. He possibly would have ventured to fight them if he had been

supported by the court. But Monsieur permitted the Duc de Fitzjames to say:

"Well, sir, that wretched hobbler is going to dance," and smiled in approval of this comment concerning a man who had replaced the house of Bourbon on the throne twice in twelve months.

It is said that Louis XVIII. felt that such services were a heavy burden, and regretted the sacrifice which he had been compelled to make in removing the Comte de Blacas. Moreover, the Emperor Alexander, who had been a zealous protector of M. de Talleyrand in 1814, had now become his principal enemy. The minister yielded to this accumulated opposition, and his resignation was accepted with more readiness than he had perhaps expected.

I went to his house in the evening, when he came up to me and told me that the last act of his Ministry had been to appoint my father to the London ambassadorship. His nomination, in fact, though signed by Richelieu, had been secured by M. de Talleyrand.<sup>1</sup> He had asked the King for this nomination in 1814, but the Comte de La Châtre had been First Gentleman to Monsieur the Comte de Provence; he had been promised this position in the King's household, and as he bored the King to desperation, his most Christian Majesty preferred to have an incompetent Ambassador in London than a disagreeable servant in the Tuileries. At length, however, he yielded. Notwithstanding the immense advantages which M. de La Châtre derived from his appointment as peer, Duke, First Gentleman of the Chamber, a large pension from the Peers' Chamber and

<sup>1</sup> The Marquis d'Osmond was appointed Ambassador to London on November 29, 1815. He had been a member of the Chamber of Peers from August 7, 1815. Richelieu's government dated from September 24, 1815.

another from the Civil List, he was greatly vexed by this change.

With his nomination my father received a letter from the Duc de Richelieu, recalling him to Paris. He did not, however, wish to leave Turin until the fate of our compatriots was definitely settled. This business kept him at Turin for several weeks. It was during this interval that my disagreeable relations with M. de Richelieu began.

Upon my first evening at the *salon* of Mme. de Duras I saw a tall man come in with a handsome face, the youth of which contrasted strangely with his grey hair. He was very short-sighted, and was continually blinking in a manner which made his expression by no means attractive. He wore boots, and the bad taste of his dress was almost an affectation in itself; none the less, he preserved the dignity of the highest rank. He threw himself upon a sofa, and talked with a shrill and squeaky voice. A slight foreign accent and terms of speech somewhat outlandish convinced me that he was not a Frenchman. At the same time his language and the sentiments which he expressed refuted this idea. I saw that he was familiar with all my friends, and racked my brain to conjecture who this well-known stranger might be: it was the Duc de Richelieu, who had returned to France after my departure from Paris.<sup>1</sup> The impression which he made upon me at this first meeting has never changed. His manners always seemed to me as disagreeable and displeasing as possible. His fine and noble character,

<sup>1</sup> Armand Emmanuel du Plessis, Duc de Richelieu (1766-1822); went into exile and took service in Russia, where he was Governor of Odessa. Returned to Russia at the Restoration, and became First Gentleman of the Chamber. In 1815 he was President of the Council, and retired in December, 1818, after the liberation of the country. He resumed office in 1820, after the assassination of the Duc de Berry, and retired finally in 1821.

and his real business capacity, together with his enlightened patriotism, commanded my approval, I might almost say my devotion, but it was an approval rather forced than voluntary.

Dr. Marshall, whom I have previously mentioned,<sup>1</sup> came to me one morning with a letter. The letter was addressed to Fouché, who was then in Belgium, and contained, he said, not only details concerning a plot which was in progress against the Government of the King, but also the cypher by which the correspondence might be decoded. He did not wish to entrust so important a piece of evidence to any one but my father, and in his absence, to myself. He said that he was watched, and might fear the worst if he went near the Tuileries or entered any minister's office.

Notwithstanding the fact that his revelations had hitherto produced little effect, though he had, I believe, been well paid for them, he was anxious to perform this service to the King for the reason that he was aware of the attachment of the Prince Regent to the King.<sup>2</sup> I urged him in vain to apply to the Duc de Duras; as upon a former occasion, he refused absolutely.

"The letter," he said, "is so sealed as to require the greatest cleverness to open it. You can do with it as you please, and do nothing if you like. I will come and fetch it back to-morrow morning."

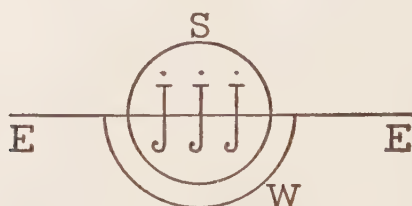
He then went out, leaving it on my table. I was greatly embarrassed thus to be left with this important document in my hands. I can still see it before me. It was a packet of some size, without any envelope, although it obviously contained more than one sheet. It was sealed with a white wafer,

<sup>1</sup> In Chapter III.

<sup>2</sup> The Prince of Wales, Regent of England during the madness of his father, George III.



half of which projected from the cover, upon which three J's had been drawn in this manner:



E. Edge of the paper.      W. Wafer used as seal.  
S. Seal drawn in ink.

I knew what importance my father had attached to documents which Marshall had formerly procured. It was impossible to ask for advice under conditions which demanded secrecy before all things. After mature reflection, I made up my mind: I drove to the Tuileries, and asked to see the Duc de Duras. He came down and entered my carriage. I told him what had happened, and gave him the letter for the King. The King had gone for a drive, and would not be back for several hours. The Duc de Duras thought the best course was to take the letter to the Duc de Richelieu, and to this I consented. The Duc de Richelieu received us in the coldest manner, and told me that no one in his office had any special capacity for opening letters. Thereupon I felt angry, and told him that this capacity was apparently no more to be found in my rooms than in his office; that my responsibility was great, and that in my opinion it could only be removed from myself by the transference of this document to competent hands. This object had been fulfilled, and when the man, whose name I could not mention, returned the next day, I should tell him that the letter had been left with one of the King's ministers. M. de Richelieu wished to give it back to me; I refused to take it. We separated in a state of mutual vexation.

Two hours afterwards, M. d'Herbouville, then Postmaster-General, brought me back the letter with overwhelming expressions of gratitude. The letter had been opened and its importance recognised. M. de Decazes, the Minister of Police, called upon me twice in the evening without finding me at home. The next day my chambermaid came in and told me that M. d'Herbouville was waiting to see me in order to explain that the information secured the evening before had made him earnestly desirous to meet the man who had procured it. M. de Decazes begged me to use every means in my power for this purpose.

Marshall arrived at the appointed time, and I gave him the message, as I had been asked. He raised numerous objections, but eventually mentioned a spot where he might be met by chance. I imagined that the object of these precautions was merely to increase the price of his revelations. I never saw him again, but I know that he was for a long time in the pay of the police. He had a fine face, an easy flow of language, and the whole appearance of a gentleman. He was, moreover, a character. I remember one point which struck me. He had told me that the seal of the letter would be closely examined by the person to whom he was to hand it. When I returned it to him, he pointed out that the lower part of the J's drawn upon the wafer outside the cover had been smeared by the operation of opening the letter.

"It will be necessary," he added, "to take desperate measures."

I asked him what these were.

"I shall deliver the letter in broad daylight near a window, and I shall not take my eyes off the recipient, but will hold him in conversation until the letter is unfastened. He will not venture to examine it while I thus keep his attention fixed. I have always found this method successful."

This shameful confession of past experience made my flesh

creep, and I almost forgave the surliness with which M. de Richelieu had received me the evening before. His manners might also be excused by reason of the abominable intrigues with which he was surrounded. He was unable to place any confidence in names, for unfortunately amateur informers in the upper classes were not wanting. People took to spying in mistaken zeal, either to subserve their own passions or their own interests.

For this meanness M. de Richelieu felt the strong hatred of an upright man. Knowing little of society, he could not appreciate differences of character, and had done me the injustice of cataloguing me in the list of intriguing women. I was extremely hurt, and avoided him in consequence. He, on the other hand, now understood the situation, and was, I believe, sorry for the injustice he had done, but he was too timid and too little acquainted with society to begin a frank explanation. Our relations have always felt the effects of this bad beginning. I was heart and soul a member of his party, but knew little of his friends and nothing at all of his intimates. We would meet daily without speaking.

The acrimonious manner of M. de Richelieu often made him political enemies among people less reasonable than myself, if the foolishness of the observation may be permitted.

## CHAPTER IX

Generous farewell of the Emperor Alexander to the Duc de Richelieu—Patriotic sentiments of the Duke—Ridiculous sentiments of M. de Vaublanc—My father arrives in Paris—Trial of Marshal Ney—His execution—Excitement in the Royalist party—Trial of M. de La Valette—The Duchesse d'Angoulême undertakes to ask a pardon for him—She is dissuaded—Steps taken by the Duc de Raguse—He introduces Mme. de La Valette into the Palace—His disgrace—Fury of the Royalist party at the escape of M. de La Valette.

M. DE TALLEYRAND sometimes boasted that he had retired in order to avoid signing the cruel treaty imposed upon France; the fact is that he succumbed beneath the accumulated weight of animosity to which I have already referred. M. de Richelieu had been brought into power by the Emperor Alexander, and hard as were the terms to which we were forced to submit, they would have been far worse had any other minister been in office.

As soon as M. de Richelieu had been nominated, the autocrat loudly proclaimed himself the champion of France. Thus when he distributed presents to each of the diplomatists upon his departure, he sent to M. de Richelieu an old map of France which had been used at the Conference. Upon it were traced the numerous territorial claims which the Allies had raised, and which their representatives hoped to secure. He added an autograph note, stating that the confidence inspired by M. de Richelieu had alone been able to avert this enormous sacrifice from his country. The Emperor added that this present had seemed to him most worthy of his noble charac-

ter, and he would no doubt appreciate it more than any other.

Such a gift does honour to the sovereign who conceives the idea of it and to the minister who is so meritorious as to inspire the idea.

Notwithstanding this success, which M. de Richelieu was not the man to proclaim, and which was not known until long afterwards, his heart, with all its French patriotism, was overwhelmed by this terrible treaty. The tone of voice in which he read the treaty to the Chamber, and the gesture with which he threw down the paper on the desk when this painful duty had been accomplished, have become historical, and began to reconcile every thinking man in the country to a nomination which at first appeared somewhat too Russian. Nothing in the world was more unjust, for M. de Richelieu was the most exclusive of Frenchmen, was by no means an *émigré*, and as little an aristocrat as circumstances allowed him to be. He was a Liberal and patriot in the best sense of the two terms.

During his first Ministry his ignorance of persons caused him some inconvenience; for a Prime Minister, knowledge of persons is quite as important as knowledge of affairs. It was this ignorance that induced him to accept without opposition a colleague proposed by Monsieur, the Comte de Vaublanc.<sup>1</sup> He speedily displayed an ineptitude so delightfully foolish that it would have evoked roars of laughter if he had not been supported by the Princes and the Chamber. Any absurdity was contagious in those latitudes. M. de Vaublanc

<sup>1</sup> Vincent Marie Viénot, Comte de Vaublanc (1756-1845); deputy to the Legislative Chamber, one of the organisers of the 13th Vendémiaire; member of the Council of the Cinq-Cents; proscribed on the 18th Fructidor, but returned after the 18th Brumaire, and became prefect, baron, and count of the Empire in 1814. He was prefect of Marseilles and Minister of the Interior in 1815. In 1820 he was the ultra-Royalist deputy of Calvados. After 1830 he lived in retirement.

promptly attempted to foment an intrigue against M. de Richelieu, which was discountenanced by foreign influence.

About this time Monsieur gave M. de Vaublanc a large white horse. He used to pose upon it in the garden of the Minister of the Interior for the statue of Henri IV. No one, in his opinion, could sit a horse so perfectly as himself. If his claims had ended there, it would have been, possibly, better for him, but his demands were carried to incredible extremes and expressed with a want of tact and with a bluntness wholly inconceivable.

Though perhaps unworthy of a place even in the medley of gossip which I am writing, I cannot but recall a retort which has always made me smile. During that year the fat ox of the carnival was thin and lean, and some one remarked upon this fact to Mme. de Puisieux.

"I can quite believe it," she said; "the poor animal must have suffered from the foolishness of his nephew, the Vaublanc."

It was this same Mme. de Puisieux who saw M. de Bornay, a man extremely pale, pouring out a glass of almond syrup. She stopped him, saying that the wretched man was going to drink his blood.

If we had been living at a period less fertile in great events, the sayings of Mme. de Puisieux would have become as famous as those of the well-known Mme. Cornuel.<sup>1</sup>

My father had somehow or other concluded the business concerning the French who were domiciled in Piedmont, and had handed over the rest of Savoy to the King of Sardinia in satisfaction of the Treaty of Paris. Louis XVIII. in the Tuileries was as pleased at this event as any one could be in Paris. His minister did not share this satisfaction, and this

<sup>1</sup> Mme. Cornuel, by birth Anne Marie Bigot (1605-1694), daughter of a steward to the Duc de Guise, held a rival *salon* to the Hotel de Rambouillet.



last portion of his duty was so disagreeable to him that he refused, with some temper, the Grand Cordon which was offered to him upon the occasion of this restitution. The fact is that my father was then expecting to obtain the Order of the Saint Esprit, and if the prejudices of his youth made him desire it somewhat too anxiously, they also inspired him with a great disdain for all foreign decorations.

Upon his arrival, M. de Richelieu overwhelmed him with marks of confidence. The preparations that were necessary for his removal to London kept him so long in Paris that he was unfortunately summoned to sit at the trial of Marshal Ney.<sup>1</sup>

I do not propose to give full details of this deplorable affair, which caused us great anxiety. During the last days of the trial the peers and all their connections received threatening letters. It is practically recognised that the peers were bound to condemn the Marshal. The King has been greatly reproached for not pardoning him: I doubt whether he had either the power or the will to do so.

When we judge events of this nature after the lapse of many years, we do not allow sufficient weight to the impressions prevalent at the moment. Every one was afraid, and nothing is more cruel than fear. An epidemic of vengeance had set in, and of this fact no other proof is necessary than the words of the Duc de Richelieu when he sent this case

<sup>1</sup> Michel Ney, Duc d'Elchingen; born 1769, enlisted 1788, lieutenant 1792, cavalry colonel 1794, general 1796, Plenipotentiary Minister at Bern, divisional commander 1803, marshal of France 1804, Duc d'Elchingen 1808, Prince of the Moscova after the campaign in Russia, where the "bravest of the brave," as he was called, performed prodigies of valour. Louis XVIII. appointed him peer of France. He was ordered to stop the march of the Emperor on his return from the island of Elba, and went over to his side. After the Second Restoration, he was accused of treason, condemned to death by the Chamber of Peers, and was shot, dying as he had lived, like a brave soldier.

before the Court of Peers.<sup>1</sup> Seeing that so fine and noble a character as the Duc was unable to avoid the contagion, it was bound to become universal, and I doubt if he could have refused to popular clamour the victim which it claimed without driving it to greater excesses.

At a later date another King was seen to interpose his influence between the fury of the people and the victims which it demanded.<sup>2</sup> But in the first place this King was, in my opinion, a character high above the average, and consequently the straightforward members of his party appreciated and encouraged this moderation. He ran the risk of a popular rising, in which his life, but not his power, might be lost.

In 1815, on the other hand, it must be admitted that those who demanded an example to deter future traitors were the honourable members of the party, the princes, the bishops, the Chambers, and the court, in addition to the foreigners: Europe told us that we had no right to be generous or indulgent at the expense of European blood and treasure. The Duke of Wellington's attitude and his refusal to invoke the capitulation of Paris is further evidence of the fact. The Marshal's pardon depended much more upon him than upon Louis XVIII.; we must also remember that the penalty of death for political reasons was then regarded as natural by every mind, and also that the moderation of the Restoration Government was the dread influence which secured the growth and general dissemination of a more enlightened Liberalism.

I do not wish to offer any excuse for the madness which prevailed at that time. I was as angry then as I should be now to see members of high society readily offering their personal services to guard the Marshal in the prison cell, and to sleep there

<sup>1</sup> This speech was drawn up by M. Lainé.

<sup>2</sup> Allusion to the attitude of Louis Philippe I. during the trial of the ministers of Charles X.

for fear he should escape;<sup>1</sup> I have seen others offer themselves as a guard to take him to the place of punishment; while the Life Guards begged as a favour and obtained as a reward permission to put on the uniform of the police in order to guard him more carefully and to give him no chance of observing some sympathetic look upon the face of any old soldier.

All this is as true as it is hateful. My object is to point out that more than kindness was required to secure the pardon of Marshal Ney; his pardon would have been an act of the highest courage. Louis XVIII. was by no means a bloodthirsty character, but he was too entirely and exclusively a prince at heart to give undue weight to the life of one man when balancing contrary interests. Moreover, the poor Marshal, who was thus piteously sacrificed to momentary passion, and who has been since deified by other passions of like nature, could never have been anything more to the Imperialists than the traitor of Fontainebleau, the deserter of Waterloo, and the denouncer of Napoleon. In the eyes of the Royalists the guilt of his conduct was even more pronounced.

These wrong-doings, however, have been wiped out in his blood, and all that now remains to memory is his military courage, so often and so recently employed with superhuman vigour in the service of his country. The proverb says, "The dead alone never return." I should prefer to amend the saying, and write that "In times of revolution the dead are the only ones who return."

<sup>1</sup> "It is impossible for any one but an eye-witness to realise the revolting passion which pervaded the ranks of even the highest society, nor is it possible to depict the feelings of certain *salons*. I have seen men of high birth put on the uniform of the National Guard, which they probably never wore before, request and obtain the privilege of mounting guard at the prison gate and of watching over the room in which the Marshal was confined, being unwilling to entrust his safe custody to any but themselves."—*Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. IV, p. 31.

I remember one day during the trial I was dining at the house of M. de Vaublanc. My father arrived at the expiration of his period of duty from the Luxembourg, and told us that a postponement had been granted at the request of the Marshal's lawyers. M. de Vaublanc jumped up, flung his serviette against the wall, and called out:

"If those peers imagine that I will consent to be a minister to a body which shows such weakness, they are greatly deceived. One more display of such cowardice, and all honest men will be forced to hide their heads."

There were thirty people at table, including several deputies, and all joined in the chorus. Yet the only question at issue was a legal postponement, which could not possibly be refused unless an extraordinary court were appointed. The excitement of partisans might well be understood when the temper of Government ministers was so cruelly precipitate.

My father and myself expressed our indignation as soon as we were in our carriage; if we had expressed it in the house we should have been stoned. We were already catalogued as malcontents, but it was not until after the Ordinance of September 5<sup>1</sup> that my opinions were stated to be "those of a pig." I will ask my nephews not to laugh; it was the literal expression used by ladies of high rank, and used frequently.

I used to meet the Duc de Raguse<sup>2</sup> very constantly, espe-

<sup>1</sup> The Ordinance of September 5, 1816, pronouncing the dissolution of the undiscoverable Chamber.

<sup>2</sup> Auguste Frédéric Louis Viesse de Marmont, Duc de Raguse, born at Chatillon-sur-Seine (1774); lieutenant in 1793, *aide-de-camp* to Bonaparte in Italy, colonel of artillery 1797, brigadier 1798, general of division 1800, Duc de Raguse 1808, marshal of France 1809, appointed peer of France by Louis XVIII. and major-general of the Royal Guard at the second Restoration. In July, 1830, commanded the royal troops, retired to private life after the fall of the legitimate monarchy, and died in 1852. Mme. de Boigne has explained at length in ch. xxi of the first volume of these Memoirs what has been known as the defection of Marmont in 1814.

cially at Mme. de Duras's, where he was an intimate friend. I felt for him some of the prejudice which was general, and though I had never been a supporter of Napoleon, I did not like the Duke the better for his betrayal. Foreigners, who were well informed upon this transaction, were the first to explain to me to what extent the loyalty of the Marshal had been caluminated. I also observed that he remained faithful to his old comrades, notwithstanding the insults with which Bonaparte's party overwhelmed him. Whenever they were attacked, he supported them keenly and vigorously, addressed them without the smallest reticence, and was the zealous and active protector of all who suffered through interference. These facts began to arouse my respect, and enabled me better to appreciate his distinguished mind and his lively and extensive conversational powers, which were undeniable merits. The day was approaching when my affection for him was to become real.

M. de La Valette,<sup>1</sup> conscious of his innocence, and persuaded that according to the letter of the law he had nothing to fear, surrendered to justice. He would have been acquitted but for a certain document which originated as follows. Old M. Ferrand, the Postmaster-General, was seized with such terror upon the Emperor's return, that he was afraid either to remain at his post or to abandon it. He asked M. de La Valette, his predecessor under the Emperor, to sign him a permit for post-horses. M. de La Valette objected for a long time; at length he yielded to the tears of Mme. Ferrand, and in order to calm the fears of the old

<sup>1</sup> Antoine Marie Chamans, Comte de la Valette (1769-1830); *aide-de-camp* to Bonaparte, Minister in Saxony, Postmaster-General, Councillor of State; deprived in 1814, but resumed his avocations during the Hundred Days. Was condemned to death, and saved by some friends and by the devotion of his wife, Emilie Louise de Beauharnais (1780-1855), daughter of the Marquis de Beauharnais and niece of the Empress Josephine, whose lady of the bedchamber she was.

man he signed his name to a permit drawn up by M. Ferrand in his study and surrounded by his family, who were loud in their protestations of gratitude. This was the only proof which could be adduced to show that he had resumed his powers before the legal term.<sup>1</sup> I presume that the surrender of this document must have cost the Ferrand family dear: I admit that such Royalist devotion has always seemed horrible to me, and M. de Richelieu was disgusted; he hated persecution in any case, and the more he learned of business the more did his political partisanship decrease. As he could not prevent the trial of M. de La Valette, he did his best to secure his pardon in case he should be condemned.

It is said M. Pasquier,<sup>2</sup> though he had previously been the Guardian of the Seals, came to give clear and conscientious evidence in his favour. M. de Richelieu requested the King to pardon him. The King replied that he could not venture to face the fury of his family, but that if the Duchesse d'Angoulême would consent to say a word for this purpose,

<sup>1</sup> It is not wholly accurate to say that the permit signed for Comte Ferrand on March 20, before the entry of Napoleon, was the only piece of evidence against M. de La Valette; other documents were produced before the Court of Assize. But M. Ferrand was one of the strongest witnesses for the prosecution.

<sup>2</sup> Etienne Denis, Baron Pasquier, born 1767. His father, a councillor to the Parliament of Paris, was guillotined in 1794. He was *Maître des requêtes* in 1787, and married in 1793 Sophie de Serre de Saint Roman (1762-1844). He and his wife were imprisoned during the Terror, but were liberated upon the death of Robespierre. He was *Maître des requêtes* to the Council of State in 1806, State Councillor in 1810, Prefect of Paris from 1810 to 1814, Director-General of Bridges and Highways in 1814, and Minister of the Interior in 1815. In the same year he became Minister of State, and in 1816 was appointed deputy for the Department of Sarthe and Seine; became President of the Chamber in 1816. He was Guardian of the Seals 1817-1818, Minister of Foreign Affairs 1819, peer of France 1821, President of the Chamber of Peers 1830, Chancellor of France 1837, member of the French Academy 1842, Duke 1844, and died in 1862.



he would grant the request readily. The Duc de Richelieu went to see the Duchesse, and secured her consent after some trouble. It was agreed that she should ask the King's pardon after lunch on the next day, and the King was warned of the fact. When the Duc de Richelieu came to the King next day, his first words were:

"Well, my niece never spoke, and you must have misunderstood her."

"No, Sire; I had her absolute promise."

"Go and see her, then, and try and induce her to act. I will wait for her if she is ready to come."

An event of vast importance had, however, happened in the Palace of the Tuileries: the previous evening the usual custom had been changed. Every day, after dining with the King, Monsieur used to go down to his daughter-in-law at eight o'clock, returning to his own rooms at nine. The Duc d'Angoulême used to go to bed, and Madame to the rooms of her lady of the bedchamber, Mme. Choisy: it was there that the closest, that is to say the most violent, members of the Royalist party used to meet.

Upon the evening in question Madame found them in full force; they had heard of the project for securing the King's pardon. She admitted her share in the plot, and said that her father-in-law and her husband approved of it. There were immediate outbursts and cries of despair. The danger to the Crown which such an act would involve was pointed out to her, and, breaking through all usual custom, she entered the carriage of a lady present at this meeting, and went to the Pavillon de Marsan, where she found Monsieur, who had been similarly lectured by his own circle, and was much inclined to recall the consent which had been extorted from him. It was resolved that Madame should do nothing, and that if the minister and the King desired their own dishonour, the rest of the royal family would at any rate keep

their hands pure. Hence the reason for Madame's silence. M. de Richelieu obtained an audience, but found her resolution immovable; she had pledged her word too far. Their hatred of one another dates from this moment.

M. de Richelieu went off to relate these circumstances to the King.

"They are inexorable, as I had foreseen," said the monarch, with a sigh. "But if I were to defy them I should never have a moment's rest."

While these events were taking place in the royal household the Duc de Raguse was asked what he would be willing to do on behalf of M. de La Valette. "Anything you like," was the reply. He went first to the King, who gave him what he himself called his wooden countenance, allowed him to speak as long as he liked without showing a single sign of interest, and dismissed him without answering a word. The Marshal understood that M. de La Valette was lost. Unaware of the attempt which had been made to use the influence of Madame, he set all his hopes upon her, and went to warn Mme. de La Valette that it would be necessary to have recourse to this final possibility. But the danger was foreseen: all approaches were closed, and she was unable to see the Princess.

The Marshal was on duty as Major-General of the Guard; he concealed her in his apartment, and while the King and the royal family were at mass he passed all the sentinels, and brought her to the Hall of the Marshals, through which the royal family must pass on their return. Mme. de La Valette threw herself at the King's feet; he vouchsafed only the words:

"Madame, I am sorry for you."

She then besought the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and caught hold of her dress; the Princess tore it away with a violence for which she has often been reproached, and which was

attributed to anger and hate. This I believe to be entirely unjust. Madame had pledged her word, and could not retreat; probably her movements upon this occasion were made with her usual brusqueness. I should be rather inclined to believe that she was actuated by pity, even by vexation that she could not dare to yield, than by anger. The misfortune of this Princess consisted in the fact that her intelligence was wholly disproportionate to her strength of character.

The conduct of the Marshal was as loudly blamed by the courtiers as it was approved by the public. He received orders not to reappear at court, and went away to his estates. The officer of the Life Guards who had allowed him to pass the sentinels was imprisoned.

When these preliminary facts have been understood, there will be less astonishment at the general cry of execration which arose throughout the party when the escape of M. de La Valette was known. The King and his ministers were suspected of complicity; the Chamber of Deputies roared, and women howled like a pack of hyenas deprived of their whelps. They even desired to take proceedings against Mme. de La Valette, and it was necessary to keep her in prison sometime to allow the storm to subside. M. Decazes,<sup>1</sup> who had hitherto been a favourite of the Royalists, now inspired them with a distrust which speedily became hatred.

Though the Government had done nothing to facilitate the escape of M. de La Valette, I believe that it was secretly delighted. The King shared this satisfaction. He speedily

<sup>1</sup> Elie, Duc de Decazes (1780-1860); solicitor at Livorno, judge at the Court of the Seine in 1806, secretary to Louis Bonaparte 1807, councillor of the Court of Paris 1811. Having thrown in his lot with the Restoration, he refused to join the Government of the Hundred Days. Prefect of Police in 1815. Deputy and Minister of Police, Minister of the Interior 1819, president of the Council in the same year. Duke and peer, Ambassador to London, President of the Chamber of Peers under the July Monarchy.

recalled the Duc de Raguse, and showed him much favour on his return. But his party was less indulgent, and treated him with as much coldness as it had previously shown him kindness. I must make an exception in the case of Mme. de Duras, who stood apart from this extravagant aristocracy; her enthusiasm was confined to generous ideas, and the disgrace of the Marshal was a merit in her eyes. Notwithstanding this attitude on the part of the mistress of the house, his isolation in her *salon* often threw him into my company, and we used to talk together. It was not until his conduct at Lyons had brought his quarrel with the ultra-Royalist party to a head that he took refuge in a small circle of which I became the centre, and of which he was one of the supports until further storms brought a new upheaval of his adventurous life.

I shall probably have occasion often to speak of him hereafter.

## CHAPTER X

Parties given by the Duke of Wellington—The Duc d'Angoulême—The Duc de Berry refused by a grand-duchess—Decision in favour of the Princess of Naples—Happy saying of the King—Treatment of the English Ambassador's wife at Court—Favour shown to M. Decazes—Extravagance of the Ultra-Royalist Party—M. de Polignac refuses to take the oath as Peer—Involuntary stay of the family of Orléans in England—I start for London—Request of the Dowager Duchesse d'Orléans—Remark of *Mme. de Preninville*.

MY father started for London at the outset of 1816, and my mother followed him. I did not rejoin them until the spring.

The foreigners had retired to the garrisons which had been assigned to them by the Treaty of Paris. The Duke of Wellington<sup>1</sup> alone, as generalissimo of all the armies of occupation, resided in Paris, and did the honours of the town at our expense. He frequently gave parties, at which attendance was obligatory. He was anxious to see much of society, and as our future prospects largely depended upon his good humour, it was necessary to bear with his caprices, which were often strange.

<sup>1</sup> Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington (1769–1852), was born at Dublin, and was the son of Colley, Lord Mornington. His military studies were carried out in France. In 1787 he became ensign, lieutenant-colonel in 1793, colonel in 1796. Served in India 1797 to 1805, major-general 1802, member of Parliament for the Isle of Wight 1806, Irish Secretary 1807, lieutenant-general 1808, Viscount Wellington and Commander-in-Chief in Portugal 1809. He received a peerage and was appointed field-marshal after the Spanish campaign against Marshal Soult. He was delegate to the Congress of Vienna, and generalissimo of the Allied Armies in 1815. After Waterloo he was the recipient of all possible honours. In 1831 he was President of the Council, Foreign Minister 1834, and Commander-in-Chief of the English Army 1842.

I remember that upon one occasion he conceived the idea of making Grassini,<sup>1</sup> who was then at the height of her beauty, the queen of the evening. He seated her upon a sofa mounted on a platform in the ball-room, and never left her side; caused her to be served before any one else, made people stand away in order that she might see the dancing, and took her in to supper himself in front of the whole company; there he sat by her side, and showed her attentions usually granted only to princesses. Fortunately, there were some high-born English ladies to share the burden of this insult, but they did not feel the weight of it as we did, and their resentment could not be compared with ours.

Generally speaking, the Carnival was a gloomy function, as was indeed entirely fitting. None of our princes appeared. The Duc de Berry was entirely eclipsed by his brother, and the difference of their respective attitudes during the Hundred Days justified their present positions. However, the Duc d'Angoulême was displaying moderate tendencies which made him somewhat unpopular, while the ecclesiastical party would not pardon his dislike for the politics of the confessional.

The character of the Duc d'Angoulême is somewhat difficult to describe. He was a mixture of such various and extraordinary contrasts that at different periods of his life he might have been represented with equal truth as a wise, pious, and courteous prince, conciliatory and enlightened, or as a wild and almost insane figure with equal truth. I have described him as I have seen him when circumstances bring him before me. But to understand his character it must first be laid down that he was always dominated by the idea of unlimited obedience due to the King. The nearer he was to the throne, the more, in his opinion, was he bound to set an example in this respect. While Louis XVIII. was alive, this

<sup>1</sup> See first volume of these Memoirs, p. 162.



passive obedience was somewhat modified, at any rate in form, by the obedience which he owed to Monsieur, but when the authority of father and king was centred in Charles X. his devotion was unbounded, and we have seen the sad results to which it led.

The marriage of the Duc de Berry was now a leading question; it had been already discussed in 1814. The Emperor Alexander had wished him to marry his sister,<sup>1</sup> and had been greatly irritated by the manner in which she was rejected. The Duc de Berry was anxious for this marriage, but the King and Monsieur considered that the Russian family was not sufficiently ancient to provide a mother for the Children of France.<sup>2</sup>

The Duchesse d'Angoulême shared these views. Moreover, she had no desire for a sister-in-law whose political connections would have given her complete independence, and who would therefore have been a personage of importance. She was also afraid of a princess whose personal accomplishments might have gathered round her people distinguished for their intellectual powers, for whom Madame herself always felt an instinctive repugnance, whatever their political opinions.

The Princess of Naples,<sup>3</sup> a Bourbon by birth, belonging to

<sup>1</sup> The Grand Duchess Anna Paulovna (1795-1865), married in 1816 William II. (1792-1849), then Prince of Orange, and King of Holland in 1840. She was the grandmother of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands.

<sup>2</sup> This marriage was discussed as early as 1813. M. de la Ferronnays had been sent by the King, who was then at Hartwell, to St. Petersburg for this purpose. See *Souvenirs tirés des papiers du Comte A. de la Ferronnays*, by the Marquis Costa de Beauregard, 2nd edition, chap. xviii, ff.

<sup>3</sup> Marie Caroline Fernande Louise, eldest daughter of Francis I., born at Palermo 1798, died in 1870. She was the niece of the Duchesse d'Orléans, and the grand-daughter of the Queen of Naples, sister of Marie Antoinette, whose letters to the Marquise d'Osmonde have been published in the Appendix to the first volume of these Memoirs.

a little court and uneducated, secured the votes of the whole family. She was forced upon the Duc de Berry, who displayed no interest in the affair. M. de Blacas was instructed to undertake these negotiations, which did not long occupy his diplomatic talents. At the same time the idea of marrying Monsieur was conceived. This was a reasonable project, though Madame objected as much as she could. She could not have borne to see any princess holding a court and taking precedence of herself. Monsieur, who loved her tenderly, apart from other motives would not have wished to cause her this vexation.

This fact recalls an apt remark of Louis XVIII. He was a gouty invalid, in a terrible state of health. One day, when he was speaking seriously to Monsieur as to the advisability of getting married, the latter said to him, with a slightly ironical laugh:

"Brother, as you preach so well, why not get married yourself?"

"Because my children would all be first-born," replied the King dryly. Monsieur could find no reply.

Life within the Tuileries was neither intimate nor agreeable. At that time, however, the King used to talk with his family of public business, for the rupture was not yet complete.

The English Ambassador, Sir Charles Stuart,<sup>1</sup> had married the daughter of Lord Hardwicke. The presentation of the new Lady Ambadress became the occasion for the first time since the Restoration of what is known in court language as a *traitement*. A dozen ladies, most of them bearing titles, were summoned to be present at the residence of the Duchesse d'Angoulême at two o'clock. My father's position as Ambassador to the English Government secured me this distinction.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Charles Stuart, Baron of Rothesay (1779-1845), English Ambassador at Paris, 1815-1830. Married Lady Elizabeth Margaret Yorke, daughter of Philip Yorke, Lord Hardwicke. (*Dictionary of National Biography*.)

We were all assembled in Madame's drawing-room when the usher went to inform Mme. de Damas, who was taking the place of her mother, Mme. de Sérent, as lady of honour,<sup>1</sup> that the Ambassadors was arriving.

At the same moment Madame, who had probably been looking through her window, according to her custom, came in through another door, magnificently dressed in court costume, as we all were. Hardly had she time to greet us and sit down when Mme. de Damas returned with the Ambassadors, accompanied by the lady who had been to fetch her, the masters of the ceremonies, and the introducers of the Ambassadors; these personages remained by the door.

Madame rose, made one or two steps towards the Ambassadors, resumed her armchair, and placed Lady Stuart in a chair with a back which was standing ready on her left hand. The ladies of title sat down behind them upon stools, and the rest of us remained standing. This stage of the proceedings was somewhat lengthy, and Madame sustained the conversation by herself. Lady Elizabeth, who was young and shy, was too embarrassed to answer except in monosyllables, and I admired the way in which Madame discussed England and France, Ireland and Italy, from which country Lady Elizabeth had arrived, in order to fill the time which the slow and painful approach of the King prolonged to an undue length.

At length he came in. Every one rose, and the deepest silence reigned. This silence he broke when he had reached the middle of the room by uttering in the gravest and most sonorous voice, without moving a muscle of his face, the futile observation which formality had enjoined since the time of Louis XIV.:

<sup>1</sup> *Almanach Royal* of 1816. Family of Duchesse d'Angoulême: Lady of Honour, the Duchesse de Sérent, the Duchesse de Damas acting until succeeding to the post.

"Madame, I did not know that you were in such good company!"

Madame replied with another phrase, no doubt equally conventional, which I do not remember.

The King then addressed some words to Lady Elizabeth. She continued to reply in monosyllables; the King remained standing, as did every one else, and after a few moments he withdrew.

All then resumed their seats, to rise immediately upon the entrance of Monsieur.

"Ought I not to observe that I did not know you were in such good company?" said he with a smile; he then went up to Lady Elizabeth with the utmost grace, shook hands with her, and made her some compliments. He refused to accept a chair which Madame offered him, but bade the ladies sit down, and stayed much longer than the King. The ladies rose as he went out, and sat down again, to rise once more upon the entrance of the Duc d'Angoulême; upon this occasion, after the first compliments, he took a chair and entered into conversation. It seemed to me that the shyness of the Ambassadors gave him courage. I have no recollection of having seen the Duc de Berry at this ceremony. I do not know if his presence was unnecessary, or if his absence was fortuitous. Nor did I know how matters stood under this head with respect to the Duchesse de Berry, as I had no opportunity of being present at any similar reception.

The exit of the Duc d'Angoulême was again accompanied by rising and sitting down as before; I was irresistibly reminded of the genuflexions on Good Friday.<sup>1</sup> At the end

<sup>1</sup> Mme. de Boigne makes a somewhat irreverent allusion to the prayers recited at the morning office after the singing of the Passion and before the Adoration of the Cross. Each of these prayers is preceded by the words, *Flectamus genua*, chanted by the deacon, to which is responded *Levate*; and this is repeated eight times.

of a few minutes a lady of honour informed the Ambassadors that she was ready to receive her orders. Madame observed that she feared to fatigue her if she detained her longer, and she went away, escorted as she had come. She entered the King's carriage accompanied by the lady who had been to fetch her. The King's coach, with six horses and in full dress, followed her, empty. Madame spoke to us for a moment concerning the presentation, and went back to her rooms, to my great satisfaction, for I had been already two hours on my legs, and was getting weary of the honour. It was necessary, however, to be present at the dinner after the *traitement*.

The Ambassadors returned at five o'clock. Upon this occasion she was accompanied by her husband and by several English ladies of high rank. All the French ladies who had been present at the reception were invited, and gentlemen of both nationalities were also present.

The major domo at that time, the Duc d'Escars, and Madame's lady of honour did the honours of the dinner, which was excellent and magnificent, but by no means well appointed, as was the case with every function at the court of the Tuileries. Immediately afterwards every one was glad to be allowed to retire and go to rest after all this etiquette. The men were in uniform, and the women in full dress, but not in court dress. Neither the King, the Princesses, nor the Princes were there, but I noticed behind a screen Madame and her husband, who amused themselves by looking at the table and the guests before going up to dinner with the King.

I have never been able to understand how foreign sovereigns, who receive French Ambassadors at their tables upon intimate terms, can be willing to endure in the person of their representatives the arrogance of the House of Bourbon. It was far from courteous not to invite the ministers to their own residence, but to make them come with all these people,

and this *in fiochi* to a servants' dinner, had always seemed to me the last degree of impertinence. This dinner was no doubt attended regularly by people of good family, but it was the table of second-rate importance in the Palace, since it seems that the King's table held first place. The entertainment did not even take place in the rooms of the First Chamberlain, where it might have been regarded as a social meeting, for the rooms were too small and he lived upon too high a floor. The guests met in the waiting-room to the apartments of Madame, and dined in the anteroom of the Duc d'Angoulême. Hence they seemed to be relegated to the outer apartments, as if the place had been let to some stranger for an entertainment. I could have imagined that the old-time dignity of Versailles and of Louis XIV. might have continued without interruption, but I can hardly imagine that any one would have dared to revive these formalities. Louis XVIII. clung to them rigidly, and had it not been for his health and the humiliation of his infirmities, we should have seen a revival of the King's rising and going to bed, with all the ridiculous ceremonies of these functions.

Monsieur cared much less for them, and when he ascended the throne he continued the custom which his brother had established, and confined the *coucher* to a short reception of those courtiers who had the right of admission, and to the heads of departments who came to receive the password. The customary phrase was no longer "I am going to the *coucher*," but "I am going to receive the password." This was more dignified and decent than the customs of the old court which poor Louis XVI. exhibited every evening.

It was at the giving of the password that people at court were able to speak to the King without the necessity of asking for an audience. Hence permission to attend



this function was highly prized by the courtiers of the Restoration.

M. Decazes became more and more the chief favourite, and M. de Richelieu supported his influence with all his power. Provided that good was done, he cared little by what means, and was not likely to consider a salutary measure less salutary because it had been procured by other influence than his own. He was entirely delighted that M. Decazes should take the trouble to please the King, and saw his success with complete satisfaction. In my own opinion, the truth is that M. Decazes had sufficient good sense not to boast of his power before his colleagues. He placed his influence at the service of the Council, but in society he began to display it with the delight of an upstart, and incurred some ridicule in consequence.

The King, who always needed some person to idolise, divided his affection between M. Decazes and his sister, Mme. Princeteau, a pleasant little person whom he had fetched from Livorno to keep house for him, and who was very agreeable until the incense of court favour turned her head. Many stories were told concerning her, with what truth I cannot say. I only know that she seemed devoted to her brother, and that if she had any brief personal influence, she placed it entirely to the credit of his account.

During this first winter, when he was in favour, the house of M. Decazes became quite a social centre. The flight of M. de La Valette had indeed caused some slight coolness, but the warmest partisans of the *ancien régime* were constant visitors, hoping to use M. Decazes to keep the King in the right path. The minister's vanity would easily have induced him to join the aristocratic party, who assumed the name of "ultra" towards this time, if their demands had not become greater day by day. As for the monarch, he continued to inspire much distrust.

M. Lainé,<sup>1</sup> had replaced M. Vaublanc, whose follies had exceeded all bounds. In consequence, M. de Richelieu, according to his custom, had turned upon him with good reason, and had dismissed him in a manner which afforded some reason for complaint to the party which he represented. At the same time, the indignation of M. de Vaublanc was so absurd that he was overwhelmed with ridicule. On the day that the name of his successor appeared in the *Moniteur* I thought it my duty to call upon him. I hardly expected to be admitted, but I was asked to come in, though my connection with himself and his family was not intimate. The door was open to all comers, and he was busy packing up his ministerial and private effects, confusing state business and household affairs in the most comical manner. One of his table companions came and told him that his ministry would be divided among three persons.

"Three!" he replied seriously. "Three is not enough; I cannot be replaced by less than five."

He counted out upon his fingers the five branches of the Ministry of the Interior which would claim the entire life of any other man, but the collective burden of which he was easily able to bear without allowing business to fall into arrears. He made us go over his portfolios, so that we might see for ourselves that everything was up to date. I have never been present at a more ridiculous scene, the more so as the majority of the witnesses were as much strangers to him as I was.

I shall not attempt to describe the extravagances of the party in the Chamber, as their importance is not likely to be

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Louis Joachim, Viscomte Cainé, born at Bordeaux in 1767, deputy to the Legislative Body under the Empire. He received the Duc d'Angoulême at Bordeaux at the time of the Restoration, and went into exile during the Hundred Days. He was Minister of the Interior and President of the Chamber, peer of France, member of the Academy. He was a supporter of the July Monarchy, and died in 1835.

overlooked by history. I cannot refrain from repeating a story which amused me at the moment.

An old deputy of pure descent, who wished, like the King of Sardinia, to restore every point of the *ancien régime*, loudly called for the revival of "our ancient punishments," in his own phrase. A more prudent colleague represented to him that this measure was doubtless very desirable, but that it was not well unduly to embarrass the King's Government, and that it was not yet time.

"Well, friend," said the deputy, with a sigh, "perhaps you are right, and we must reserve the gallows for a happier time."

This phrase, "It is not yet time," was continually in the mouths of the defenders of the Royalist supporters of 1814 and 1815; it is impossible to say how much hostility to the Crown was thus excited, or to realise the influence which it had upon the Hundred Days. It was a phrase which was probably only used to calm more violent members of the party, but the Opposition regarded it as a vague threat, the more alarming for its indefinite character, and the leaders of the various intriguing parties were not slow to turn it to account.

Other small facts were continually occurring to cast doubt upon the good faith of the Court.

Jules de Polignac was created a peer, but refused to take the oath. He said that as a Catholic he could not swear to a charter which recognised religious toleration. The King appointed a Commission of Peers to reason with him. M. de Fontaines was a member, and I remember that one day, when he was asked if their meetings had been successful, he replied with an air of compunction:

"I do not know what the result will be, but I do know that one must take one's conscience in both hands to avoid yielding to sentiments so noble, so enlightened, and so attractive as those which I am called upon to hear."

Knowing as I did the logic of Jules, I could merely conclude that M. de Fontaines considered this language as suitable to the very Royalist *salon* where he used it. Jules eventually gave way and took the oath. Throughout these negotiations, which lasted a long time, he was openly flattered by Madame and by Monsieur, although the Prince had taken the oath which Jules refused. At the same time the Congregation, which had induced him to refuse, began to fear that it had gone too far, and wishing to advertise but not to compromise itself, gave Jules orders to withdraw. Monsieur publicly appointed him Adjutant-General of the National Guard, and secretly gave him the position of Minister of Police to the Secret Government. The existence of this Government goes back to this date, although it was not revealed until later and was only completely organised after the dissolution of the Undiscoverable Chamber.

The prolonged stay of the Orléans family in England had not been entirely voluntary. Strong prejudices against them were felt at the Tuileries, and these the Government began to share. Almost every malcontent invoked the Duc d'Orléans, and the conduct of this prince, always somewhat over-scrupulous, seemed to justify greater distrust than it really deserved. M. de La Châtre, a courtier by birth favoured a suspicious attitude which he thought was pleasing to the King.

Such was the situation when I left Paris to make my way to London. As a chronicler of minor details, I can remember that which happened on the day that I went to take my leave of the Dowager Duchesse d'Orléans—I found her much pre-occupied and greatly agitated by the removal of the Marquis de Rivière; he was to start the next day for his embassy at Constantinople. The Princesse had written to him twice in the morning to make certain of a visit from him. M. de Rivière had been summoned to the King, and was not his own master. His wife was there, promising that he would

come as soon as he left the Tuileries; but unable to calm her anxiety.

At length he arrived. The joy which his presence caused was only equalled by the impatience with which he had been expected. The Princesse explained that she had a great service to ask him: M. de Follemont<sup>1</sup> used to take coffee several times a day; he was difficult to please and rarely found coffee to his taste. The Duchesse d'Orléans would be infinitely obliged if the French Minister to Constantinople would undertake to procure her the best coffee to be had in the East. M. de Rivière, with the practised patience of a courtier, went into the smallest details of the matter, and finally added:

"Will you tell me, Madame, how much you would like?"

"I do not know; a good deal. Will coffee keep?"

"Yes, Madame, and improves by keeping."

"Well, then, I will have a large supply."

"I shall be much obliged if you will tell me, more or less, how much."

"Well, let us say twelve pounds."

We all burst out laughing. She would have said twelve hundred pounds with as little idea of the amount. Notwithstanding her experiences during the exile, she had no idea of the value of commodities or of money. The women of her age, before the Revolution, maintained an ignorance of the material concerns of life which would seem fabulous at the present day. It was not even necessary to be a princess for this purpose. Mme. de Preninville, the wife of a general tax collector who was immensely rich, inquired one day what had become of a pretty little child, the son of one of her servants, who used to play in the anteroom at times, and was told that he had gone to school.

<sup>1</sup> See first volume of these Memoirs, pp. 378-382.

"Ah! you send him to school. And how much does that cost you?"

"One crown a month, Madame."

"One crown! That is very dear; but I hope that he is well fed."

Some days ago I heard the statement called into question that Madame Victoire had conceived the idea of feeding the people upon pie-crust during a famine. This saying astonished me less than the doings of a new generation: in the first place, my mother has told me that Madame Adélaïde often ridiculed her sister for her dislike of pie-crust, which she would not willingly see any one else eat; and, in the second place, I had seen and known many instances of this real and candid ignorance of the facts of life.



## CHAPTER XI

I return to England—Appearance of the country—London—Concert at Court—My presentation—Queen Charlotte—Consideration of the Prince Regent for her—The Duchess of York—Princess Charlotte—Miss Mercer—Intrigue exposed by Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg—The Marchioness of Hertford—Habits of the Prince Regent—Dinner at Carlton House.

AFTER an absence of twelve years I was keenly interested to revisit London. I recovered the charm of my early recollections, and re-entered the country of my early youth: every detail was familiar to me, and was yet sufficiently far removed from my daily thoughts to have acquired the attraction of novelty. My sensations were as of meeting an old friend returned from a distance, who is greeted with delight and brings agreeable recollections of past times, when life is less eventful, passes more quickly, and leaves more delightful thoughts, with perhaps more regrets, for the memory to recall.

I was much struck with the great prosperity of the country. I do not think there had been any real increase, but former habits had blinded my eyes and made me incapable of appreciating it from an outside point of view, while absence had made me readier to mark these points. There were the admirable roads, upon which the post-horses travelled very agreeably; there was the multitude of public and private carriages, all delightful. The innumerable country houses of every kind gave a general impression of comfort in every rank of society, from the cottage of the peasant to the country seat of the lord. The windows of the smallest shop met the scanty rays of the sun with a glass never tarnished by the

smallest stain; the neatly dressed country people passed from village to village on paths which we should be glad to have in our gardens; the children were clean, and amused themselves with a freedom in contrast with the reserve of the rest of the family: all these things were familiar to me, and impressed me perhaps more deeply than if I had seen them for the first time.

I travelled from Dover to London, one beautiful Sunday in May, in a state of continual delight. From time to time some small jealousy for my own country came into my mind: Providence had been at least as kind to France, and why could not France have grown as prosperous as her island neighbour? Then the post-horses checked their rapid pace, and fell into that mincing step which they assume in London: the smoky atmosphere of the great town hung above my head; the silent inhabitants followed one another upon their wide pavements like a funeral procession; doors, windows, and shops were closed, and seemed to betoken no less sadness within than without. By degrees my exaltation diminished, and when I reached the embassy my enthusiasm for England had received a blow.

Prodigious as is the commercial prosperity of London, and great as is the luxury displayed in every class of society, I believe that its aspect would appear less remarkable to a foreigner than any part of the rest of England. This great city, composed of little houses precisely similar, and of broad streets laid out one exactly like another, is overwhelmed with monotony and sameness. No monument strikes the attention of the wearied traveller, and a walk of five minutes will show all that five days could reveal in districts which are always different and always the same.

The Thames, with its constant traffic, which would give some character to this capital of the Britannic world, is carefully hidden on every side. Some special intelligence is required to perceive its existence, even in setting out to look for it.

Cities might be seen anywhere resembling this of London but I doubt if any other country could give an idea of an English country-side. I know of no country which makes so strong a contrast with the town. The visitor looks up to another sky, breathes another atmosphere; the trees have another aspect, and the plants fresh colouring. The population again is different, though the dress of the inhabitants of Northumberland or Devonshire is precisely similar to that of the passer-by in Piccadilly.

It will be understood, moreover, that the yellow cloud, striated with black, brown, and grey, permeated with soot, which seems like a vast extinguisher placed upon the city, must influence the morals and modify the temperament of the population. Hence there is no language which sings the praises of the country in verse and prose with keener or more sincere passion than English literature. Any one who has passed three months in London will understand the real benefit to be derived from a change of residence.

Notwithstanding the fits of vertigo which this gloomy atmosphere gives to new-comers, it is by no means unhealthy; the visitor soon grows so accustomed to it that he does not remark any unhealthy results. I have heard the healthiness of London attributed to the change which the tide makes four times a day in the Thames. This great displacement of water provides the only means of ventilation; it stirs and purifies the air, which seems thick even to the sight, and leaves positive proof upon the clothing that the eye is not deceived. A white dress clean in the morning will be soiled before the end of the day with more dirt than a week would bring in Paris. The extreme elegance of the inhabitants and their cleanliness, which such conditions make indispensable, are stimulated by these necessities to combat their bad influences; both houses and inhabitants appear perfectly neat and clean. Though my long absence had made me readier to

appreciate the delights of the journey, I was even more struck with the inconveniences of London, which I had not hitherto observed. In early youth the outward world makes no great impression.

The day of my arrival the Prince Regent<sup>1</sup> gave a concert to the Queen, his mother.<sup>2</sup> To secure an invitation, previous presentation at Court was necessary. The Queen, knowing that I was in London, was good enough to remember that I had been previously presented, and sent me an invitation. My parents were dining at Carlton House. I arrived alone in the evening, hoping to mix unnoticed in the crowd. I was somewhat late, and the concert had already begun.

The hall with its gallery was divided by pillars into three almost equal parts. The central part was exclusively occupied by the Court and the musicians, who were placed opposite to the Queen, the Princesses and their ladies, the Lady Ambassadors, and some others of high rank; these persons were seated, while the rest of the company stood in the side parts separated by the pillars. In the other rooms people walked about, according to the general custom of the country, which regards a seated concert as terribly wearisome.

At the door I found Lady Macclesfield, one of the ladies of the Palace, who was waiting for me to take me to the Queen, and without giving me a moment to breathe led me through all these people, amid the music, the general silence, and the empty space, to her Majesty. I had not had time to grow timid. But when I approached the Queen rose, and the forty persons who surrounded her followed her example. This general rustle, which I had not expected, began to alarm me. The Queen was, I believe, most kind and gracious, but during

<sup>1</sup> George IV. (1762-1830), Regent in 1810 upon the madness of his father; king in 1820.

<sup>2</sup> Sophie Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, married in 1761 to George III. of England, and had twelve children (1744 to 1818).

the whole of her conversation I was preoccupied with the idea of securing my retreat. Lady Macclesfield had left me, to resume her place among her friends. When the Queen made the slight bow which announced that the audience was concluded I felt the floor heave beneath my feet. I was standing there, alone and abandoned, with the eyes of all England upon my person, and with a long journey before me to regain the groups behind the columns. I do not know even now how I achieved this object. I had been presented at many courts and to many potentates, I was no longer young enough to be shy, I was accustomed to high society, and yet I preserve a dread remembrance of this evening and this presentation.

It was not that Queen Charlotte was in any way imposing to behold. Imagine a sugar-loaf covered with gold brocade, and you will have a fairly accurate idea of her figure. She had never been tall, and for some years she had grown crooked and deformed. Her head, upon an extremely short neck, displayed a surly face, yellow and wrinkled, with grey hair dusted with powder. She used to wear a bonnet, turban, or toque, as occasion demanded, but I have always seen a little circlet of jewels forming part of her head-dress, and have heard that she never appeared without this ornament. Notwithstanding her extraordinary face, she was not lacking in a certain dignity, conducted her court excellently, with extreme politeness and with a manner which could assume the most varied shades of expression. While strict in her views upon the behaviour of ladies at court, she prided herself upon complete impartiality, and even a cold look or a cross word from the Queen to one of her favourites sufficed to check a young person who was upon the edge of a precipice. Towards divorced women she was inexorable, and no such woman, whatever excuse she might have, or however admirable her subsequent conduct, was ever able to cross the threshold of the Palace.

Lady Holland<sup>1</sup> was a striking proof of the fact. Her intelligence, her political influence, and the domination which she exerted over her husband had enabled her to recover her social pre-eminence. A refusal to go to Holland House would have been incredible prudery. Lady Holland's receptions were constantly attended by the most distinguished members of English and foreign aristocracy; but in spite of all her pains and trouble, and notwithstanding the many negotiators whom she employed, including the Prince Regent, she was never able to gain admission to St. James's Palace as long as the old Queen was alive.

I could not venture to say that the Queen was loved, but she was deeply respected. The Prince Regent was foremost in his consideration for her. In private life his care and tenderness was extreme, and he overwhelmed her with respect in public. I was much struck, upon the evening of this concert, to see a footman bring a little tray, with a cup of tea, sugar basin, and cream jug, and hand it to the Prince Regent, who carried it himself to his mother. He remained standing before her while she helped herself to sugar and cream, without rising or hurrying or interrupting her conversation. She was accustomed to say to him in English, whatever language she might be speaking at the time, "Thank you, George." She repeated the same thanks in the same terms when the Prince Regent took the tray again from the footman to take her empty cup. This was a regular custom, and the ceremony was repeated two or three times during the evening. Though it took place when the Queen was at the house of the Prince Regent, in her own house it was usually one of the princesses, sometimes one of the princes, never the

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Vassal (1770-1845). After she was divorced from her first husband, Sir Godfrey Webster, she married the third Lord Holland, Henry Richard Fox, in 1797.



Prince Regent, but always one of her own children, who gave her her cup of tea.

All the other members of the royal family, including the Prince Regent, shared the refreshments prepared for the rest of the company without any distinction. Generally speaking, the formalities of etiquette were as much relaxed for them as they were strictly observed by the Queen. Princes and princesses paid and returned calls like private individuals.

I remember that, the same evening when I had been presented to the Queen, I was standing at a short distance from a small, fair lady whose face the lapse of twelve years had blotted from my memory. She said to Lady Charlotte Greville, with whom I was talking:

"Lady Charlotte, tell Mme. de Boigne my name."

It was the Duchess of York.<sup>1</sup>

She remained talking with us for a long time on every subject, with great affability and without even the smallest trace of royal reserve.

The next day my mother took me to call upon all the Princesses: we left cards where we were not admitted, and the ceremony of introduction was completed.

Princess Charlotte of Wales,<sup>2</sup> who had married the Prince of Saxe-Coburg,<sup>3</sup> was still tasting the delights of her honey-

<sup>1</sup> Frederica Charlotte Ulrica (1767-1820), daughter of William II., King of Prussia. Married in 1791 Frederick Augustus, Duke of York, second son of Queen Charlotte, born 1763, died in 1827. (See autograph letter from the Duchess of York in the Appendix.)

<sup>2</sup> Charlotte Augusta, Princess of Wales (1796-1817), heiress to the throne of England, only daughter of George IV. and Caroline of Brunswick. Married Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg in 1816, and died in child-birth the following year. (See autograph letter from her in the Appendix.)

<sup>3</sup> George Christian Frederick Leopold of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (1790-1865). King of the Belgians in 1831, with the title of Leopold I. Married as his second wife Princess Louise, eldest daughter of Louis Philippe I.

moon, and had not left the country. My mother had been present at her marriage, which had been celebrated in a drawing-room at Carlton House. Afterwards, when I told the Princess how deeply I regretted that I had not shared this honour, she said to me:

“You are right: it is an unusual sight to see the heiress to a kingdom making a love match and giving her hand where her heart is already pledged. Perfect happiness is by no means common, and I shall be delighted if you will often come and observe it at Claremont.”

Poor Princess! I did not make her acquaintance until the occasion of another journey. At that time I heard much of her. She was very popular, and affected the brusque manners attributed to Queen Elizabeth, which she carried so far as to adopt the said Queen's oaths. She was very decided in her political opinions. Greeting with the warmest clasp of her hand all men, young or old, whom she considered as belonging to her party, she never missed an opportunity of displaying her opposition to her father's Government and her personal hostility to her grandmother and her aunts. She professed a warm affection for her mother<sup>1</sup> whom she regarded as sacrificed to the desires of her family.

Princess Charlotte went out of her way to find opportunities for rudeness to the ladies who formed the intimate society of the Prince Regent. She had been persuaded that her father wished to obtain an annulment of his marriage and to deny the legitimacy of her birth. I do not know if there is any truth in this rumour; in any case her legal rights were written upon her face, for she resembled the Prince prodigiously. She was born nine months after the marriage, though cohabitation had not lasted many days. It is certain that at this time the Prince had been guilty of many frailties,

<sup>1</sup> To whom reference was made, p. 39 ff.

which were but too well justified by the conduct of his wife, but I do not know that he ever thought of attacking Princess Charlotte.

He accused Miss Mercer of having turned the head of the young Princess by telling her this fable; he had driven her from the Palace, and detested her accordingly. Miss Mercer kept up a clandestine correspondence with Princess Charlotte. She had roused her objection to the Prince of Orange,<sup>1</sup> whom the English Cabinet wished her to marry, and had encouraged a taste for Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, with which the Grand Duchess Catherine of Russia<sup>2</sup> had sought to inspire her. These two women had carried their intrigue so far as to induce the Princess Charlotte to declare that she wished to marry Prince Leopold and had resolved to refuse any other match. The Opposition supported her demand.

Miss Mercer,<sup>3</sup> daughter of Lord Keith, a rich heiress, but extremely ugly, desired on her side, to marry the Duke of Devonshire,<sup>4</sup> and to bring him her influence with the future sovereign as her dowry. The Whig party in general approved of this alliance, and had combined to secure the Duke's agreement. I do not know whether this plot would have been successful, but when the marriage of the Princess seemed to have secured the success of this long intrigue, it failed completely before the good sense of Prince Leopold, who took advantage of his wife's affection to withdraw her from the

<sup>1</sup> William II. (1792-1849), King of Holland 1840. Married the Grand Duchess Anne of Russia, as has been stated above.

<sup>2</sup> Catherine Pavlovna (1788-1819), fourth daughter of Paul I., Emperor of Russia. Married the Grand Duke George of Oldenburg in 1809, a widow in 1812. Married as her second husband William I., King of Wurttemberg.

<sup>3</sup> Miss Mercer Elphinstone.

<sup>4</sup> William George Cavendish, sixth Duke of Devonshire, born 1790, son of William, who died in 1811, and of Georgina Spencer, died 1806, whose political *salon* was famous. He died a bachelor in 1858.

clique by which she was beset, to renew relations with her family, and to change her political and social attitude. This was not the work of one day, but he took it in hand at once. During the first week Miss Mercer had called at Claremont, after writing several notes which had remained unanswered; she met with so cool a reception that she was obliged to cut short her visit, and even to go back to the village for her carriage which she had sent there. Complaints led to explanations, and in the result it was stated that the Princess would be wanting in respect to her father if she received a person whom he had forbidden her to see. Miss Mercer was furious: the Opposition party ceased to set any value on her marriage with the Duke of Devonshire, and every one laughed at her for her ambition in this respect.

To hide her overthrow she pretended to conceive a violent passion for M. de Flahaut;<sup>1</sup> success with two queens of Imperial Bonapartist blood had placed him in the first rank of those versed in gallantry. He was exactly what might be called a charming young man, and was clever in the art of pleasing. He used this talent, and Miss Mercer found herself more deeply involved than she had perhaps expected at first. Lord Keith loudly declared against this connection, which thus became more precious in his daughter's eyes. Some months afterwards she married M. de Flahaut, notwithstanding her father's firm prohibition; he never entirely pardoned her, and disinherited her in great part. Mme. de Flahaut preserved the tendencies of Miss Mercer, and showed the keenest taste for political intrigue and social scandal.

<sup>1</sup> The Comte de Flahaut de la Billarderie, August Charles Joseph (1785-1870); sub-lieutenant at Marengo, colonel at Wagram, *aide-de-camp* to the Emperor. Took refuge in England during the Restoration; was Minister at Berlin, and afterwards Ambassador at London under the July Monarchy, 1842; senator of the Empire in 1853, and Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour.

The Prince Regent lived the life of a man of the world. He went to dinner with private friends, and was present at evening parties. These habits of his obliged the Ambassadors to follow a special course of existence: they were continually invited to the same houses as the Prince, and he was almost exclusively surrounded by them. At every dinner he always sat between two Ambassadors' wives; at an evening party he was usually seated on a sofa with Lady Hertford on one side and an Ambassador's wife upon the other. Lady Hertford, who was known as "the Marchioness" *par excellence*, was then the queen of his thoughts. She had been very beautiful, but was now past fifty, and looked it, in spite of all her dressing and tiring. She had a frigid bearing, a pompous mode of speech, was pedantically accurate in her choice of words, with a manner both calm and cold. She exerted a great influence upon the Prince, and was a great lady in every sense of the word, keeping up full state, while she considered that she granted a high favour to the sovereign in permitting him to bore her day by day.

Princess Charlotte had attempted to be rude to her, but she had met her match. The old Queen received her with a consideration which proved her good opinion, and Lady Hertford carried her Tory views into every drawing-room with the pride of a sultana.

The Prince rose in the morning extremely late, and his toilet was never-ending. He was two full hours in his dressing-gown: into his dressing-room he would admit some few friends, his ministers, and the foreign Ambassadors when they requested permission to enter, and such permission he was always glad to give. If any one wrote to secure an audience, or asked for one in advance, he would receive the visitor in full dress in his drawing-room, but this disturbed his habits and annoyed him. Any one who called at his

door without a previous engagement was usually admitted. He would begin the conversation by some excuse for his untidy condition, but was in the best possible humour, and more ready to talk in consequence.

His dressing was never finished until the last moment, when his horses were announced. He rode, followed by a single groom, and went to the Park, where he was ready to speak with any one. Unless he said "Let us ride together," people simply contented themselves with a passing word, without attempting to follow him. When he stopped it was an act of great politeness, but did not imply familiarity or a desire to be accompanied. During the first year he used to stop for my father, but when he became more friendly he either made a previous engagement to ride with him or beckoned with his hand without stopping.

From the Park he went off to Lady Hertford's, where he spent the rest of the morning. Generally his carriage came for him, but sometimes he would come back on horseback. Only his especial favourites were ever asked to Lady Hertford's house at the hour when the Prince was generally there, and even then visitors were often not admitted. The ministers were constantly present at that time.

Though Lady Hertford was not specially intellectual she had excellent good sense, never attempted to intrigue, and never desired anything either for herself or her family: upon the whole, the Prince, for whom female society was a necessity, could have chosen no better friend. The ministers had cause to realise this fact more distinctly when the Prince Regent, after his accession, replaced this decorous friend by a whim for Lady Conyngham, the ridiculous part of which connection was by no means its sole drawback.

The Prince Regent had three styles of sending out invitations to dinner. The High Chamberlain informed the visitor



by order upon an enormous card that he was invited to meet the Queen. Full dress was then necessary.<sup>1</sup>

His private secretary, Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, would send out a private note in his own writing that the Prince desired one's company for such and such a day. Ordinary dress clothes and the usual formalities of society were then enjoined. These notes were sent to ladies as to men. The dinners were never attended by more than twenty; usually by twelve or fifteen people.

The third manner of invitation was reserved for intimate friends. The Prince would send a footman in the morning with a verbal message to the effect that if Mr. So-and-so was not engaged and had nothing better to do, the Prince would be glad if he would come and dine at Carlton House, but begged him not to put himself to inconvenience. At the same time it was understood that people never had anything else to do, and I think the Prince would have been much surprised if any one had refused this invitation. My father was ultimately invited with great frequency in this manner: this form of invitation was never addressed to ladies. The dinners were never for more than five or six people, and the list of those invited was very restricted.

<sup>1</sup> See opposite page for reproduction of a card of invitation found among the papers of Mme. de Boigne. Lord Winchilsea was then First Gentleman of the King's Chamber. (*Royal Calendar for 1818.*)

The Earl of Winchelsea has received  
Her Majesty's Commands to receive  
The Marquis & Marchioness d'Armand's  
Company at the Queen's Palace Tuesday  
Evening April 4<sup>th</sup> at Seven o'Clock

Queen's Palace

March 18  
1818

Full Dress.



## CHAPTER XII

The diplomatic body—Countess Lieven—Princess Paul Esterhazy—  
Life of Englishwomen—Their infancy—Their maturity—Their old  
age—Their death—The fate of widows.

THE line of demarcation between the ambassadors and the plenipotentiary ministers is more strongly marked at the English court than anywhere else. Ambassadors were everything, ministers nothing. I doubt if any minister, except possibly the Prussian minister, and he but rarely, ever went to dine at Carlton House. They did not go to the Queen's evening receptions, though sometimes distinguished foreigners whom they had themselves presented were admitted. At the drawing-rooms they enjoyed no privileges, whereas the ambassadors took precedence of everybody. This great difference gave offence to certain members of the diplomatic body, though it did not hinder those good relations, which were never disturbed during my stay in England.

Countess Lieven<sup>1</sup> held the leading position: she had been settled for a long time in the country, and enjoyed an

<sup>1</sup> Princess Lieven, *née* Dorothea of Benkendorff (1784-1857). Wife of General Lieven, Russian Ambassador at Berlin in 1809, and at London from 1812 to 1834. She had been very intimate with Prince Metternich. In 1834, after her return to Russia, she became lady of honour to the Empress. After the loss of her two sons, she left her husband and settled at Paris in 1836, where her *salon* became famous. In 1839 she met Guizot at Châtenay, at the house of Mme. de Boigne, and began an intimacy with him which was regarded for a long time as pure friendship, but the true nature of which has been entirely explained by recent publications.

undisputed social importance and political influence of a wholly personal character.

The arrival of Princess Paul Esterhazy had caused her much anxiety. Austria was then the most intimate ally of the English Government, as Lord Castlereagh<sup>1</sup> was under the influence of Prince Metternich. Paul Esterhazy<sup>2</sup> had been most kindly treated by the Prince Regent, and had been a personage of social importance for a long time. The young wife whom he brought with him was a grand-niece of the Queen, a niece of the Duchess of Cumberland, a cousin and soon a favourite of Princess Charlotte. Thus she had every advantage. Countess Lieven trembled for her position and could not hide her disgust, for, apart from her other advantages, the new ambassadress was younger and prettier than herself, while her plump figure seemed to emphasise the hopeless thinness of her rival. The Countess, however, soon observed that the Princess would not turn her position to account. She never ceased to regret her enforced absence from Vienna, and was bored to death at London: at the end of a few months she obtained permission to return to Germany.

At that period she was a most pleasant and agreeable companion: we saw a great deal of her, as she took refuge in our house from the weariness of her own, and from the treach-

<sup>1</sup> Henry Robert Stewart, Marquis of Londonderry, Viscount Castlereagh. An Irishman, born in 1769. Secretary to the Lord Privy Seal and to the Viceroy of Ireland in 1798. Twice Secretary of War, and afterwards Foreign Secretary in 1812. In 1822 he cut his throat at his country seat in Kent.

<sup>2</sup> Paul Antoine Esterhazy of Galantha (1786-1866), Austrian Ambassador at Dresden, Rome, and London, afterwards Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Government of Batthyany, in 1848. Married, in August, 1816, Princess Maria Theresia, born July 6, 1794, daughter of Charles Alexander, Prince of Thurn and Taxis, and of Theresa Mathilda Amelia, Princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The Queen of England, wife of George III., and the Duchess of Cumberland, her daughter-in-law, were also princesses of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

erous and hostile politeness of Countess Lieven. I am bound to state that I have seen instances of her behaviour in this manner towards Princess Esterhazy. To ourselves she was uniformly gracious and attentive, as we in no way overshadowed her claims.

France was at that time crushed beneath the weight of a military occupation and of the enormous indemnities imposed upon her; she required every one's help to gain some relief from this burden, and was not in a position to dispute questions of precedence with anybody.

The Countess, who afterwards became Princess Lieven, possessed a brilliant intellect, which was applied to diplomacy even more exclusively than to politics. In her opinion, every question could be reduced to one of individual character. Long as she stayed in England, her early Russian narrow-mindedness in this respect was never widened. This manner of considering events, moreover, secured for her the reputation, perhaps not wholly undeserved, of a liking for intrigue.

In 1816 she was much feared but little loved in London. Many rumours concerning her personal conduct were current, and the old Queen sometimes displayed a little irritation at the necessity of receiving her with marks of distinction. The Countess would not have endured the smallest negligence in this respect.

Who her husband was I cannot say. He was certainly a fine social figure and a man of most distinguished manners, speaking little, but to the point; cold but polite. Some regarded him as a man of great depth, the majority as a man of great emptiness. I saw much of him, and I admit that I have no opinion of my own. He was entirely eclipsed by the undisputed superiority of his wife, who, however, pretended to attribute her position to his influence and seemed both devoted and attached to him. She was never to be seen without him; whether walking or driving in the town, in the



country or in society, they were invariably together. Yet no one believed that this harmony was sincere.

Prince Paul Esterhazy, of distinguished bearing and an affable companion, was not wanting in intellect or in capacity for affairs. He was by no means a nonentity, though a foolish trick of laughing enabled his detractors thus to label him for a long time. It is difficult to appear in the world with so many social advantages and to avoid exciting jealousy.

Among the men of the diplomatic body, Count Palmella was the only remarkable figure. He played a considerable part in the vicissitudes of the kingdom of Portugal, and the historian may be entrusted with the task of evaluating the good and the evil which partisans have said of him.<sup>1</sup> I have no particular information concerning him: I was often told that he was a man of great intellect, but was never struck by the fact. He was a gambler, and led a somewhat disorderly life in London, which removed him from the intimacy of his colleagues and caused him some embarrassment in their presence.

I found myself nearly a total stranger in English society, which had almost entirely changed. Death had carried many away, including the majority of my former friends. A number of these were also travelling upon the Continent, which had been reopened by the peace to the vagabond instincts of

<sup>1</sup> Count, afterwards Duke, Palmella, born May 8, 1781; officer, diplomatist and politician, ambassadorial councillor at Rome in 1802. He took part in the war of Portugal against France, and was Ambassador at London in 1812. He attended the Congress of Vienna as plenipotentiary, and resumed his post in 1816. After returning to his native land, he played a most important part in the struggles by which Portugal was torn during the first half of the nineteenth century. He led the constitutional party of Dona Maria against Dom Miguel and the Absolutists, being at one time general and another time minister. In 1830 he was Regent at Terceira, and Prime Minister in 1834. He drew up the Constitution, and returned to power on several occasions, dying in 1864.

the British islander; others were settled in the country. The youngest devoted themselves to the care of their children's education, and those who were older were undergoing the dreadful toil of leading their daughters about in search of husbands. I know no more wearisome business, and great adroitness is required to preserve a shred of dignity while engaged upon it; hence it is generally admitted that mothers can be undignified and not suffer for it during this stage of their career.

The life of English ladies is not arranged with a view to maturity, and it is they who generally feel the weight of that family independence, the result of which have been so well described by the poet:

That independence Britons prize so high  
Keeps man from man and breaks the social tie.

Childhood is carefully watched, and is usually a happy period: it is supposed to continue to the age of seventeen or eighteen. The daughter then leaves the nursery and is presented at court: her name is printed on her mother's calling cards, she is taken about everywhere, and abandons a life of the most complete seclusion for one of the utmost dissipation.

The husband hunt has now begun. In this pursuit the girls also play their part, making advances of an obvious kind, and are usually careful to "fall in love," according to the common expression, with the man whose social position seems to them the most brilliant. A large fortune united with a title will command every heart of eighteen years of age.

The dexterity of the chaperon consists in leaving the young people sufficient freedom to secure the attraction and the capture of the man and yet not enough to compromise the girl, assuming the manœuvres to be unsuccessful. However, the remedy grows side by side with the disease. A man who should pay continual attention to a girl for several months and withdraw without "proposing," to use the current phrase

would be blamed, and if he repeated such conduct would find all doors closed to him.

Some men of fashion have been accused of proposing in such manner that acceptance was impossible, but such cases are rare. Usually the "attentions" (I continue to use the technical vocabulary) end in a formal declaration of love to the lady and as a result an interview with the parents.

To secure these "attentions" it may be necessary to conduct several successive campaigns. So customary has this process become that when a girl has reached her eighteenth year, and her mother is unable to take her about for any reason, she is entrusted to a relation or even a friend, who takes her to town, to watering-places, to fashionable resorts, or wherever she can find chances. Parents who refuse this task will be loudly reprobated as failing in their duties. It is agreed that at this age a girl is on sale, and that she should be shown in the best possible market.

I have heard an aunt when bringing back a charming young niece from several fashionable watering-places, tell the mother before the girl, "We have had no bite as yet this season, but several glorious nibbles," and propose to take her back the next year, if no fish should be hooked elsewhere.

As people are always supposed to marry for love, and as usually this commodity is not entirely wanting, at any rate on one side, during the early years of marriage women spend for the most part a domestic life. If their husband has some hobby, such as nearly all Englishmen pursue, they share it. They are entire mistresses of their household, and often with the aid of some commonplace phrase of submission are able to dominate the whole establishment.

Children arrive. The mothers care for them admirably, and the house grows lively. The husband, when the season of love has passed, preserves his domestic habits for some time until weariness supervenes. They then travel. Upon

their return it is necessary to resume the social connections they have dropped, in order to bring out to better advantage the girls who are growing up. This is the time when English women begin flirtations, to which they occasionally succumb; it is the time when mothers of forty may be seen falling in love with young men of twenty-five and with them abandoning the home and the numerous family.

If this danger is escaped, and the great majority escape it, the business of family chaperon begins, a task in my opinion of great hardship. As far as the girls are concerned, the situation is bearable. They have their amusements, and display a gay and natural taste for distraction. The unfortunate mothers are, however, always hard at work, keenly on the lookout for every good match and examining the manner, the bearing, and the tastes of every possibility, tracking them like sleuth-hounds, and moving heaven and earth to secure their introduction to their daughters. Should an elder brother come and ask one of their daughters to dance, they beam with delight; should the girl be talking with a younger brother, the mother fidgets on her seat and seems on thorns. Doubtless the cleverest among them are best able to conceal this state of perpetual anxiety, through which, however, all pass. Nor is it merely confined to the vulgar classes of society; it is universal.

In 1816 no young English lady ventured to waltz. The Duke of Devonshire returned from a tour in Germany, and observed one evening at a large ball that a woman was never seen to better advantage than when waltzing. I do not know whether he was anxious to play a trick, but he repeated this assertion several times. It was passed from mouth to mouth, and at the next ball all the young ladies were waltzing. The Duke admired them greatly, said that it was delightful and gave proper animation to a ball; he then added carelessly that he at any rate had decided never to marry a lady who

waltzed. It was to the Duchess of Richmond and at Carlton House that he saw fit to make this revelation. The poor Duchess, the most clumsy of match-making mammas, nearly fell off her chair with horror. She repeated the statement to her neighbours, who passed it on, and consternation spread from seat to seat. The disinterested and malicious spectators laughed loudly. The young ladies continued to waltz with clear consciences; the old ladies were furious, but the unfortunate dance was concluded. Before the end of the evening the good Duchess of Richmond was able to announce that her daughters felt an objection to waltzing which no persuasions of hers could ever overcome. Some few girls of more independence continued to waltz, but the majority gave it up. Those who were cleverer explained that they waltzed only at Carlton House to please the old Queen, who was fond of this national dance of her country. It is certain that, notwithstanding her excessive prudery, she seemed to take great pleasure in retracing this recollection of her youth.

The mother's labours are prolonged in proportion to the number of her daughters and the ease or difficulty with which she succeeds in settling them. When they are married, mother and daughters become strangers, and invite one another to dinner by formal notes a week beforehand. The precept of the gospel, "Thou shalt leave thy father and mother and cleave to thy husband," has nowhere become a more definite part of national custom.

On the other hand as soon as the eldest son has reached his twenty-first year, his first care is to secure an establishment of his own. This necessity is so generally admitted that the father makes every effort to carry out his desires. As for the younger sons, the necessity of entering some career and of gaining their own living has long ago removed them from the father's house.

Let us return to the mother. She is now in her own home,

entirely solitary, for during the period of obligatory enjoyment the husband has contracted the habit of spending his life at the club. What will she find to do with herself? Is she likely to endure this isolation at the very moment of life when company is above all things necessary? It is more than can be expected. She goes to increase the number of old ladies who throng the London reception rooms, spending each day in the care of dress, and sitting up late every night, until her infirmities oblige her to keep her room, where no one is admitted, and to die in solitude.

English ladies must not, therefore, be reproached if they seem to run after pleasure at an age when such proceedings display a lack of dignity. National habit leaves them no alternative between high society and solitude, extreme dissipation and desertion. On the death of their husbands their fate is even worse, as it is aggravated by the addition of poverty, according to their status in life. The daughter-in-law arrives, accompanying her husband, takes possession of the house and gives her orders. The mother busies herself with packing up, and at the end of a very short time withdraws to a modest establishment which the solicitude of her late lord has prepared for her. It is rare for her revenue to exceed a tenth part of that which she was accustomed to control, and during her lifetime she sees her son inherit the fortune which she herself brought into the family. Such is the law of the country. Unless special clauses are inserted in the marriage deeds, the dowry of the wife belongs so entirely to the husband that his heirs can claim it even during the lifetime of the widow, whose claims are usually confined to a modest allowance for life.

Our French girls should not, therefore, envy their young English sisters the liberty which they enjoy in their so-called marriages of inclination. The independence of their early youth eventually leaves them unprotected against the tyranny



of their husbands, if they wish to be tyrannous, while it ensures their abandonment in advanced age, if they reach that time of life. If I may use the expression, English women seem to me to have a nest rather than a home, and young ones rather than children.

## CHAPTER XIII

The independence of English character—Dinner at the house of Lady Dunmore—Criticism of Lady George Beresford—Drawing-rooms of the great ladies—The idea of society in England and in France—Ball at the house of the Marquis of Anglesey—Lady Caroline Lamb—Marriage of the Duc de Berry—Reply of the Prince de Poix.

My examination of social customs was the more interesting to me upon my return, because in my youth I had no standard of comparison, and my conclusion was that though England was greatly our superior in material life, social life was much better understood in France.

No one can have a keener appreciation than myself of the noble character and public spirit by which the English nation is distinguished. With that admirable common sense which is the backbone of the country, the Englishman, in spite of his personal independence, is ready to recognise class distinctions. In passing through a village one may often hear a man upon his cottage doorstep say to his little daughter, "Courtsey to your betters, Betsy." But this man would never admit any superior to himself upon a point where his legal rights were in question. He can apply to the law for protection against the county lord by whom he may think himself injured, or for a summons against a neighbour with whom he has quarrelled in a public-house. This confidence that the law will protect him in every department of life forms the basis of that feeling of independence, whence is born that self-respect which marks the free man.

On the other hand, this independence, which is the enemy of social intercourse and implies a certain roughness of

character is modified by the desire among the lower classes to do nothing which is not "genteel," and among the upper classes to do nothing which is not "gentlemanlike." Such is the tie which unites English society. The whim for being fashionable is the ideal of comparatively few, and is often pushed to ridiculous extremes.

In observing the two countries closely, one may observe how people who at bottom are equally sympathetic can none the less wound one another by their mode of expressing, I may almost say of conceiving, their thoughts. I am reminded of the fact by my recollection of a dinner at the house of my old friend Lady Dunmore, a very quiet affair. The sensation of the moment was being discussed, the verdict given against Lord Bective by the ecclesiastical court of Doctors' Commons. The circumstances were as follows:

Lady George Beresford, the preceding year, had been one of the most charming, distinguished, and fortunate women in London. After a confinement, complications set in, and she went mad. Her husband was in despair. The necessity of finding certain business papers obliged him to open a strong box belonging to his wife, which contained a highly compromising correspondence of hers with Lord Bective. The husband was furious. Although his wife continued insane and was under restraint, he began legal proceedings against her. Witnesses who dragged her name in the mire were heard, and a verdict was given against Lord Bective with £12,000 damages. It was the amount of this sum which was under discussion at a table where I was seated. Some thought the amount was disproportionate to the merits of Lady George, others thought that it was an accurate estimate. One urged that she was so fair, so graceful, had such a beautiful figure, and so many talents. Not so many, said another, and then she was not so young as she was. But she had had such beautiful children. Oh, but her health was growing worse,

and her complexion was spoilt. Still, she was a clever woman. But she had been very depressed and rather sulky for some months.

The discussion continued with arguments almost equally balanced, when the mistress of the house concluded the matter by saying:

"I admit that £12,000 is a great sum, but then poor Lord George was so fond of her."

The force of this argument seemed irresistible, and satisfied all disputants.

I listened with amazement. I felt hurt to hear women of the highest rank enumerating and discussing the merits of one of their equals as one might go over the points of a horse. Equally astonishing was the cash valuation of the grief which her loss must have caused to the husband, whose conduct seemed to me disgusting for his persecution of the mother of his children, whom the hand of God had stricken with the worst calamity to which a human being can be condemned.

Are we hence to conclude that the upper classes in England are wanting in good feeling? It would be as unjust as to assert that Frenchwomen are without modesty because they use certain phrases proscribed upon the other side of the Channel. The fact is that different customs show conditions from a different point of view, and that one should hesitate to pass judgment upon foreigners before making a profound investigation of their social customs.

What society does not present most staggering anomalies for the unaccustomed observer? Theoretically I had every respect for the English system of social gradation, and yet as a Frenchwoman my social instincts were irritated when I saw that system in operation in the drawing-room.

The great ladies open their doors once or twice a year to every one who can venture to call upon them on arriving in

London, either in virtue of some small connection, or, and especially, in view of services performed at election times. Such calls are returned by the sending of a large card upon which is printed: The Duchess of —— at home, upon some date several weeks hence. The name of the person invited is written below by hand. Heaven knows what energy is employed to get one of these cards, or what toilsome manœuvres are expended to secure the right to an invitation.

The day arrives. The mistress of the house stands at the door of her drawing-room, and bows to every one who comes in; but what a bow! It is as though she said to them, "Though you are in my house, please understand that I do not know you, and do not want to know you." This mode of reception is rendered the more striking by the very different greeting given to members of fashionable society. However, in this sensible country no one is shocked, but every one has what he wanted. Intimate friends have a warm reception, and others the delights of an invitation. The invitation card has been stuck in the looking-glass for a month, and has been seen by every visitor to the house. In second-class society it is now possible to discuss the furniture of the Duchess of ——'s drawing-room, the dress of the Marchioness of ——, and to make other observations of the kind. The object which these guests had in view is secured, and probably they would be less proud of their invitation by the Duchess if she were more polite.

In France such treatment would not be endured for a moment. I have sometimes thought that the superiority of French society to all others is due to the understood fact that the mistress who issues invitations for a dinner or evening party is under an obligation to those who come, whereas the contrary is the case in other countries. A little reflection will, I believe, show how great a difference this fact can

produce in case of social intercourse and in politeness of manner.

The immense English routs are so utterly disproportionate to the size of the house that sometimes the overflow from the drawing-rooms extends to the staircase and occasionally to the street, where the block of carriages increases the hardships of these meetings. The principles of English liberty, though in this point I do not recognise the legal sound sense of the country, do not permit any order of precedence among the arrivals. It is at full speed, by driving the horses one against another, that the guest reaches the door, or rather fails to reach it. There are few evening parties with any pretence to fashion where two or three shattered carriages are not left on the pavement, a fact more astonishing in London, where carriages are so fine and so carefully kept.

The routs increased my admiration for our good and useful police, and invariably put to flight my love of liberty. I remember one case where I devoted them to perdition with all my heart, when we spent an hour and three-quarters in misery, with the prospect of being smashed to matchwood every moment, in the effort to reach the house of Lady Hertford. We started from Portland Place, and she lived in Manchester Square, a distance that might be walked in a minute. In order to spare the Prince Regent the annoyance of this block of carriages, it was arranged that he should reach the drawing-room of the Marchioness by crossing a little garden and going through the window. It was doubtless an extremely simple device, but, when the window flew up with a crash to admit him, an involuntary smile was seen upon every face.

Apart from the physical fatigue of these meetings, the foreigner is also disgusted by the hour at which they begin. On one occasion I had forgotten what this hour was. We were engaged to attend a ball the evening following Lady



Hertford's rout, and midnight had struck, while my mother had not thought of starting. I urged her to set out.

"Well, certainly, if you wish; but we shall cause some annoyance."

On this occasion we found no row of carriages: we were the first to arrive, and the drawing-rooms were not entirely lighted. The mistress of the house came in pulling on her gloves, her daughter only finished dressing half an hour later, and the crowd did not begin to arrive until nearly one o'clock in the morning. I have heard that many women used to go to bed between dinner time and the hour when social amusements began, in order that they might appear the fresher. This may be a fiction, but many certainly went to sleep at these functions from sheer weariness.

While I am on the subject of balls, I must say a word upon a ball that was very beautiful and very extraordinary, owing to the position of the people who gave it. The Marquis of Anglesey,<sup>1</sup> after he had been married for twenty-one years to a Lady Villiers, by whom he had a multitude of children, had been divorced by her in Scotland, where the law admits marital infidelity an adequate cause. He had just married Lady Emily Wellesley, who had also been divorced in England, and who had also left a number of children to the care of her first husband.<sup>2</sup>

The Marchioness of Anglesey on her side had married the

<sup>1</sup> Henry William Paget (1768-1854), eldest son of Lord Uxbridge, became Lord Uxbridge on the death of his father, March 13, 1812, and was made Marquis of Anglesey on July 4, 1815, for his bravery at the battle of Waterloo. On July 25, 1795, he had married Lady Caroline Elizabeth Villiers, third daughter of Lord Jersey. Three sons and five daughters were born of this first marriage, and he had other children by the second.

<sup>2</sup> Emilia Charlotte, daughter of Lord Cadogan, had married Henry Wellesley, afterwards Lord Cowley, and had three sons and three daughters.

Duke of Argyll. She did not come under the category of divorced women, and was therefore received at court and in society. At the same time, this second marriage had been so precipitate that she was supposed at least to have agreed with Lord Anglesey to accelerate their divorce. Several daughters, the Ladies Paget, of ages from eighteen to twenty-two, continued to live at their father's house, and went into society under the care of the Duchess. Lord Anglesey had lost a leg at the battle of Waterloo.<sup>1</sup> For some time his situation had been critical, and he had received many proofs of the general interest which society took in his recovery. To show his gratitude he conceived the idea of giving a grand entertainment to his numerous friends upon the occasion of his recovery. A ball-room was immediately arranged in the beautiful apartments of Uxbridge House.

All preparations were made by the Marquis and the new Lady Anglesey with the utmost state and magnificence. Invitations, contrary to general custom, were in the first person. Lord Anglesey thanked Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So for their kind inquiries, and hoped that they would be able to spend the evening of — at Uxbridge House.

A moment before the arrival of the company Lady Anglesey, the divorced wife who was not seen in society, gave a last look at all the arrangements and started for the country. Lord Anglesey, who was too gallant and affectionate to leave his wife in solitude, accompanied her. Hence there was no master nor mistress in this house where so great an entertainment was given. The daughters of the first wife did the honours, assisted by courtesy by the Misses Wellesley, daughters of the second wife by the first husband, with whom

<sup>1</sup> Mme. de Gontaut, who was in London in 1825, quotes this passage from a note from the Duke of Wellington: "Lord Uxbridge has had his leg amputated on the field of battle. It was the last cannon shot which wounded him, unfortunately." (*Mémoires*, p. 146.)

they were staying. It must be admitted that a stranger idea could hardly be conceived than that of inviting people to one's house under such circumstances.

This ball was remarkable for another incident. Lady Caroline Lamb<sup>1</sup> had published her novel "Glenarvon" a few days before. This was a story of her adventures with the famous Lord Byron, pushed to the most extravagant point. She had brought into her novel every personage known in society, including the members of her own family, and her husband, William Lamb, who afterwards became Lord Melbourne. To him she had given an excellent character, and had attributed noble actions to him; she had been less benevolent to many others. As the names were fictitious, there was much discussion as to the persons whom she had proposed to describe. At this ball at Uxbridge House I saw her hanging lovingly on her husband's arm and distributing the key to her characters, to use her own phrase, with great liberality. She had been careful to have a number of copies printed in which the fictitious and the real name stood face to face, and these were names belonging to visitors present, or to their relations and friends. This scene completed the extraordinary nature of this remarkable entertainment.

I very soon abandoned London life: apart from its wearisome nature, I was very ill. I had brought back from Genoa a kind of rheumatism in the head, which was only overcome four years later by the waters of Aix, and which made me unable to take any part in fatiguing amusements.

Hence I felt no regret at my inability to be present at the festivities in France upon the occasion of the marriage of the

<sup>1</sup> Lady Caroline Lamb (1785-1828), author. Married William Lamb in 1805, afterwards Lord Melbourne (1779-1848), the Prime Minister of the young Queen Victoria. Besides the novel "Glenarvon," she also published "Graham Hamilton" and "Ada Reis."

Duc de Berry. The accounts which reached us represented these festivities as magnificent, so far as the distress prevailing throughout the country would allow. They had been more animated than might have been expected under such painful circumstances. The majority of those called to take part in them belonged to a class of people who regarded the court as necessary to complete their existence. Should some circumstance of disfavour or politics withdraw them from its atmosphere, they feel that something has gone from their lives. The events of the Revolution had prevented many of them participating in court festivities; they thus displayed the animation of new-comers and the zeal of neophytes, pretending gaiety if it was not entirely heart-felt.

I do not know how far the public shared these joys; I was absent, and reports were contradictory. The only story that has remained in my memory is a saying of the Prince of Poix<sup>1</sup> on the day of the meeting at Fontainebleau.<sup>2</sup> The Duc de Maillé, addressing a group of courtiers who were coming out of the apartments with him, observed:

"Do you know, gentlemen, that our new Princess has one eye smaller than the other?"

"I did not notice anything of the kind," said the Prince de Poix rapidly, but, after a few seconds' reflection he added, "Possibly the left eye of the Duchesse de Berry is a little larger than the right."

This reply is too classical of its kind to be omitted.

<sup>1</sup> Philippe Louis Marc Antoine de Noailles, Prince de Poix, son of the Marshal de Mouchy and of Anne Louise d'Arpajon, guillotined during the Terror. Marshal in 1788, commander of the National Guard of Versailles. Went into exile after August 10, when he had accompanied Louis XVI. to the Assembly. He became lieutenant-general, captain of the Guards, and peer of France at the Restoration (1752-1819).

<sup>2</sup> The King, Monsieur, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, the Duc d'Angoulême, the Duc de Berry, and the whole court had gone to Fontainebleau in advance of the Princess, who had disembarked at Marseilles.

To return to London. I hardly ever left the interior of the embassy, to which we had eventually attracted some intimate friends, except to visit some colleagues of the diplomatic body, or to go to the house of ministers and to the court when my presence was indispensable.

## CHAPTER XIV

The Orléans family at Twickenham—Their movements watched—Disagreement between Louis XVIII. and the Duc d'Orléans at Lille in 1815—Domestic life at Twickenham—Sayings of Princesse Marie—The Comtesse de Vêrac—Birth of a Princess of Orléans—Comtesse Mélanie de Montjoie—The Baron de Montmorency—The Comte Camille de Sainte-Aldegonde—The Baron Athalin—The Duc de Bourbon—The Princesse Louise de Condé.

I DO not include among my duties my frequent visits to Twickenham, which were a real pleasure. The Duc d'Orléans had retired there with his family, and lived a simple and entirely domestic life.

Before my father's arrival the foolish desire to curry favour with the court had led M. de La Châtre to surround him with paid spies, who misconstrued his most innocent actions and tormented him in every way. My father put an end to these undignified annoyances, and the exiles of Twickenham were correspondingly grateful to him. Moreover, by displaying their conduct in its true light my father reopened to them the possibility of a return to France.

One of the agents in the pay of the French police came to tell my father one fine morning that the Duc d'Orléans had at length thrown off the mask. Seditious proclamations were being secretly printed at Twickenham, and packets of them were to be sent to the shores of France. The spy asserted that he could secure copies.

"Well," said my father, "bring me any kind of publication, proclamation or not, which has come from a press at Twickenham, and I will pay you a hundred guineas on the spot." He waited in vain.

The next Sunday we went to pay an evening visit to the



Duchesse d'Orléans, and found the whole family round a table setting up a page of print. To amuse the children they had bought a little hand printing-press, a mere toy, and were playing with it on Sunday. They had already pulled some copies of a fable, twenty lines in length, which the Duc de Montpensier<sup>1</sup> had written in his youth: this was the work of one month. And this was the secret press intended to disturb the peace of the world!

These foolish persecutions only served to irritate the Duc d'Orléans. Louis XVIII. continually overwhelmed him with affronts in France and abroad. The meeting at Lille, where their disagreement upon the line of conduct to be pursued became public, set the crown upon their mutual hatred.

Upon the first news of the Emperor's disembarkation at Cannes, the Duc d'Orléans had accompanied Monsieur to Lyons. He had returned to Paris with this prince and had gone unaccompanied to Lille,<sup>2</sup> where, with Marshal Mortier,

<sup>1</sup> Antoine Philippe d'Orléans, second son of Philippe Egalité, born in 1775, died in 1807. (See first volume of these Memoirs, p. 137).

<sup>2</sup> "The Duc d'Orléans had been sent to the north with the title of lieutenant-general, to act for the King, and such was his position when his Majesty arrived at Lille. The following is the text of a letter which he wrote to the generals under his orders as soon as the King had passed the frontier:

"I have to inform you, my dear general, that the unfortunate circumstances of the situation have induced the King to leave France this evening at four o'clock, and I therefore beg to relieve you of the responsibility of executing the orders which I have sent you in his name. I rely upon your judgment and your patriotism to do what you may consider most conformable to the interests of France and your own duty. You will communicate these arrangements to the fortress commanders within your district and to the troops under your orders.

“(Signed) LOUIS PHILIPPE D'ORLEANS.

“*March 23, 1815.*

“(Copy) To General Lahure,

“Commander of the district of Douai and Cambrai.”

“This circular, which relieved the apprehensions of the generals,

he had prepared for the defence of the place. When the King arrived at Lille he advised him to make the town the seat of his Government. After some hesitation, the King gave his promise, and undertook in any case not to abandon the soil of France. These were his last words to the Duc d'Orléans, when the latter withdrew into the room reserved for him. Three hours later he was aroused to learn the news that the King had gone away and was on the road to Belgium; the orders had been already issued when he had asserted his desire to remain in France. The Duc d'Orléans, who was furious at the fact that this secret had been kept from him, wrote a letter of bitter expostulation to the King, wrote to Marshal Mortier, relieving him from all his promises, and, declining to follow the King, took ship to rejoin his family in

officers, and soldiers, was by no means in harmony with the royal decree issued at Lille the same day. . . .

"The letter of the Duc d'Orléans doubtless caused keen displeasure to the royal family, and an attempt was made to avert the dangerous consequences to which it might give rise by disavowing it in the *Moniteur* of Ghent. . . . The disavowal should have come from the Duc d'Orléans himself, but so far as I know he took no steps of the kind. Hence the displeasure of the King was in no way concealed, and doubtless helped to strengthen the resolution of the Duc to withdraw to England, where the Duchesse d'Orléans and his children were already living. There was no open breach between himself and the court of Ghent, and he continued to correspond with Louis XVIII.: these circumstances, however, will explain his action at the time of the second Restoration, when he made but a momentary appearance in France and returned almost immediately to England, where he certainly remained longer than he would have wished."

Baron Pasquier, continuing the story of these events, prints a long letter from M. de Talleyrand to Louis XVIII., written from Vienna under date April 23, 1815, in which he states that the Emperor of Russia had advised the Powers to place the Duc d'Orléans on the throne, and he adds:

"It is a name which occupies a most important part in this letter, and upon which we must dwell for a moment before proceeding. The Duc d'Orléans, who had left France after the King, and had withdrawn to England and not to Ghent, was thus considered by one of the sov-

England. He hired a house at Twickenham, in which village he had already lived at the time of the former exile.

As soon as the Orléans family was assured that the successor of M. de La Châtre would not pursue the aberrations of his predecessor, and that no interference was to be apprehended from my father, the most loyal confidence was established, and the Duc d'Orléans took no steps except in agreement with my father's ideas. His respect for the King's Government was carried so far that he received no one at Twickenham without informing the Ambassador, while his French business was conducted with the Ambassador's knowledge and approval. The system of police supervision disappeared automatically. M. Decazes recalled the agents whom M. de La Châtre had declared to be necessary. As I am speaking without reserve,

ereigns at the head of the new coalition as able to replace the elder Bourbon branch upon the throne of France. This fact was serious enough in itself, but its importance is increased when we know beyond doubt that the Prince was in correspondence with M. de Talleyrand. . . . When Louis XVIII. received the letter of the 23rd, he easily understood how dangerous and regrettable were these new claims which were promoted and discussed by the Great Powers. He therefore resolved without delay to recall the Duc d'Orléans to himself and to order M. de Talleyrand to rejoin him at once. The Duc d'Orléans forthwith replied by a positive refusal, accompanied by many expostulations concerning the manner of his treatment from the time of the Restoration to March 20. As for M. de Talleyrand . . . he contrived not to rejoin the King until after the battle of Waterloo." (*Mémoires du chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. III, pp. 179-181 and 211-212.)

This somewhat lengthy quotation is necessitated by the political partiality of Mme. de Boigne. Historical truth demands that the depressing conduct of the Duc d'Orléans should not be made a ground of accusation of hostility against the July Monarchy, and this Chancellor Pasquier has clearly proved. It is but another form of the old latent or active conspiracy against the elder branch of the house of Bourbon. This movement has been begun and carried as far as regicide by Philippe Egalité, and was to continue, notwithstanding the kindness of Charles X. to his son, until the usurpation of 1830, supported by the mob, had placed Louis Philippe I. upon the throne which he was ready to accept from the foreign Powers in 1815.

I may say that the Ambassador's care was accentuated by the fear that the secret service fund which he received for this purpose might be withdrawn.

Mademoiselle<sup>1</sup> was the last of the family to give in her confidence, but at length she was completely and permanently won over. It was during these long days of country life that I learned to appreciate the distinction of her intellect and the frankness of her character. My tender devotion for her august sister-in-law increased daily.

The conversational powers of the Duc d'Orléans were perhaps never more brilliant than at this time. He had passed the age when learning as deep as it was varied might appear slightly tinged with pedantry. The impartiality of his mind enabled him to understand every situation and to discuss it with the most noble moderation. His domestic happiness soothed that irritation which his political position might have aroused, and I have never seen him to so much advantage or perhaps in a state of greater contentment than in the little drawing-room at Twickenham, after the somewhat bad dinners which we often shared.

On their side also the royal inhabitants of Twickenham had no house of call in London except the embassy, upon the rare occasions when they visited the capital.

The Duc de Chartres,<sup>2</sup> though young, was a bright youth, but showed no signs of the intellect and the attraction which afterwards were his. He was delicate and somewhat frail, as might be expected of a child born in the south. His sisters had escaped these effects of the Palermo sun. The eldest

<sup>1</sup> Adélaïde Eugénie Louis d'Orléans, daughter of Philippe Egalité and of Louise Marie Adélaïde de Bourbon Penthièvre, born at Paris in 1777, and known by the title of Madame Adélaïde, which she assumed in 1813. Died at Paris in 1848.

<sup>2</sup> Ferdinand Philippe Louis Charles Henri, born at Palermo in 1810, died at Neuilly in 1842. Assumed the title of Duc d'Orléans in 1830.

of them<sup>1</sup> was distinguished from her cradle by the title of "the good Louise," which she invariably justified by following in the footsteps of her admirable mother. She had a clear white and pink complexion, with an abundance of fair hair. The second daughter<sup>2</sup> was very dark and less docile, but was the most delightful child that I have ever met. Marie was not such a perfect character as Louise, but her retorts were so clever, and her mischief marked by so much intelligence, that one was almost tempted to the injustice of giving her the preference.

My mother was extremely fond of her. One day, when she had been very naughty, the Duchesse d'Orléans requested my mother to scold her. The little Princess was much downcast. On our next visit Mme. de Vêrac,<sup>3</sup> lady of honour to the Duchesse d'Orléans, said to my mother:

"To-day, Mme. d'Osmond, you need utter nothing but praise; Princesse Marie has been good all the week: she has

<sup>1</sup> Marie Thérèse Caroline Isabelle Louise d'Orléans, born at Palermo in 1812; married Leopold I., King of the Belgians. Died at Ostend in 1815.

<sup>2</sup> Marie Christine Caroline Adélaïde Françoise Léopoldine d'Orléans, born at Palermo in 1813. Duchess of Wurtemberg. Died at Pisa in 1839.

<sup>3</sup> Marie Eustoquée de Vintimille, wife of César de Saint Georges, Comte de Vêrac, Gentleman of the King's Chamber, Master of the Wardrobe, etc. He was the brother of Maximilien François Joseph Olivier, Vicomte and afterwards Marquis de Vêrac; he went into exile in 1791. He returned in 1801, became peer of France in 1815, etc. He married Euphémie Cécile de Noailles, daughter of Vicomte Louis Marie de Noailles, died in Cuba in 1804, and of Louis de Noailles, guillotined the same day (July 22, 1794) as her mother, the Duchesse d'Ayen, *née* d'Aguesseau, and her grandmother, wife of the Marshal de Noailles, *née* de Cossé Brissac. The father and the mother of the Vicomte de Noailles, the Marshal de Mouchy and his wife, had been guillotined on the preceding 20th of June. The Comtesse de Vêrac died June 16, 1822. The Marquis and the Comte de Vêrac were nephews on their mother's side of the Duc de Croy d'Havré, peer of France, captain of the Guards to Louis XVIII.



learnt to make her bow—see how well she does it—she has been polite, has learnt her lessons properly, and, in short, the Duchesse d'Orléans will tell you herself how pleased she is with her.”

My mother caressed the happy child. Her parents were out for a walk. A moment afterwards we saw the little Princess on her knees by the side of Mme. Vêrac.

“What are you doing there, Princesse Marie?”

“I am performing an act of gratitude, first to you and then to the *bon Dieu*.”

I may be allowed to relate two more stories of the Princesse Marie.

In the following year there was given at Drury Lane Theatre one of those harlequinades, in which the English excel: all the children of the Orléans family were to see the performance after spending the day at the embassy. They reached the theatre somewhat too early, and the last act of a tragedy in which Miss O'Neill was playing had not been concluded. After some moments Princesse Marie turned round to her governess:

“Give me my handkerchief, Mme. Mallet. I am not naughty, I assure you, but my eyes weep, in spite of myself. That lady has such an unhappy voice.”

At a later date, when she was nearly six years old, I was at the Palais Royal one evening, and Princesse Marie was amusing herself by building fortifications of little wooden bricks cut for that purpose, and was receiving the criticisms of a general whose approval she had invited. She lifted her pretty face, and with her attractive air said:

“Ah, no doubt, General, it is not what Vauban would have made.”

The Duc de Nemours,<sup>1</sup> or rather Noumours, as he was

<sup>1</sup> Louis Charles Philippe Raphael d'Orléans, Duc de Nemours, born at Paris in 1814, died at Versailles in 1896.



beginning to pronounce his name, was a most beautiful child. The Duchesse d'Orléans had been confined at Twickenham of a little princess, whom she called "the daughter of M. d'Osmond,"<sup>1</sup> because my father had been called to attest her civil status. This infant completed the family. Everybody in the household was anxious that the children should receive the best possible education from their cradle; I have never known children better cared for and less spoiled.

The rest of the household was composed as follows: the Comtesse de Vérac, who had been lady of honour to the Duchesse d'Orléans from the time of their stay at Palermo. She was an excellent character, devoted to the princesses, and her death was a real loss to the Palais Royal. Mme. de Montjoie, who was distinguished as much for warm sympathies as for her intellect, had been attached to Mademoiselle from early childhood, and had so identified herself with her interests that she had no other family and no other attachments. Raoul de Montmorency<sup>2</sup> and Camille de Sainte Aldegonde, *aides-de-camp* to the Duc d'Orléans, divided their time between France and Twickenham.

M. Athalin was a permanent member of the household. Before 1814 he had been orderly officer to the Emperor. The Duc d'Orléans, following his system of amalgamation,<sup>3</sup> had taken him as an *aide-de-camp*, with the King's approval, but in 1815 he had returned to his old master, after writing

<sup>1</sup> See in the Appendix the letters of the Duchesse d'Orléans to the Marquise d'Osmond, under dates June 18 and September 21, 1817.

<sup>2</sup> Anne Louis Victor Raoul, Baron and afterwards Duc de Montmorency in 1846, on the death of his father, the Duc Anne Charles François. He was born in 1790, and was *aide-de-camp* to Marshal Davot and Chamberlain to the Emperor in 1813. From 1815 to 1820 he was *aide-de-camp* to the Duc d'Orléans. When his uncle Thibaut de Montmorency died of a carriage accident at Montgeron, on October 22, 1818, he married his widow, *née* de Harchies, in 1821.

<sup>3</sup> See first volume of these Memoirs, p. 385.

a highly suitable letter to the Prince. At the end of the Hundred Days the Duc d'Orléans answered this letter by advising him to return. M. Athalin took advantage of this kindness, which met with much disapproval at the court of the Tuileries, but secured the unbounded devotion of the officer to his noble patron. The governess of the princesses and the tutor of the Duc de Chartres, M. du Parc, a worthy man, completed the habitual members of this happy household, where life was entirely calm and rational. If any conspiracy was carried on, it was certainly done most quietly and in a manner which escaped even the keen eyesight of the malevolent.

I wish I could speak with equal warmth of the poor Duc de Bourbon.<sup>1</sup> Whereas every family virtue seemed to have chosen Twickenham for its abode, so every impropriety seemed to lodge with him in the wretched London back street where he had a miserable room. He had but one servant to wait upon him, and no carriage. My father was ordered to induce him to give up this mode of life, but his efforts were unsuccessful. After his disastrous appearance in La Vendée, he had taken ship and reached London during the Hundred Days. The Prince de Condé<sup>2</sup> summoned him to return, and placed all the money at his disposal that he might need. However, he persisted in continuing the same mode of life. He used to dine at a chop-house, which could not be dignified by the name of restaurant,

<sup>1</sup> Louis Henri Joseph, Duc de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, born in 1756, father of the Duc d'Enghien. Died at Saint Leu on August 26, 1830. With him the Condé family became extinct.

<sup>2</sup> Louis Joseph de Bourbon, Prince de Condé (1736-1818), served with distinction in the Seven Years' War. He was Governor of Burgundy, went into exile after the capture of the Bastille, and became leader of the exiled party at Coblenz. After the disbanding of his little army in 1801, he betook himself to England, and came back to France in 1814, becoming Grand Master of the King's House and colonel-general of the French infantry.

then proceed to a theatre, walk about before the door until the time for half price had arrived, when he entered, and came out at the end of the performance with one or two girls of bad character, who were never the same, and whom he used to take to supper in some cigar divan, thus adding gross inpropriety to his stinginess. Sometimes Lord William Gordon joined these parties, but generally he went alone. It was merely in order to enjoy this dishonourable mode of life that he persistently remained in England, and no prayers could induce him to set out in time to receive the last words of his father.

His sister, the Princess, also refused to return to France for other reasons, and chiefly because of her hatred for the Concordat. Imagination had induced me to conceive a great reverence for the young Louise de Condé,<sup>1</sup> weeping before the altar for the crimes of her country and offering so pure a sacrifice to expiate them. Upon this basis I had constructed a romance which was shattered by the sight of the heroine. She was a low, vulgar, and ignorant person, undistinguished in thought, feeling, action, or in appearance. One was inclined to sympathise with the Deity, whom she was continually besieging with her prayers, and to whom she would appeal for aid in the most insignificant circumstances of her futile existence. I have seen her utter a prayer to get back a ball of wool that had rolled under her chair. She was a caricature of the stage nun.<sup>2</sup> My father was almost obliged to use violence to induce her to set out.

<sup>1</sup> Mlle. de Condé, Louise Adelaide de Bourbon, born at Chantilly in 1757, abbess of Remiremont in 1786. She went into exile, took religious vows in Poland in 1802, and came to London after the death of the Duc d'Enghien. In 1815 she returned to France and founded the Benedictine Society of the Temple. She died in 1824.

<sup>2</sup> Whenever Mme. de Boigne finds herself in the presence of a saintly soul living apart from worldly conventions, her judgments are formulated in such language that it has been necessary to soften them. A similar case is the Queen of Etruria, Marie Louise de Bourbon, p. 38.

## CHAPTER XV

Lord Castlereagh—Lady Castlereagh—Cray Farm—Devotion of Lady Castlereagh to her husband—Danger and prudence—Lady Castlereagh's suppers—Lady Liverpool's country party—My dress at the Queen's court—The beauty of this assembly—Baptism of the little *Princesse d'Orléans*—The *Princesse de Talleyrand*—She consents to a separation from the Prince de Talleyrand—The *Comtesse de Périgord*—The *Duchesse de Courlande*—The *Princesse Tyszkiewicz*—Marriage of Jules de Polignac.

I HAVE already said that I gained no intimate knowledge of political business from my father. All that I know has been already so far published that there is no reason to repeat it here. Every week he received two couriers from Paris, who always brought a long private letter from the Duc de Richelieu. He replied to him by the same direct means, so that the officers and the legation had no inside knowledge of these negotiations, though their object was obvious to every one. This was to gain some mitigation of the oppression which weighed upon our country. The sentiments both of the minister and of the ambassador were in entire harmony upon this purpose, to which their whole lives were devoted.

Lord Castlereagh was a man of business, of sound sense, of capacity and even of talent, though of no special distinction. He had a perfect knowledge of Englishmen and English affairs, amid which he had moved since the age of twenty. But he was totally ignorant of the interests and relations of Continental Powers.

At the end of 1813, a mission entrusted to Pozzo<sup>1</sup> brought him to the headquarters of the allied sovereigns: all he knew at that time was that England was threatened by the blockade, that a Power able to conceive such an idea must be crushed or at least reduced to impotence, and that Austria was the natural ally of England. Nothing more was wanted to deliver him into the clever hands of Prince Metternich. Lord Castlereagh was one of the first mediocrities in power over whom he held entire sway.

English affairs have been at all times conducted exclusively by Englishmen and in London. In every question of foreign politics, however, Downing Street was entirely under the influence of the chancellery of Vienna, and I believe that this situation continued as long as Lord Castlereagh lived. When I knew him he showed no signs of that fatal hereditary disease which drove him to suicide. He was upon the contrary, invariably calm and self-possessed, discussing English interests with much cleverness, but without violence and in a manner wholly gentlemanlike. He spoke French somewhat badly: one of his habitual phrases was, "Ah, my dear Ambassador, we must settle this business *à l'aimable*;" but if the word was inaccurate, the feelings which inspired it were sincere.

Lord Castlereagh had great faith in the loyal character of

<sup>1</sup> After the disastrous battle of Leipsic, General Pozzo was sent to London (November, 1813) by the allied sovereigns of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, to consider, in agreement with England, the attitude toward Napoleon that should be adopted. Pozzo's main object was to secure the personal ruin of the Emperor, and he persuaded the English Cabinet to send Lord Castlereagh, the Foreign Minister, to the Continent, with power to deal with events as they might occur, in conjunction with Prince Metternich, Baron Hardenberg, and Count Nesselrode. Pozzo expected to secure an ally for his policy of personal hatred to Bonaparte, which he was prosecuting with the Emperor Alexander. His plans for Napoleon's overthrow were almost frustrated by the influence which Count Metternich secured over Lord Castlereagh.

the Duc de Richelieu, and the confidence which he inspired always facilitated negotiations during this period of unpleasant memories.

I remember Lady Castlereagh as a woman of some beauty:<sup>1</sup> she had become extremely stout, and though she preserved her beautiful features, had lost all her distinction. Somewhat unintellectual, she was most benevolent, while her social manners were entirely ordinary and displayed no great knowledge of the world. At the Congress of Vienna she had conceived the idea of wearing her husband's jewelled orders in her hair and placing his Orders of the Garter as a circlet across her forehead. This exhibition had been so ridiculed that she did not venture to renew it, and the boxes which poured in from all sides while the treaties were in progress satisfied her lively taste for dress and jewels. Stronger, however, was her liking for country life, for flowers, birds, dogs, and animals of every kind.

She had never been so happy as at Cray,<sup>2</sup> where Lord Castlereagh had a regular country parsonage. The visitor's carriage drew up at a little gate, and a walk between two beds of ordinary flowers led to a six-roomed house. One served as a drawing-room and study for the minister, another for the dining-room, and the smallest as a dressing-room. On the first floor there were three bedrooms. One was appropriated to the Castlereaghs, and the other two were reserved for friends, among whom several ambassadors were numbered. My father spent some days upon several occasions at Cray Farm, and told me that the appointments of the household were no more magnificent than the building.

Lady Castlereagh had the good taste to lay aside her finery

<sup>1</sup> Lord Castlereagh married, June 9, 1794, Lady Emily Anne Hobart, youngest daughter and joint heiress of John Hobart, second Duke of Buckingham. (*Dictionary of National Biography*.)

<sup>2</sup> North Cray Place, Kent.



at Cray. She was to be found in a muslin dress, with a large straw hat on her head, an apron round her waist, a pair of scissors in her hand, cutting away dead flowers. Though the entrance to the house was exceedingly mean, it was situated in a charming country, and enjoyed a magnificent view: behind it there was a considerable enclosure, with rare plants, a menagerie, and a kennel, which, with the greenhouses, divided the attention of Lady Castlereagh.

She never left her husband at any time. While he worked she was beside his desk. She followed him to the town and to the country, and accompanied him upon every journey. Nor did she ever seem to be vexed or inconvenienced by any difficulties. She would spend nights of cold, hunger, and weariness in miserable lodgings, without complaining or seeming to feel any inconvenience. In short, she did her utmost to be as little in the way as possible throughout this apparent devotion. I say apparent, because their most intimate friends believed that in this respect she was following her own desires rather than those of Lord Castlereagh. He, however, never offered any objection. I have sometimes thought in later years that she may have discovered some signs of that illness which was revealed to the world by the ultimate and dreadful catastrophe, and therefore desired to watch over him at all times and to relieve his sufferings. This would be an honourable explanation of her persevering attendance, which sometimes seemed slightly ridiculous, and at which we used to laugh. Whatever the reason, Lady Castlereagh would never be separated an hour from her husband; yet no one ever accused her of attempting to exert an influence upon politics. I was present upon one occasion when she showed much strength of mind.

Among her dogs she possessed a bull-dog. This latter attacked a little spaniel one day, and had nearly strangled it when Lord Castlereagh interposed. He was badly bitten in

the leg and even worse in the hand. Help had to be called in to make the bull-dog let go, for the animal was foaming with rage.

Lady Castlereagh arrived, and her first care was to stroke and calm the dog. Growls of rage were immediately provoked, but she seemed to take no notice of them. The bull-dog never left the room where Lord Castlereagh was suffering great pain from an attack of nerves. Careless spectators were angry with Lady Castlereagh for expending her caresses upon so unworthy an animal. She took no notice of their indignation, and induced her husband to live upon familiar terms with this domestic enemy, and thus saved him from all the anxiety which his imagination might have caused. It was not until four months later, when Lord Castlereagh was completely cured, that she on her own initiative got rid of the dog, which she had hitherto overwhelmed with attentions and caresses.

Lady Castlereagh was not a brilliant person, but she had excellent common sense. In London she used to give a supper on Saturday after the opera. She preferred that day because she did not like late hours. As the curtain fell exactly at midnight, in order that the performance should not be continued during Sunday, her guests reached her house at an earlier hour than would have been possible upon any other day of the week. This fact, by the way, will give some idea of the late hours which fashion imposed upon London society, though every one complained. These suppers of Lady Castlereagh's, which were less crowded than her routs, were distinctly pleasant. The diplomatic body and members of the Government had a standing invitation; the other guests were invited personally upon each day.

Among other changes, or among changes which I had forgotten during my absence, was the style of ladies' dress in the country. I learnt this change to my cost. I had

been somewhat intimate with Lady Liverpool in the days of our youth. She invited me to go to dinner some miles out of London, where Lord Liverpool<sup>1</sup> had a house of no great size, though much superior to the house of his colleague Castlereagh at Cray. She asked me to come in good time, that she might show me her garden and spend a pleasant day in the country. I arranged to go with my father, but he was detained by business, and we did not arrive until half-past five. Lady Liverpool scolded us for our late arrival, and then took us round her garden, her greenhouses, her kitchen-garden, her farmyard, her fowl-house, her pig-stye, all of which were in somewhat poor repair.

Lord Liverpool arrived from London; we left him with my father and went back towards the house. I remember that I was wearing a long coat of Tours silk, flounced all round; I had a white straw hat with flowers, and thought myself very beautiful. When I came into the house Lady Liverpool said to me:

"Will you come into my room to take off your coat and hat? Have you brought a maid, or would you like to have mine?"

I answered with some embarrassment that I had made no arrangements for changing my dress.

"Oh, it does not matter in the least," she replied. "Here is a book to look at while I am dressing."

I had hardly been alone for one moment when I heard a carriage arrive, and Lady Mulgrave soon entered, in a satin

<sup>1</sup> Robert Banks Jenkinson, first Baron Hawkesbury, Lord Liverpool on the death of his father in 1808. He was born in 1770, and was Governor of the Mint in 1799. He was Foreign Minister at the time of the Peace of Amiens, Prime Minister in 1812, and died in 1828. He was twice married, first in 1795 to Lady Theodosia Hervey, daughter of Lord Bristol; it is to her that Mme. de Boigne refers. His second wife, whom he married in 1822, was Miss Chester, daughter of Charles Chester and niece of Lord Bagot. (*Dictionary of National Biography*.)

dress with jewels and flowers in her hair. Then Miss Jenkinson, a niece of the family, appeared in a white dress with white shoes and a garland of flowers. Then came Lady Liverpool herself: I forget how she was dressed, but she was wearing on her head a veil held back with a golden diadem encrusted with precious stones. I hardly knew where to hide my head. I thought that a magnificent diplomatic dinner was on foot, and that we were about to see the arrival of all the fashionable people in London.

We sat down to dinner, eight in number, and of these five were members of the household. No other guests were expected. The custom, however, is to dress for a quiet dinner in the country as for a great public reception. Henceforward I have never set out for a pleasant day in the country earlier than half-past seven, and never in morning dress.

While I am on the subject of dress I must speak of that in which I appeared at court. Possibly in twenty years it will be as ordinary as it seemed extraordinary to me when I wore it. Let us begin with the head.

My head-dress was surmounted by the obligatory plume. With great trouble I had induced the fashionable plumier, Carberry, to make it only of seven enormous feathers, the smallest number allowed. Plumes of moderate size were composed of twelve or fifteen feathers, and in some cases of as many as twenty-five. Beneath the plume I wore a garland of white roses resting upon a circlet of pearls. The finishing touches were given by diamond buckles, a diamond comb, and tassels of white silk. This mixture of jewels, flowers, and feathers was highly repugnant to our taste, which had remained classical from the time of the Greek costumes.

That, however, was a trifle. The body of my dress was arranged much as usual. When the bodice was put on, an enormous hooped skirt, three ells round, was laced to my waist. The skirt was made of waxed calico stretched upon

whalebone, which made it very wide in front and behind, and very narrow at the sides. Over the satin skirt was placed a second skirt of tulle, ornamented with a large furbelow of silver lace. A third and shorter skirt, also of tulle with silver spangles, ornamented with a garland of flowers, was turned up as drapery, so that the garland surrounded the skirt cross-ways. The openings of the tucks were ornamented with silver lace and surmounted with a large bouquet of flowers. I carried another bouquet in front of me, so that I seemed to be emerging from a basket of flowers. I also wore all the jewels for which room could be found upon my person. The bottom of my white satin dress with its silver embroidery was turned up in loops, and did not reach the bottom of the skirt, such being the fashionable etiquette. The Queen alone wore a train, while the skirts of the princesses were not turned up, but hardly touched the ground.

When I had seen the immense preparations for this toilet, I was doubtful whether to laugh at their absurdity, which seemed entirely comical, or to be vexed by the necessity of dressing in such ridiculous style. I must admit that when the process was complete I was well pleased, and thought that the costume suited me.

As I followed my mother, I enjoyed the privileges reserved for the diplomatic body: we were conducted by a special route to the foot of the staircase. This staircase was divided throughout its length by a kind of palisade, upon one side of which we walked up comfortably, while upon the other we saw lords and ladies pushing and thronging with a violence only to be found in English crowds. I thought within myself that this very obvious mark of distinction would arouse much annoyance in France. At the top of the staircase the distinction became yet more marked. The privileged guests entered a separate hall, and were admitted to the Queen's drawing-room before any one else.



A kind of arm-chair had been arranged, in which she seemed to rest in a position almost upright, supported by a foot-stool and by cushions. Her strange appearance made her resemble a Chinese god in his pagoda. At the same time she held her court in excellent style. The princesses were arranged on either side of her, according to the order prescribed by etiquette. Princesse Charlotte would have held the first place, but this in her absence was occupied by the Duchess of York. The Prince Regent stood opposite to the King, with his brothers and his household. He came forward to speak to the ladies after they had passed before the Queen.

The ladies of the diplomatic body either possessed or had assumed the right (an assumption attributed to the Countess Lieven) of joining the suite of the princesses and of observing the rest of the reception after their own presentation. I was delighted to take advantage of this custom in order to see this rich and brilliant procession pass by at my ease. As there were no more than one or two drawing-rooms a year at this period of the Queen's life, the crowd was considerable and the presentations very numerous. Nowhere was the beauty of English ladies seen to better advantage. The light from the two great windows before which they stood showed to perfection their colour, heightened by the warmth and excitement. The fresh beauty of the girls of eighteen was increased by the shyness attendant upon a first appearance, a shyness far removed from awkwardness, while their mothers for the most part retained that freshness which the English climate preserves longer than any other. Those who desired to be ugly were ugly indeed, and strangely grotesque figures appeared, but upon the whole I have never seen a fairer company.

This unusual court costume, while leaving the ladies in possession of all their advantages, did not necessitate the



exercise of that grace in which for the most part they are sadly wanting, and therefore tended rather to increase than to decrease their attraction. The custom of hooped skirts disappeared after the death of the old Queen Charlotte, and the costume of the French court during the Restoration was adopted.

I had been presented at the time of my marriage, but in another place and with different ceremonies. At that age, moreover, I was too self-conscious to notice other people, and preserved but a dim recollection of that function. On the other hand, the morning which I spent at Buckingham House in 1816 amused me greatly.

The baptism of the little Princesse d'Orléans at Twickenham became the occasion of such festivities as the locality permitted. The Emperor of Austria was godfather,<sup>1</sup> his Ambassador, Paul Esterhazy, acting as proxy. A great dinner followed, at which were present the Prince Regent, the Duke and Duchess of York, and the Dukes of Kent<sup>2</sup> and Gloucester.<sup>3</sup> The old Queen and the princesses came to pay a call from Frogmore.

It will be understood that the day of the baptism was long and fatiguing. The burden of princely ceremony in a modest suburban house weighed upon the shoulders of every one. A great sigh of relief went up when the last carriage took away the last royal highness and the last excellency, and when we could once more relapse into private life, to use the phrase of the Duchesse d'Orléans.

Apart from affairs of state, my father had been entrusted

<sup>1</sup> See in the Appendix the letters of the Duc d'Orléans to the Marquis d'Osmond under dates June 11 and July 5, 1816.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III. and Queen Charlotte (1767-1820). He was the father of Queen Victoria.

<sup>3</sup> William Frederick, Duke of Gloucester (1776-1834), son of a brother of George III., and married to his cousin, Princess Marie, daughter of his uncle, the King, and of Queen Charlotte.

with another negotiation. Prince Talleyrand<sup>1</sup> had begged him, in his own words, to bring his wife to reason. She had taken refuge in England during the Hundred Days, since which time her husband had kept her there under various pretexts. The fact was that M. de Talleyrand was deeply in love with his niece, the Comtesse Edmond de Périgord,<sup>2</sup> and would have found the presence of the Princesse an embarrassment. Naturally he did not confide this fact to my father, and advanced other reasons for his action. None the less, my father regarded this commission with great repugnance; yet he found it a much easier matter than he had anticipated.

Mme. de Talleyrand, in spite of her stupidity, was not lacking in common sense and in a knowledge of the world, which showed her that the most disagreeable treatment for the Prince and for herself would be to display their domestic dissensions to the public. As Mme. Edmond was lodged in her house, there would be no room for her, unless she could drive her rival away, and this could only be accomplished by numerous scenes of violence. She therefore put a good face upon the matter, and consented to take up her abode for the

<sup>1</sup> Charles Maurice de Talleyrand Périgord, Prince of Benevento (1754-1838). Bishop of Autun in 1788, deputy to the States General. He took the oath to the civil constitution of the clergy, was despatched to England upon diplomatic business, and was in America during the Terror. He returned in 1795, was Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1797, and threw in his lot with Bonaparte. In 1804 he became Lord Chamberlain, Prince of Benevento in 1806, High Elector and Chief Chancellor in 1808, member of the Regency Council in 1814. He was President of the Provisional Government, Minister of Foreign Affairs from the time of the Restoration, Lord Chamberlain, peer of France, and Ambassador in London after the July Revolution. He had married Mme. Grant by a civil marriage in 1802.

<sup>2</sup> Dorothée de Courlande, Duchesse de Talleyrand-Périgord and Princesse de Sagan, Duchesse de Dino (1792-1862), daughter of Duc Pierre de Courlande; married Edmond de Périgord (1787-1872), nephew of Prince Talleyrand.

summer in Belgium, upon an estate which M. de Talleyrand abandoned for her use, while she agreed to spend her winters in Brussels. She did not return to Paris for several years, and only came back when the separation had been so far acknowledged that her action was not remarkable. She showed much calmness and rationality and no excessive greed throughout this transaction, in which the honours were entirely hers. To my mother she said these remarkable words:

“I am suffering as I deserve for yielding to an impulse of false pride. I was aware of Mme. Edmond’s behaviour to M. de Talleyrand at Vienna, but did not wish to be a witness of it. This weak-mindedness prevented me from rejoining him, as I should have done, when the Emperor’s return from Elba obliged me to leave Paris. If I had been at Vienna instead of going to London, M. de Talleyrand would have been obliged to receive me, and I know quite well that he would have welcomed me with perfect kindness. He would have shown no irritation, whatever he might have felt. I know well that he would have treated me with full kindness, but I had a horror of that woman, to which I yielded, though wrongly. My mistake was in believing him too weak to dare to turn me out. I had not taken into account the fact that a coward may grow courageous in the absence of the enemy. As I have been wrong, I must bear the consequences, and I do not wish to aggravate the situation by a rebellious attitude. I give in, and M. de Talleyrand will find me quite ready to avoid anything that might increase the scandal.”

To this point of view she faithfully adhered, but her unexpected compliance was counterbalanced on M. de Talleyrand’s side by the torment which Mme. Edmond caused him. She fell in love with an Austrian, the Count of Clam. While his legitimate wife was leaving his residence in the Rue Saint

Florentin, Mme. Edmond was flying from it under the escort of the Count. M. de Talleyrand was reduced to despair.<sup>1</sup>

He was, moreover, persecuted by the despair of the Duchesse de Courlande, the mother of Mme. Edmond, who was consumed with jealousy for her daughter's triumph. On the other hand, Princess Tyszkiewicz, also an adorer of M. de Talleyrand, was occupied solely with the care of smoothing his path and courting her more fortunate rival, to whom she transferred her affections as often as M. de Talleyrand transferred his heart. And until Mme. Edmond, and perhaps the passage of years, had settled the question once and for all, these transferences were somewhat frequent.

Jules de Polignac spent a great part of this summer in England, where he was detained by reason of his marriage with a Scotch girl whom he had met in Paris. Though she bore the distinguished name of Campbell, her family was insignificant, but she was beautiful and very rich. Her sister had married a Mr. Macdonald. Miss Campbell had been engaged to a young officer who was killed at the battle of Waterloo. The following winter she had gone to Paris to find some distraction for her grief. There she met M. de Polignac, who won her affections and secured the promise of her hand. This, however was not in itself enough: as Miss Campbell was a Protestant, and such a union would have

<sup>1</sup> "As for M. de Talleyrand, it is difficult to believe, except for an eye-witness, that when he should have been exclusively occupied by business, the burden and responsibility of which would have frightened the most adroit and capable statesman, he should have preferred this moment, when he was over sixty, to abandon himself to a passion which so absorbed him as to leave him no thought for anything else. I am forced to refer to the fact because it caused much inconvenience and influenced in some degree the course of public events. When he discovered that the person whose presence was so dear to him had left him to establish herself at Vienna, he fell into a despondency impossible to describe, both moral and physical." (*Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. III, p. 376.)

ruined the prospects of Jules, it was necessary to secure her consent to embrace the Catholic religion. It was in order to gain this renunciation and to instruct her in the dogmas she was consenting to adopt that he had prolonged his stay in London. During this period he used to live at the embassy on the same familiar terms as at Turin, coming every day to lunch and dinner. The course of events had in no way modified his opinions, but his language was more restrained than during the preceding year.

The civil ceremony was held in my father's drawing-room. We then went to the Catholic chapel and afterward to the Protestant church. Attendance at this latter was necessary in England, where there are no civil registers except those of the parishes, and I think that Miss Campbell's conversion had not yet been publicly declared. She made poor Jules pay dearly for the sacrifices which her country and religion imposed upon him. No one could have been more surly, more eccentric, or more disobliging. She died of a pulmonary complaint three years after marriage, leaving two children who seemed to have inherited their mother's health as well as her fortune. Jules behaved in a most liberal manner at the time of his marriage upon the question of his wife's property, and the Macdonald family were loud in his praises. He was the best and most attentive of husbands to his ill-tempered spouse, and was in private life always kind, obliging, and honourable.

## CHAPTER XVI

Decree abolishing the Chamber—Reflection of the Vicomtesse de Vaudreuil on this subject—Negotiations with the English ministers—Opposition of the Duke of Wellington—Difficulty of securing credit—My return to Paris—Party excitement—Pamphlet by M. Guizot—Regrets by a lady of the ultra-Royalist party—M. Lainé referred to as one of the Reds—Anger of the Royalists—Disbandment of the King's domestic bodyguard—Colonel Pothier and M. de Girardin—The semi-Royalists—Evening party at the house of Mme. de Duras—The clique known as "the Château"—M. de Chateaubriand wishes to leave France—He sells the Vallée aux Loups to the Vicomte de Montmorency—Observation by the Prince de Poix to M. Decazes.

THE decree of September 5, which abolished the Undiscoverable Chamber of 1815, caused us more joy than surprise. The wild exaggerations of the Chamber were incompatible with the prudence which marked the Government of Louis XVIII. The *émigré* party, which had retained some representatives in England, was furious at the announcement. I am induced to relate a dialogue between my father and the Vicomtesse de Vaudreuil,<sup>1</sup> sister of the Duc de Caraman, lady

<sup>1</sup> Victoire Pauline de Riquet de Caraman (1764-1834). Married in 1781 Jean Louis, Vicomte de Vaudreuil, lieutenant-general (1763-1816). He was a member of the ancient Vaudreuil family which had provided governors for Canada and Louisiana. At the time of the Revolution the whole family went into exile. They had been ruined by the events in San Domingo, where their estates were situated, but bore with great dignity the privations which exile imposed upon them. The Comte de Vaudreuil, cousin of the above, was the confidant of the Comte d'Artois. M. Léonce Pingaud has published some part of his correspondence with the Prince during the exile. (Two vols., 8vo. Plon-Nourrit et Cie.)



of the Duchesse d'Angoulême. She was then visiting London. She reached the embassy trembling with indignation. After this incredible news had been confirmed she addressed my father:

"I am very sorry for you, M. d'Osmond; you will find yourself in a terrible position."

"Why so, Madame?"

"How can you announce such a fact here? Abolish a Chamber! The English will never believe that it is possible."

My father told her that nothing was more ordinary in English political life, and that no surprise would be caused.

"At any rate you will admit that if Parliament were abolished, they would not be so shameless as to announce an election and to assemble another Parliament forthwith."

Such was the knowledge of our palace ladies on the subject of representative government. Mme. de Vaudreuil was regarded as an intellectual woman, and was supposed to have some influence upon the Duchesse d'Angoulême. The Abbé Latil<sup>1</sup> regarded her as one of the favourite members of his flock. I think that the whole of her social circle was little wiser than herself regarding the delegation of constitutional power.

I cannot remember, if I ever knew, how negotiations were opened with the governments of the Holy Alliance. Discussion had reached the point of admitting that the occupation of our territory might be cut short if the payment of the indemnities were accelerated. But to secure this object was extremely difficult. The Duke of Wellington objected to any diminution of the army of occupation, though he

<sup>1</sup> Jean Baptiste Marie Anne Antoine Latil (1751-1839). Ordained priest in 1784, bishop *in partibus infidelium* of Amyclea in 1816, Bishop of Chartres in 1821, peer of France in 1823. Archbishop of Rheims in 1824. Created a count and afterwards a duke by Charles X. Minister of state and cardinal in 1826.

recognised that the expense which it caused was crushing the country and making the payment of contributions more difficult, while these were claimed by the Powers before they would consent to a complete evacuation of France. In the Duke's opinion the army of occupation was not sufficiently numerous to secure respect. In vain was it pointed out to him that the army was imposing by reason of its moral effect, and that a numerical diminution would calm public feeling, as being an earnest of the intended evacuation, and would better secure the army against any hostile intentions in the country than the entrance of fresh battalions could possibly do.

The Duke would not listen to these arguments, though the English minister showed himself less obstinate. The Duke came to London for the purpose of explaining his opinion, and laid special emphasis upon the fact that if the English contingent were diminished its importance with respect to the troops of other nationalities would be so reduced that it would be difficult to preserve its supremacy and to prevent abuses which might exasperate the inhabitants and increase the danger. The Russian Cabinet was ready to agree to every concession which others were willing to grant, but the governments of Vienna, and especially of Berlin, showed extreme obstinacy. Moreover, it was first necessary that they should come to an understanding among themselves, and when discussion is continued from a distance of six hundred leagues, the formation of conclusions is a slow process. They were, however, practically agreed that the liberation of the territory should be continued in a manner proportionate to the sums paid in advance.

The next question was where to get the money, and this was a problem no less difficult to solve. It was impossible to levy it directly in the form of taxes without ruining the country, and for the last fifty years France had had no credit

abroad. How could that credit be created and used in a moment of crisis and distress? This was a question which occupied every hour of Richelieu's Cabinet, and these anxieties my father shared with entire devotion.

Such was the political situation when I decided to spend a few weeks in Paris, where my brother was detained by his duties in the service of the Duc d'Angoulême. He was staying at my house, so that when I arrived at the end of December, 1816, I was able to enjoy his company. He told me that the extremists had become more violent than ever since the decree of September 5. A few moments afterwards I received proof of the fact. The Vicomtesse d'Osmond, my aunt, came to visit me; I knew that she belonged to the *émigré* party of Paris, just as her husband was a member of the *émigré* party of provincial gentlemen.<sup>1</sup>

I carefully avoided any subject that might lead to discussion, and, thinking that I had found a topic of indifference, I proceeded to praise the pamphlet of M. Guizot, which I had read upon my road and which was lying on my table. It was written in the most moderate spirit, and dealt with purely theoretical questions. The Vicomtesse flew into a rage immediately.

"What! The pamphlet of that horrible M. Guizot! Surely, my dear girl, you don't approve of that dreadful stuff?"

My brother expressed his astonishment at her language. He had not read the pamphlet, but had heard it highly praised by the Duc d'Angoulême.

<sup>1</sup> Marie Joseph Eustache Vicomte d'Osmond (1756-1839), second colonel of the regiment of Cambrésis (1781), colonel of the regiment of Neustrie. Emigrated in 1791. At the Restoration he was nominated Commissioner Extraordinary at Tours (See Vol. I, p. 308.) On June 22, 1814, he became lieutenant-general, and retired on May 12, 1819; he was commander of Saint Louis on May 1, 1821, and died in 1839 at the castle of Pont Chartrain. He had married Mlle. Gilbert de Voisins.

"The Duc d'Angoulême? Yes, very likely. Possibly he did not find it sufficiently Jacobin or sufficiently insulting to the Royalists."

Getting warmer as she proceeded, she eventually declared the pamphlet abominable, and said that its author deserved to be hanged. Readers who perused it with approval were equally odious to her.

I saw that Rainulphe's information was entirely correct. The extravagance of party spirit had increased during my absence, and I took the warning. But all my care to evade discussions, the complete futility of which I recognised, was inadequate in dealing with a party where argument always ended in insulting personalities. The only means of avoiding a quarrel was prompt retreat. To this method I had recourse whenever possible, but I was not always able to avoid attacks. Reply was then necessary for, though I was willing to fly before beginning an action, my submissiveness extended no further. I may often have had occasion to change my views, but I have always had the courage of the opinions I held at any one time.

A few days after my arrival I was talking seriously with a clever woman and one who was good hearted at bottom; she desired to rouse my horror of the moderate and conciliatory methods of Richelieu's Ministry, and said to me:

"Now, dear friend, you see the sacrifices which have been forced upon us, and will understand how exasperated we must feel. The Hundred Days are costing us more than eighteen hundred millions, and what have we got for all that? The heads of two men, and only those with much trouble."

I recoiled, and said, "My dear, think of what you have just said, and you will, I am sure, be horrified at your words."

She was somewhat embarrassed, and attempted to explain that she was not bloodthirsty, nor inspired with a wish for vengeance, but that it was necessary to make an example for

the benefit of party spirit, and to encourage the patriotic party by showing them adequate protection; it is always the patriotic party in favour of which a reaction is demanded.

The real crime of the Richelieu Ministry consisted in the fact that the officials of the Empire, who were wholly competent to perform their duties, had not been dismissed. The *émigré* party desired to capture every office. This process of purification, as it was called, had been pursued by the Undiscoverable Chamber and its minister, Vaublanc, with a zeal which the wisdom of the Cabinet had checked. Thus M. Lainé, the successor of M. de Vaublanc, became the object of the most scandalous rumours. It was asserted that he was an illegitimate child and a man of colour, and that he had helped to put up the guillotine at Bordeaux. Hence in drawing-rooms he was variously designated as the bastard, the mulatto, or the red cap. Afterwards he became the idol of the party which conferred these titles upon him, for any one of which there was not a shade of foundation.

It must be asserted that the Royalists had some real grievances of their own, but these for the most part were due to the clumsiness of their own leaders. A case in point was the formation of the red companies of the King's household in 1814. I will admit in the first place the absurdity of adding to the most competent and warlike armies in the world a picked body of troops, composed of young men who had done nothing but utter prayers against the Empire from the security of their country seats. It is none the less true, however, that the French nobility had exhausted its last resources at a moment of general distress for the purpose of equipping and arming its sons and sending them off to guard the monarch of its affections. Most of these young men had found means to meet at Ghent during the Hundred Days. Upon their return they were disbanded without even a word of thanks. The leaders turned the situation to good account,

but the rank and file had their pains for nothing. I do not say that the red companies should have been retained, but they should not have been disbanded with such callousness.

Another case of the kind is the following. The captains of the body guards suddenly decided that their companies were not sufficiently handsome, and that their appearance was not sufficiently military. One fine morning they drew them up and made all who did not reach a certain height fall out, afterwards informing them that they were no longer members of the regiment. As chance would have it, this reform chiefly affected those guards who had been on service at Ghent. They were given nominations to an army which was already crowded with officers, and they were obliged to go and ask that these nominations might be confirmed in offices where their claims were regarded with disfavour. The clerks in charge took little account of their campaign at Ghent, which they called a sentimental journey.

One special case gave rise to much wrangling. Colonel Pothier,<sup>1</sup> wishing to get married, requested permission from the Ministry of War, according to custom. After some days he was informed that he could not get married because he was dead. Much surprised by this revelation, he was going out to make inquiries when he met Count Alexandre de Girardin,<sup>2</sup> who most courteously presented him with letters of pardon. The Colonel was furious, and was not slow to express his feelings. During the Hundred Days he had also rejoined the King at Ghent. M. de Girardin, who was commanding in the department of the North for the Emperor,

<sup>1</sup> Colonel of the staff of October 24, 1813.

<sup>2</sup> Alexandre Louis Robert, Comte de Girardin (1776-1855). Took part in the Spanish and Russian campaigns. General of division in 1814. The first and afterwards the chief huntsman of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. He was the father of the celebrated publicist.



had presided over the council of war which condemned Colonel Pothier and a dozen other officers to death for desertion to a foreign country. He had forgotten this incident, which had been ignored by the parties chiefly interested during the rapid progress of events. M. de Girardin, owing to his undeniable talents for organising hunting parties, enjoyed the favour, which no political circumstances could shake, of the restoration princes. He had been the first to discover the revelation that had been made to Colonel Pothier, and he hastened to the King, hoping that letters of pardon, if delivered immediately, would smooth the matter over. Pothier, however, was not the man to take things quietly, and declared that he did not wish to be pardoned, nor would he admit desertion to a foreign country. He said that it was an infamous act, and that he would not leave such a stain upon his children's name.

Notwithstanding the efforts of M. de Girardin, he was unable to avoid the outcries and the hatred of the Royalist party. His talent, however, for stationing beaters and getting partridge nests poached for the royal shoots always kept him in favour, notwithstanding the popular passions, to which, however, he eventually made many sacrifices. He boasted at that time that he had only resumed service under the Emperor during the Hundred Days in order to betray him, and that he had maintained a continual correspondence with the Duc de Berry. This kind of excuse always seemed to me even more hateful than the crime of which he was accused.

The Royalist party thus had some reasonable ground of complaint, and used it with its own peculiar bitterness. It accepted the title of ultra-Royalist without objection. As M. Decazes had become the pet aversion of this party, which would hardly tolerate any one who retained a connection with him, it conferred upon us the title of semi-Royalists by way of return. The party never wanted for catch-words, and

this instance was tolerably amusing; but often enough coarse phrases were adopted which should have been rejected by people who proclaimed themselves the exclusive organs of good taste.

I soon had an opportunity of seeing to what an extent animosity was carried against the King's favourite. I re-entered Parisian society at a grand party given by Mme. de Duras. I was walking about in the drawing-room with my arm in that of the Vicomtesse de Noailles, when I perceived Mme. Princeteau. I addressed her, shook hands, and talked with her. Meanwhile Mme. Noailles dropped my arm and went away. She stopped some distance away, by the side of the Duchesse de Maillé. I rejoined these ladies, with whom I was extremely intimate.

"We admire your courage in thus talking to Mme. Princeteau in the presence of the Israelites."

"Oh, it is only the courage of ignorance: if she had been here a week she would not dare."

"But how can I be so rude as to pass her without a word? I am dining with her brother to-morrow."

"That does not matter: people go to the minister's house, but do not speak either to Mme. Princeteau or even to M. Decazes when they meet them elsewhere."

"I should never be so rude."

"We shall see."

"I assure you that you will not see."

"Well, then, you will have the courage of a lion."

The ladies were right, for to avoid being guilty of absurd cowardice it was necessary to defy society and fashion. I do myself the justice to say that I resisted the temptation. There has always been a shade of independence in my character opposed to the demands of cliques.

The mention of cliques reminds me of a most exclusive association of the sort which had been formed during my absence. It was neither of a political nor of a serious nature,

and was called or had baptised itself the "Château." Some ladies who had been obliged to stay in Paris during the summer had fallen into the habit of passing their evenings together as they would have done in a country house, and had attracted the men of their social circle to these meetings. So far all was perfectly natural, but when the return of winter brought back society and its numerous gatherings, they had attempted to continue their summer custom. They would arrive at a house at the same time, form a circle in a drawing-room surrounded by a few men admitted to their acquaintance and decline further communication with the vulgar mob. Many overtures were made to induce me to enter this sanhedrin, which was composed of my most intimate friends. I not only refused, but I openly declared my hostility. My principal argument, which I could advance without giving offence, was that this coalition withdrew from society those who were best fitted to grace and adorn it. By degrees the most distinguished of the men withdrew from the clique, which was hated by all who were not members. Some ladies attempted to continue it for a short time longer, but it gradually fell to pieces, and all were thoroughly weary of it when it was abandoned.

Exclusiveness of this kind is too unsociable ever to be successful in France, whether attempted by young women or by men of letters and learning. Still less is it possible for politicians.

The attitude of Mme. de Duras towards the "Château" coincided with my own. She held aloof from the clique, although she was in personal relations with every member of it. As the Duc de Duras was no longer on duty, she had left the Tuileries. I visited her constantly, though by no means every day as before. She was living in the Rue de Varennes, and the distance was sometimes too much for me. Her house was also a centre of opposition to the Ministry, which caused me some embarrassment.

The misfortunes of M. de Chateaubriand had been prolonged and increased, with the result that they had made him entirely hostile. His pecuniary embarrassments grew daily more severe, and his temper deteriorated correspondingly. He conceived the idea of going to England to set up an opposition paper, as the Parisian press did not seem to him sufficiently free to attack the King's Government. My father had strong objections to this inconvenient visitor. Fortunately, the objections of Mme. de Chateaubriand on the one side and the expostulations of the *madames*<sup>1</sup> on the other induced him to give up the project.

His desire of self advertisement as well as his need of money induced him to sell his house of La Vallée aux Loups. His disgust became excessive when no one was concerned by so great an event, though he had attempted to give it the utmost possible publicity. The house was to be sold by lottery at a thousand francs a ticket. Mme. de Duras persuaded herself no less than the poet that subscribers would be found in every part of the habitable globe, and that the ingratitude of the House of Bourbon for its protector would be so clearly published that indemnities of money, positions, and honours would rain upon the head of M. de Chateaubriand. Though the lottery had been advertised, puffed and hawked about in every possible manner, no subscribers appeared and no one would take any tickets: I believe only three tickets were sold. Mathieu de Montmorency<sup>2</sup> bought La Vallée aux Loups in return for a loan which he had previously made to M. de

<sup>1</sup> See first volume of these Memoirs, p. 263 f.

<sup>2</sup> Mathieu Félicité, Vicomte and afterwards Duc de Montmorency Laval. At the time of the Revolution he was captain of the guards of the Comte d'Artois, but adopted revolutionary ideas. After August 10 he withdrew to Switzerland, near to Mme. de Staël. At the time of the Restoration he became *aide-de-camp* to Monsieur, peer of France in 1815, Minister of Foreign Affairs, member of the Academy, and governor of the Duke of Bordeaux (1767-1826).

Chateaubriand. The court, the Government, the French and foreign public remained totally indifferent, and M. de Chateaubriand found that he had lost his little house without securing the effect he had desired.

These events produced a lasting anger in his mind, which must have been very keen to induce him at a later date to join the other founders of the *Conservateur*.<sup>1</sup> He had nothing in common with these people, and shared neither their prejudices, their sentiments, their regrets, their hopes, their foolishness, nor even their politeness. At no other moment of his life did the necessities of his position hurry him further from his real opinions, his tastes, and his personal tendencies. Most of the views which he supported were repugnant to his judgment, and he would have refuted them with better readiness and success if he had been in power and had been requested to combat them. Meanwhile he was terribly ill-tempered at this time, and extremely angry with myself for my ministerial opinions.

In any case, such behaviour was not followed by those who professed themselves thorough Royalists. I remember, at a great ball given at the house of the Duc de Castries, the Prince de Poix, who honoured M. Decazes with his goodwill, none the less tapped him on the shoulder and said aloud:

“Good evening, my dear traitor.”

M. Decazes seemed somewhat surprised at this mode of address, and showed his feelings sufficiently to embarrass the Prince, who attempted to make amends for his want of tact and added with his usual intelligence:

“Well, they all call you that, anyway.”

<sup>1</sup> An ultra-Royalist journal which ceased publication when the censorship was re-established in 1820. The principal collaborators were Lamennais, the Cardinal de la Luzerne, de Bonald, de Castelbajac, with de Genoude, Berryer, and Lamartine, who were then making their first appearance.

The Prince de Poix was indeed speaking the truth, but his bluntness was somewhat excessive. M. Decazes was much disconcerted and probably greatly irritated. If it is true, as I believe, that he had thrown himself too energetically into the reaction towards the Left in 1817 and 1818, the Royalist party might well reproach itself for driving him in this direction. Insults thus repeated must eventually produce exasperation, and the statesman will involuntarily give way to a desire to defend if not to avenge the individual. M. Decazes might have found excellent means for retaliating if he had desired, for the King would have refused him nothing at that time. But he was by nature benevolent.



## CHAPTER XVII

Negotiations for a loan—Ouvrard goes to England—He introduces Mr. Baring to my father—Understanding with Lord Castlereagh—Arrival of Mr. Baring and Mr. Labouchere in Paris—Unrealised hopes—Dinner with the wife of Marshal Moreau—Pamphlet by Salvandy—Influence of General Pozzo on the Duke of Wellington—Evening party given by the Duchesse d'Escars—The contract for the loan is signed—Complaints of the Opposition.

I HAVE already said that the cares of the Government were entirely devoted to the liberation of our territory, and that negotiations upon this point were reduced to a question of money. Ouvrard,<sup>1</sup> the most capable if not the most honest of financiers, offered to undertake the negotiations, and proposed several plans.

When the French capitalists were consulted they unanimously declared that nothing could be done on the credit basis. Among others, M. Laffitte<sup>2</sup> laughed the idea of a loan

<sup>1</sup> Gabriel Julien Ouvrard, born in Brittany in 1770, head of the naval commissariat under the Consulate, when he quarrelled with Bonaparte, who imprisoned him. He then became a banker, and rendered great services to the Emperor, with whom he again quarrelled in 1807. In 1809 he was imprisoned until 1813, and returned to the commissariat in 1814. Under the Restoration he compromised himself in connection with the Spanish war, and was condemned to five years' imprisonment. He died in London utterly ruined. He was a clever but unscrupulous financier.

<sup>2</sup> Jacques Laffitte, born at Bayonne in 1767, entered the firm of Perregaux as a clerk; became partner in 1800, and eventually proprietor. He was Governor of the Bank of France in 1809, and also from 1814 to 1819; was President of the Chamber of Commerce and deputy in 1816. After the Revolution of 1830, which he joined, he became minister. In 1831 he was replaced by Casimir Perier, and joined the Radical Opposition in the Chamber until his death in 1844.

to scorn, and told Pozzo, whose banker he was, and who was requested to sound him, that France would be unable to borrow a halfpenny in any market throughout Europe.

The feeling upon the Paris Bourse reduced our Government to despair, though it was rather a symptom than an accomplished fact, for the Powers, especially Prussia, would not accept the guarantee of the French capitalists, and desired foreign consent for the loan. Thus, if the French bankers had come forward, a further difficulty would have been the task of getting rid of them.

Ouvrard was the only man who thought it was possible to re-establish the credit of France. He was given a general commission for this purpose, and went off to London: here he opened relations with my father, whom he won over by the most specious and apparently the most obvious representations. My father never suspected anything. At the end of a few weeks Ouvrard informed him that the loan had been arranged upon most advantageous conditions, the details of which he was sending to M. Corvetto.<sup>1</sup> The firms of Baring and Labouchere were ready to undertake the business, and only one difficulty remained, with which he was not competent to deal.

Mr. Baring and Mr. Labouchere<sup>2</sup> did not require any guarantee from the Exchequer, but merely a general assurance that in undertaking the business they were doing nothing contrary to the intentions of the English Government and

<sup>1</sup> Louis Emanuel, Comte de Corvetto, born at Genoa in 1756; Councillor of State and Minister of Finance; he effected loans for the liberation of the territory. He became Minister of State and member of the Privy Council. He died in 1821.

<sup>2</sup> Alexander Baring (1773-1848), a famous English banker; member of the House of Commons, President of the Board of Trade, etc. Afterwards created peer in 1835, with the title of Lord Ashburton.

Mr. Labouchere was of French extraction, the brother-in-law of Mr. Baring, and head of the firm of Hope at Amsterdam.

nothing which could injure British interests. On this subject they desired a conference with my father. Mr. Baring was brought to this conference by Ouvrard, and declared himself ready to negotiate as soon as he was authorised by Lord Castlereagh. My father went to the minister, and agreed with him upon the arrangements which should be followed in order to secure the approval of the other Powers, and in particular to avoid offending the feelings of the Duke of Wellington. The next day my father brought Mr. Baring and Mr. Labouchere to Lord Castlereagh and left them there.

Shortly afterwards these gentlemen returned to ask him for their passports. Not only had the minister authorised their action, but had given his entire approval, and had gone so far as to say that "they were acting as good English citizens in undertaking this transaction, which would be a service of the highest value to the whole of Europe." They were highly delighted. Mr. Baring added that Lord Castlereagh had recommended him, with a smile, to call upon the Duke of Wellington and to ask for his advice, in view of the fact that his Grace had special claims to financial ability, and thought his powers in this respect far greater than his military talents. They started the same evening, in company with Ouvrard, who preceded them to bring the news.

Although secrecy was essential, I was informed of these proceedings, and was highly delighted, as may be imagined, the more so as Pozzo told me that the Duke's attitude was excellent and that no further obstacle remained. It was therefore with a satisfaction which I did my best to hide that I listened every day to denunciations of the ridiculous simplicity of the Government, which had conceived the foolish idea of obtaining a loan. Every one knew some banker or money-changer who had demonstrated the absurdity of such a project, which was indeed ridiculed by the Bourse.

Two hours after his arrival in Paris, Ouvrard came to my

house. He had seen our ministers, the Duke of Wellington, and Pozzo, and was radiant with joy. Pozzo soon rejoined us, delighted with his own visit to the Duke. I remember that the small party of us dined quietly with M. Decazes, and our joy may be imagined.

The following morning I received a note from Pozzo, telling me to wait and see him before writing to London. The Duke had sent for him. He came to my house very downcast. Mr. Baring and Mr. Labouchere had arrived, but nothing had been arranged: Ouvrard had regarded his promises as accomplished facts, and was either mistaken or was attempting some deceit for the purpose of operations on the Stock Exchange, a proceeding of which he was quite capable. In any case, these gentlemen had not consented to the arrangements which he had reported as final, and declared that they had not even discussed any single proposal. They had only come to listen to proposals, and were at that moment in consultation with M. Corvetto. According to the information which they had given to the Duke concerning the basis upon which they would consent to treat, their conditions in no way resembled the report given by Ouvrard, and were so burdensome that it was almost as difficult to accept them as it was to do without a loan. Our delight of the previous evening was abruptly shattered; and my own grief was two-fold, both for Paris and for my father in London.

This was a bitter mortification for my father, who seemed to have been duped. I presume that Ouvrard had tricked everybody by his cleverness in avoiding any explicit information concerning the state of the negotiations. I fancy also that his own diplomacy had over-reached itself: he had expected that these gentlemen, in view of their position towards the English Government and their journey to Paris would find themselves too deeply involved to retreat, and

would accept, with some possible modifications, his proposals for a loan. I am inclined to think that Mr. Baring, with whom he had chiefly dealt in London, and who was a much easier man of business than Mr. Labouchere, had shown a greater readiness to accept the transaction under the terms offered. It is also somewhat probable that during their journey in the same carriage Mr. Labouchere had employed the time to some purpose in persuading his colleague to use the necessities of France in order to impose severer conditions. This much at least is certain, that the three conferences which my father had had with these gentlemen in the presence of Ouvrard had left him under the impression that the basis of negotiations had been determined. So incorrect was his idea that when they left the study of M. Corvetto upon the day of their arrival in Paris the business had been entirely broken off.

I shall not recount in detail the methods by which the negotiations were renewed. The Duke of Wellington spared no efforts for this purpose. When once he had been induced to adopt an idea and had been persuaded that it was his own, he pursued it energetically. Pozzo excelled in this persuasive art, and thus rendered great services to France during those times of doleful memory, when our fate depended upon the caprice of a spoilt dotard. Upon one occasion I remember witnessing the exercise of these methods under somewhat amusing circumstances. M. de Barante,<sup>1</sup> who was addressing the Chamber as commissary of the King under circumstances which I forget, referred to the army of occupation as a hundred and fifty thousand bailiffs. It

<sup>1</sup> Amable Guillaume Prosper Brugière, Baron de Barante, born at Riom (1782-1866). Sub-Councillor of State; prefect under the Empire; deputy and chief surveyor of taxes under the Restoration; ambassador and peer of France under the July Monarchy; member of the French Academy.

was an accurate description, but the Duke of Wellington was exceedingly angry, and was restored to good temper only at the expense of much trouble.

A few days afterwards I was dining with some of our ministers at the house of Marshal Moreau's wife. The ministers arrived in despair. That morning a little pamphlet had appeared, "The Coalition and France," the first work of a very young man, by name Salvandy.<sup>1</sup> It was written with warm and talented patriotism, and boldly called the nation to arms against the hundred and fifty thousand bailiffs.

Negotiations were in full swing to secure the loan and the reduction of the army of occupation. In order to succeed, it was necessary to keep the Duke in a good temper, and every one feared the effect which this pamphlet might have upon him. The Duc de Richelieu was horrified, and M. Decazes shared his anxiety. He had a copy of the pamphlet in his pocket, and read some sentences to Pozzo, who thought them extremely violent.

"However," he said, "if the Duke has not heard of it, we shall get out of the difficulty."

Eventually the Duke arrived, an hour late, according to his custom, with his impassive smile on his once handsome countenance, and his "Oh yes, oh yes," at the service of everybody; this was a sign of good temper. Pozzo said to me:

"The Duke knows nothing."

Then he addressed the Duc de Richelieu, who was at my side:

"Make your mind easy, I will arrange it all."

<sup>1</sup>Narcisse Achille, Comte de Salvandy, born at Condom in 1795. Deputy-Councillor and then Councillor of State under the Restoration; afterwards deputy, member of the French Academy, Minister of Public Instruction, and Ambassador at Madrid and Turin under the July Monarchy. Died in 1856.



He avoided the ministers in a manner almost marked, assumed a very sulky air, said hardly a word during dinner, and was careful to make his ill-temper obvious. Immediately after coffee he drew the Duke to a sofa and spoke in furious indignation of this horrible pamphlet and of the necessity of uniting to make the strongest complaints. It was no longer possible to bear such insults, etc. The Duke, astounded by this explosion, asked for details of the pamphlet. Pozzo repeated phrases of it, and was careful to exaggerate their violence. The Duke did his best to calm the fury of the ambassador, begged him to take no step before previous consultation with himself, promised to read the pamphlet, and made an appointment with him for the next morning. Pozzo coming back to get his hat, which he had left near me, said, "Tell them that everything has been arranged," and went away without saying a word to our ministers.

The Duke, on the other hand, went up to them and did his utmost to make amends for the ill-temper of his Russian colleague. The next day Pozzo went to the Duke. He had read the pamphlet, and admitted that it was unseemly, but in a less degree than General Pozzo had reported. The phrases repeated the evening before were not so very offensive, and the most insulting epithet was not to be found; moreover, it was the work of a very young man who had no personal influence whatever, and, in short, the pamphlet had not aroused the Duke's anger so much as that of Pozzo. The latter had grown calm during the night. He permitted the eloquence of the Duke to persuade him, and consented to avoid any scandal, the more so as he had learnt that the French Government was furious at this inopportune publication. It was therefore agreed that no further notice should be taken of the pamphlet: at the most a good-tempered reference might be made to it, in order to show that the foreign Powers had read it and thought nothing of it.

We were greatly amused by this kind of charade. It will be understood that Pozzo did not carry these methods to excess, and was careful not to let the Duke suspect the influence which he had over him. At the same time it must not be thought that the Duke of Wellington was a nonentity. In the first place, he had the instincts of war to a high degree, though he knew little of the theory; his judgment upon important questions was sound, though he possessed little acquired knowledge. In certain respects his morality was not beyond reproach, but he was eminently loyal and straightforward. He never attempted to hide his thoughts of the moment or to evade his promise of the previous evening. But a mere whim was sometimes sufficient to change his intentions entirely. It was in order to combat these frequent caprices and to prevent their realisation in action that General Pozzo employed his adroitness, often with success. The Duke was the readier to listen to him as he knew that Pozzo was dependent upon himself in consequence of the event of 1815, which I have already narrated.<sup>1</sup>

Negotiations for the loan had been resumed, and all was now concluded; the contract was to be signed the next day. I went to spend the evening with the Duchesse d'Escars at the Tuileries; her husband was the First Chamberlain. Upon arriving I was surprised to observe a numerous group in the middle of the drawing-room, and a man concluding a speech. This was a certain R——, a kind of criminal lunatic, who had been declared a bankrupt under conditions of doubtful morality in several countries, but who was none the less the oracle of the Ultra party and the financier of the Pavillon Marsan. In order to make himself heard he was standing upon the rungs of a chair and half of his long thin figure rose above the crowd.

He was prophesying misfortune to the King's Government,

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 95 ff.

and adding argument to argument to prove the hopeless condition of the finances, the impossibility of paying the indemnities, and the bankruptcy which was inevitable within a fortnight. To complete the scandal of this performance in the very palace of the King and in the light of the candles for which he paid, M. R—— had Mr. Baring and Mr. Labouchere among his audience. Upon this occasion I observed the different attitude of these two men. Baring shrugged his shoulders and turned away after a few moments. Labouchere listened with close attention, shook his head, frowned, and felt or pretended to feel anxiety. I heard that the next day, when it was time to sign, he wished to use the prophecies of R—— to increase the burdensome nature of the conditions. But the frank loyalty of Baring objected, and he opposed the arguments of his colleague.<sup>1</sup>

It was none the less true that the most intimate servants of the King had done their very best to increase the embarrassment of the situation. They now continued these manœuvres. In the evening they had declared the loan impossible at any rate. In the morning they asserted that the rate was excessively burdensome. After proclaiming the imminent increase of the army of occupation, and the probability that it would seize the fortresses, they now complained bitterly that the conclusion of the loan brought a reduction of no more than thirty thousand men. Such was the language of these so-called friends!

The Opposition, on the other hand, uttered phrases to the effect that foreigners should be driven out with steel and not with gold. They posed as so many new-born Camilli; magnificent patriotism, no doubt, but there were unfortunately upon our frontiers a million soldiers to reply, like Brennus,

<sup>1</sup> "Mr. Labouchere, although a Frenchman, always showed himself more severe than Mr. Baring." (*Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. IV, p. 151.)

"Woe to the conquered." Upon the Bourse the people who had laughed M. Corvetto to scorn, when he had announced his wish for a loan, and had declared the loan impossible at any price, now grumbled that they had had no opportunity of taking it up, and asserted that they would have offered easier terms. Hence this unexpected success was so diminished by partisan hatred that little credit was left for the King's Government.

I was as much surprised as I was disappointed. For several months I had watched the negotiations of this affair, and had seen them broken off upon several occasions. I had followed the fears and hopes of all these patriotic hearts. I knew the apprehensions which they had felt, and the anxiety with which they had awaited a courier from Berlin or an agreement from Vienna. I saw that the loan had been secured at a reasonable rate with the help of foreign capitalists, who inspired the Powers with such confidence that they consented to terms of payment which made the loan possible. They gave us immediate evidence of their good faith by withdrawing thirty thousand men from the army of occupation. Hence it was to be assumed that the complete evacuation of the territory would soon follow, and events proved the correctness of this supposition.

This was certainly the most splendid success that a Government in so difficult a position could have secured. But to understand the triumph it was necessary to appeal to one's conscience, for every one, friends and foes alike, had so discounted it beforehand that the effect was greatly diminished. The Duc de Richelieu was one of the men best able to appeal to his conscience, and to find himself sufficiently rewarded by the sacrifices which he had performed. I make special mention of him because the confidence inspired by his loyalty contributed more than anything else to the success of the negotiations. His colleagues, however, had shared his sleep-

less hours and his labours; they also deserved some part of the gratitude, if suffering nations are able to be grateful. For my own part, being nothing of a philosopher, I was furious at this ingratitude, while Pozzo roared with anger.

## CHAPTER XVIII

The Duchesse de Berry—The Duchesse de Reggio—Arrangements for my brother's marriage with Mlle. Destillières—Scene at the Tuileries—The King is ill in consequence—Manuscript of St. Helena—The reading of it at the houses of Mme. de Duras and Mme. d'Escars—Success of this apocryphal publication—Its author.

I HAD paid my respects at court when I arrived, but I had not seen the Duchesse de Berry, whose condition had obliged her to remain at home. I saw her for the first time at a ball given by the Duke of Wellington, and she looked far better than I had expected. Though small, her figure was pleasing; her arms, hands, neck, and shoulders were of dazzling whiteness and graceful form; her complexion was beautiful, and her head was adorned with a mass of fair hair of lovely shades. The whole rested upon two of the smallest feet that could be seen. When she was amused or when she grew animated in conversation the defect of her eyes was hardly visible, and I should not have noticed it if I had not known it beforehand. Her condition prevented her from dancing, but she walked about the room several times on her husband's arm. She had neither grace nor dignity. She walked badly, with her feet turned inwards, but the feet were so pretty that their mistakes might be pardoned, and her excessive youth atoned for her awkwardness. Upon the whole, I thought her admirable. Her husband seemed greatly attached to her, as also were the Comte d'Artois and the Duchesse d'Angoulême.

As for the Duc d'Angoulême, he was so uncomfortable in a drawing-room that as soon as he had entered his one desire



was to get out. He never stayed more than a quarter of an hour, and only put in an appearance when his presence was indispensable.

The Duchesse de Berry had arrived in France in a state of complete and total ignorance. She could hardly read. Masters were provided for her, and she might have profited by their instruction, as she had plenty of ability and a taste for the fine arts. But no one treated her reasonably. While they attempted to teach her to murder pieces on the piano or to spoil sheets of paper, they never thought of teaching her her duty as a princess. Her husband looked upon her as a child, and took pleasure in spoiling her. The King showed her no serious attention, and Monsieur was merely affable, as usual. The Duchesse d'Angoulême was the only person who tried to guide her, and this she did with the acerbity of a governess.

At first the Duchesse de Berry was afraid of her, and speedily detested her. The Duchesse d'Angoulême was soon aware of these feelings, which the Duc de Berry hardly attempted to check. While doing justice to the virtues of his sister-in-law, he cared nothing for her. Moreover, as he was leading a somewhat immoral life, he did not wish to vex his wife, and attempted by his kindness to atone for the wrongs he had committed elsewhere. It was a bad arrangement for both parties, for the little princess eventually became sulky and tyrannical. Her husband continually told her that she need only do what pleased and amused her, that she need not put herself out for anybody, and that she might laugh at what people said. Of all the lessons that were showered upon her, this was the one which she learnt the most readily and which she hardly ever forgot.

It was curious to see her holding her court, giggling with her ladies and speaking to no one. Any boarding-school girl would have performed the ceremony with greater dignity;

and yet I insist that there was good material in the Duchesse de Berry, and a clever hand might have brought it out. Nothing about her was suitable, except perhaps the Duchesse de Reggio, her lady of honour. She, however, had no influence. This nomination did credit to the good judgment of the Duc de Berry and to the wisdom of the King.

She was the wife of Marshal Oudinot, and represented the imperial *régime* at the new court with such propriety and dignity that no one ventured to regret her appointment, though court nominations aroused the special envy of the Royalist party, who regarded them as their exclusive property. The Duchesse must have had great dignity and good sense to establish her position in an environment which was quite new and entirely hostile. She had succeeded without any help, for Marshal Oudinot, a brave soldier if ever there was one, could do nothing but smoke and gamble, romp with the children, and run into debt. His wife, therefore, had to think for both of them, and this she did with success. It should be added that the Marshal had grown-up children by a first wife, whose affection the second wife had entirely gained.<sup>1</sup>

He would have been very glad to see his wife secure some influence over the Duchesse de Berry, but this did not come to pass. The Duchesse de Reggio inspired her with respect,

<sup>1</sup>Nicholas Charles Oudinot, Duc de Reggio, born at Bar-le-Duc in 1767. He enlisted as a soldier in the Médoc infantry, became lieutenant-colonel of the volunteers of the Meuse in 1791, leader of the fourth half brigade in 1793, brigadier-general in 1794, and general of division in 1799. After Wagram he became Marshal of France in 1809, and Duc de Reggio. At the Restoration he was commander of the national guard and peer of France. He was placed at the head of an army corps at the time of the war in Spain in 1823, and became Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour in 1839, governor of the Invalides in 1842, and died in 1847. On September 15, 1789, he had married Mlle. Charlotte Derlin. As his second wife he married Mlle. Marie Charlotte Eugénie Julienne de Coucy on January 19, 1812.

and she had recourse to her to repair her stupidities, but they bored one another. The Duchesse de Berry had no confidence in her, and as the conduct of the former became more doubtful, the latter held more aloof.

I had proposed to remain only a few weeks in Paris, but a family event detained me longer than I had intended to stay. I had found my brother deeply attracted by Mlle. Destillières. We had known her from her early childhood; she was a charming girl, and my mother doted on her: it seems that from her earliest years she had said she would only marry M. d'Osmond. The death of her parents had left her heiress to a great fortune and mistress of her own future. The best matches in France became suitors for her hand, and my brother had not thought of entering the list. But she made such advances that he fell genuinely in love with her and joined the battalions of suitors, though with some shyness. She did not leave him long unnoticed, and authorised him in a short time to request my father to ask her hand formally in marriage from an uncle who was her guardian, but upon whom she was in no sort of dependence. This uncle had cherished the idea that she would remain unmarried, and that he would continue to manage her fortune, a situation that seemed so agreeable to him that he desired its continuance for an indefinite period. Consequently, far from attempting to combat the objections which Mlle. Destillières had raised to matches previously proposed, he tried to increase them by hinting to her, through persons attached to his interests, that her health was very delicate, and that marriage was consequently impossible for her.

Hence, when the official letter from my father was handed to him by a common friend, M. de Bongard very politely returned an absolute refusal, and informed his niece of the request and of his answer, which had been based, as usual, upon the belief that she did not wish to marry.

"You are wrong, uncle. I did not want to marry the others, but I do want to marry M. d'Osmond."

M. de Bongard was greatly staggered. He was obliged to withdraw his refusal, but did his utmost to delay the marriage. Either he flattered himself that some circumstance might arise to break off the engagement, or he required a long interval to make up the accounts of his stewardship, which had been kept with incredible carelessness; in any case, he exhausted every pretext to gain time. The young people, on the other hand, were in a great hurry, and begged me to remain from day to day, asserting that my departure would provide M. de Bongard with an additional argument for delaying the marriage. He succeeded, however, in his designs, for, though the marriage was arranged for the month of February, and rearranged for the 1st, the 10th, and the 20th of each succeeding month, it did not take place until December.

Though the marriage of Mlle. Destillières was the most interesting event of the day to myself, I still continued to pay attention to public affairs, and was astounded one morning to learn that King Louis XVIII. was very ill. For the moment his health gave rise to keen anxiety.

The Chamber of Deputies was discussing the election law.<sup>1</sup> The Princes were directly opposed to the Government, as the Cabinet was then composed of reasonable people. The Duc de Berry was fomenting opposition to the law, and at one

<sup>1</sup> Law of February 5, 1817. Election was to be direct by a body of electors in each department, composed of Frenchmen who were thirty years of age and paid three hundred francs in direct taxation. The qualification for eligibility was the payment of a thousand francs in direct taxation, an amount which might be raised one-fifth annually. The debate in the Chamber, in the presence of M. Pasquier, lasted from December 26, 1816, to January 8, 1817. The most disputed section was that which granted election in one stage, and this only passed the Chamber of Peers through the influence of the Duc de Richelieu and by a majority of only ten.

of his evening parties openly canvassed for supporters. The King was informed of the fact, sent for him, and rated him soundly. The Duc de Berry complained to his sister-in-law. They discussed their grievances in common, and lashed themselves to fury in the process; at length, in the evening after dinner, Monsieur proceeded to expound their views to the King in no measured terms. The King replied with vigour. Madame and the Duc de Berry intervened, and the quarrel rose to such a pitch that Monsieur declared he would leave the court with his children. The King replied that there were fortresses for rebellious princes. Monsieur answered that the Charter did not provide for state prisons—the unfortunate Charter being constantly invoked by those who hated it most bitterly—and on these friendly terms they parted.

The Duc d'Angoulême had been the only member of the family to keep silence. His respect for his father balanced his respect for the King, so that he would not have felt justified in pronouncing in favour of either party. When once their anger had subsided, all regretted the violence of their language. The poor King wept when he told his ministers of the scene in the evening. He had, however, been so shaken that he was unable to digest his dinner. An attack of gout in the stomach supervened; his breathing almost failed entirely in the night, and he was ill for several days afterwards. His family seized the opportunity for a display of affection in which he pretended to believe in order to gain a little peace, but for which he really cared very little. The public was as well aware as the King of the opposition which the Princes had offered, and the jest of the moment was to call the black balls in the ballot box the prunes of Monsieur.

I do not propose to speak of events which are well known unless I have some special information to give. I shall therefore say nothing of the performance of *Germanicus*, a tragedy



by M. Arnault,<sup>1</sup> which was then forbidden in France and roused Royalist and Imperialist passion to the highest pitch.

The wise precautions taken by the authorities to prevent a collision between the young men of the former army and of the body guards were generally thought to have been inspired by partiality, and each party asserted that it was outraged and persecuted by the authorities. Hence it might be concluded that the action of the authorities had been nothing more than wise and paternal. However, when men are excited by party passion they are unable to pass a calm judgment, and great irritation continued.

It was at that moment that I received from London the first copy of the Manuscript of St. Helena.<sup>2</sup> I read it with extreme interest. But I remember observing to my mother that it appeared too opportunely, and reflected too clearly the passion of the moment, to permit any belief in its authenticity. It was a manifesto of the Bonapartist party as it then existed in Paris, and it was almost impossible to believe that it could have arrived at so opportune a moment had it been written in the midst of the Atlantic. Moreover, it seemed to me so likely to fire a conflagration that I desired to have

<sup>1</sup> Antoine Vincent Arnault, man of letters, born at Paris in 1766, and made his first appearance in 1791. In 1799 he was a member of the Academy, and general secretary of the University under the Empire. After the second Restoration he was exiled in 1816, and his name was struck off the Academy list. In 1819 he was recalled, and re-entered the Academy in 1829. He became permanent secretary.

<sup>2</sup> The Manuscript of St. Helena, an 8vo. pamphlet printed in London, was "a clever imposture which mystified everybody. Napoleon disavowed it. It is now known that the author was Lullin de Chateauvieux, of Geneva, who amused himself in the autumn of 1816, while he was in the country, by writing this *jeu d'esprit*; he sent it without explanation to London, to the publisher Murray, who forthwith printed it." (*Les Supercheries littéraires dévilées*, J. M. Quérard, Vol. II, p. 1229.)



no hand in any possible catastrophe. I locked up the book, and said not a word about it.

Two days afterwards Mme. de Duras asked me whether my London letters gave any information about a manuscript written by the Emperor. I replied with great effrontery that they did not. Twelve days later I received a little note from her, telling me to be sure and come to her house to spend the evening. There I found a company of fifty people, tables set out with candles and a water bottle for the reader's benefit, and a reading of the Manuscript of St. Helena began! The performance was repeated the next day at the house of the Duchesse d'Escars.

Throughout these evenings I was pursued by an idea that I could not drive away. I seemed to see Bonaparte learning that at the house of Marshal Duroc a group of chamberlains and palace ladies had come together to hear and to weep over the pathetic story of the expulsion of Louis XVIII. from Mitau, with his body-guard crying around him, Madame distributing her diamonds to save them from want, the old King blessing them, and the Abbé Marie voluntarily leaving a world where injustice alone was triumphant.<sup>1</sup> And then I thought that the whole of this Imperialist company, moved to the point of tears, was suddenly startled by the entrance of the Emperor himself.

What a panic there would have been, and what a rush to Vincennes the next day! However, no one would have risked anything of the kind. Thanks to Heaven, and let the credit be due to the Restoration, this reading at the houses of the ladies whom I have mentioned might be inopportune,

<sup>1</sup> Joseph François, Abbé Marie, born in 1738; a clever mathematician and assistant tutor to the children of the Comte d'Artois. He followed the prince into exile, and was almoner to the Duc d'Angoulême. When Louis XVIII. left Mitau for Warsaw the Abbé Marie was found dead in his bed with a dagger in his heart, at the moment of the departure for Memel in Prussia, on February 25, 1801.

unseemly and even dangerous for the country, but it could not shake the security of those who were present. No publication in my time ever made so great a sensation. No one would hear any doubts of its authenticity. The more intimate the reader had been with the Emperor, the readier he was to maintain the imperial authorship. M. de Fontanes<sup>1</sup> recognised each phrase; M. Molé could hear the Emperor's voice uttering those very words; M. de Talleyrand seemed to see him writing them; Marshal Marmont found terms of expression belonging to their joint childhood, which no one but the Emperor could have known, etc.; and each and all were electrified by this document proceeding directly from the great man.

Eventually I gave way upon the question of authorship though I could not overcome my astonishment at the opportune nature of the publication. So many people more competent than myself insisted that they could recognise the Emperor's hand, that further doubt would have been mere obstinacy. I remained convinced that these readings were most untimely. At the same time, the people who attended them were of a character to obviate all the scruples which I had conceived. I possessed two copies of this pamphlet, and I began to think that it would be disobliging to keep them locked up. I therefore lent them, and was soon sorry for it, for every morning I received twenty notes asking to borrow them. People put down their names in order, in the hope of getting them.

No mystification was ever so successful or more useful to a

<sup>1</sup> Louis de Fontanes (1757-1821), a journalist exiled at the time of the Terror. After Thermidor 9 he became a member of the Institute, was proscribed on Fructidor 18, and returned on Brumaire 18. In 1802 he was deputy; president of the legislative body in 1804; Grand Master of the University in 1808; senator and comte in 1810. Louis XVIII. appointed him marquis and ministerial member of the Privy Council.

political party. The semi-publicity of the pamphlet gave the savour of forbidden fruit to a work that became a kind of manifesto. Moreover, the common readings evoked that contagious enthusiasm which acts and reacts upon an assemblage of people and prepared the way for an outburst of passion. I was never present at one of these performances in an Imperialist society. But to judge from the effect which these readings produced in our Bourbon *salons*, it might be presumed that all hearts were profoundly stirred and all hatreds and regrets raised to the highest pitch.

The Manuscript of St. Helena will at least remain famous to book collectors as an imposture. It was by the hand of M. Bertrand de Novion, who had no other literary reputation, had never seen the Emperor near at hand, and only came into connection with him during the Hundred Days. I am well aware that after the author's name was known, every one said that a mistake was impossible. But at the moment when this pamphlet appeared it was still more impossible to raise a doubt of its authorship without being stoned.

#### NOTE OF 1841.

After trading on the success of this publication for twenty-five years, and even drawing the profits of it, M. Bertrand de Novion has given the credit of it to its real author, M. de Châteaueux.<sup>1</sup> I was informed of his name in this connection at the time, but the habits, the intimacies, and the opinions of M. de Châteaueux were so hostile to the Empire that I had attached no importance to the assertion. His own statement, the reproduction of the manuscript written by his own hand, and the admission of M. Bertrand de Novion are necessary to secure belief at the present time.

<sup>1</sup> Jacob Frédéric Lullin de Châteaueux; born at Geneva in 1772; agriculturalist and author, corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences. Author of the *Letters of St. James* (1821-1825). Died in 1842.

## CHAPTER XIX

M. de Villèle—Court intrigue to bring back M. de Blacas—The Duchesse de Narbonne—Martin and Sister Récolette—Arrival of M. de Blacas—Lunch at the Tuileries—Madame's little bitch—Prudence of the Duc d'Angoulême—Agitation of the courtiers—Annoyance of M. Molé—Cheerfulness of M. Decazes—Continued delay of M. de Blacas—He is sent back by the King.

THE excitement of the Bonapartists, far from soothing that of the Ultras, became even a stimulus. They accused the long-suffering patience of the King and the moderation of the Ministry. In their view the Restoration could have been set upon a much firmer basis by severe repressive measures, prosecutions, condemnations, and executions, and in particular by dismissals.

M. de Châteaubriand had long ago brought out his *Monarchy by Charter*, in which he demanded only seven devoted men for each department; among these he included the High Provost. He also required freedom of the Press, with a liberal provision of capital penalties<sup>1</sup> for any excesses. Even these concessions were regarded as too liberal by the Ultras, and he was obliged to modify his views to remain one of their chiefs. Another leader arose with less outcry; this was M. de Villèle,<sup>2</sup> a less brilliant but cleverer man. His low

<sup>1</sup> In consequence of this famous publication, M. de Châteaubriand was deprived of his position as Minister of State by royal decree of September 20, 1816.

<sup>2</sup> Jean Baptiste Seraphin Joseph, Comte de Villèle, born at Toulouse in 1773. Mayor of the town, and deputy in 1815; minister in 1821; President of the Council; resigned in 1828. Died in 1854.

birth, his vulgar manners, his eccentric appearance, and his nasal intonation excluded him from the *salons*, but he began to acquire much influence in the Chamber of Deputies and to gather around him a special party of the Ultra opposition. The court, however, was in no humour to await the results of constitutional manœuvres, and was making preparations on its own account.

Since her marriage the Duchesse d'Angoulême had been constantly accompanied by Mme. de Sérent and her two daughters, the Duchesses de Damas and de Narbonne. Mme. de Narbonne had all that intellectual power which her sister thought she herself possessed. King Louis XVIII. had speedily observed the difference between the pretentious wittiness of Mme. de Damas and the real distinction of Mme. de Narbonne. While at Hartwell he had fallen into the habit of talking confidentially with the latter lady. He liked the society of intellectual women, for which Mme. de Balbi had given him a taste. The two sisters were intimate with M. de Blacas, though in different degrees: his absence was a sorrow to the one and an annoyance to the other, who found herself deprived of the influence which she exercised during his ministry. While M. de Blacas had been all-powerful with the King, Monsieur and Madame had hated him and had been delighted by his expulsion. But "evils past are but a dream," and they detested the ministers in power even more. The favouritism of Decazes, who was a middle-class Imperialist, made them regret Blacas, who was of noble birth and an *émigré*. With the latter they had at least many points in common, and could speak the same language. Mme. de Narbonne had thus no great difficulty in inducing the Princes to admit that they had not benefited by the change. It only remained to remind the King of his old likings, and this she undertook to do.

Louis XVIII. favoured the views in vogue during his youth,

and was an eighteenth century philosopher upon religious questions. The religious practices to which he conformed most exactly were for him nothing more than a pure matter of etiquette. Notwithstanding his avowed scepticism, he was not without a certain tincture of superstition. He was ready to believe that if there was a God, and if He concerned Himself with anything upon earth, that concern could only be the head of the house of Bourbon. Mme. de Narbonne took advantage of the fact that she had access to him to speak of a certain Sister Marthe, a recluse, and of a farmer named Martin in the neighbourhood of Paris, both of whom had had visions so extraordinary, by reason of their importance and their coincidence, that she thought it her duty to tell the King of them. According to her, all timorous consciences were already startled by these denunciations of the abyss towards which the nation was rushing. She returned to the charge upon several occasions, and the King consented to see Martin. Doubtless he was well coached by those in immediate attendance on the King; he gave a detailed revelation of his Majesty's past, and then proceeded, as was his duty, to speak of the present and the future. The King's incredulity was shaken.<sup>1</sup>

Mme. de Narbonne then sent to M. de Blacas, at that time Ambassador at Rome, telling him to come at once upon any pretext that he could find, and saying that she was authorised to promise him the support of the Princes, and that she had no doubt of his success with the King. Hence one fine morning one of the King's valets, who was devoted to M. de Blacas, came into his Majesty's room and handed him a note

<sup>1</sup> Ignace Thomas Martin, born at Gallardou (Eure-et-Loire) in 1783, died at Chartres on May 8, 1834. He is supposed to have been taken to the King by M. Decazes, then Minister of Police, on April 2, 1816. See the curious account of this interview, and of the visions of Martin in *Le livre de toutes les prophéties et prédictions* (Paris, 1848, p. 189 ff.).



from the Ambassador, who said that, unable to resist the yearnings of his heart, he had come to Paris merely to see the King, to hear his voice, to fall at his feet, and, having thus laid in a supply of happiness for several months, to start away again. M. de Blacas had wrongly speculated upon the weakness of Louis XVIII., who, as he knew, wished to be loved for himself. The King gave a dry verbal answer:

“I only receive ambassadors when introduced by the Minister of Foreign Affairs.”

M. de Blacas was therefore obliged to begin with a visit to the Duc de Richelieu. Much astonished to see an ambassador whom he thought to be at Rome, he presumed that Louis XVIII. had sent for him, and asked him if he had seen the King.

“No,” said M. de Blacas. “You will understand that I should not have presented myself without you.”

This unexpected mark of respect seemed remarkable to the Duc, who, notwithstanding his loyalty, thought he scented an intrigue at the bottom of this unlooked-for return. He was confirmed in this opinion when the King showed no surprise at seeing M. de Blacas upon his arrival. The coldness of his reception seemed to the Duc de Richelieu to be due to previous arrangement. M. de Blacas thought otherwise, and understood from that moment that he had been ill-advised.

The King always dined exclusively with the royal family. Lunch, however, was a more sociable function at the Tuileries. Monsieur took a cup of chocolate alone in his own room, but the Duc d'Angoulême used to lunch with those of his officers who were on duty, the Duc de Damas, and the Duc de Guiche. The Duc de Berry added to his own household certain of his acquaintances, and often sent out invitations for this meal. The King had a table of twenty places laid every morning. Apart from the officers on duty, the heads of household departments could be present when they pleased without

invitation. The Duchesse d'Angoulême, accompanied by her lady on duty, used to lunch with her uncle.

The Duc de Richelieu and the Comte de Blacas had the right to places at this table, as one was First Gentleman of the Chamber and the other First Master of the Wardrobe; as minister and ambassador they would not have been admitted, and the King would have walked into the dining-room without telling them to follow him.<sup>1</sup> Their audience had taken place shortly before lunch, and they accompanied the King when he entered the room where the guests were assembled. Surprise and embarrassment were general at the appearance of M. de Blacas, who was thought to be at Rome. Eyes were turned upon the King's face to discover in what way the Ambassador should be received, but the King's expression was impassive. The presence of M. de Richelieu was an embarrassment to those who would have liked to show the hopes which they possibly felt.

Every one, according to custom, had assembled, when Madame arrived, preceded by a little bitch which M. de Blacas had formerly given her: the animal jumped up to its former master and fawned upon him.

"Poor Thisbé!" said the King. "I am pleased to see that she remembers you so well."

The Duc d'Havré<sup>2</sup> leaned over to his neighbour and said in his ear:

"We must follow Thisbé's example without hesitation."

<sup>1</sup> The Duc de Richelieu was Master of the Hounds, and the Comte de Blacas d'Aulps, Grand Master of the Wardrobe.

<sup>2</sup> Joseph Anne Auguste Maximilien de Croy, Duc d'Havré and de Croy, born 1744. Field-marshal, knight of the orders, deputy to the States General. Went into exile in 1791; returned in 1814. Peer of France, lieutenant-general: captain of the King's guards. Died in 1839. His sister, Louise Elizabeth de Croy d'Havré, Marquise de Tourzel, was governess of the Children of France after Mme. de Polignac.

M. de Blacas was then surrounded with most affectionate demonstrations. Madame showed no greater surprise than the King, but received M. de Blacas with great kindness. Doubtless she was not unaware of the intrigue which was in progress. The Duc d'Angoulême lunched somewhat later than the King, and when the Princess left her uncle's apartments she used to come in at the end of the Duke's meal and eat one or two grapes every day. Upon this day she announced the arrival of M. de Blacas.

"So much the worse," replied the Duc d'Angoulême dryly. She made no answer. My brother, who was lunching with the Prince as his *aide de-camp*, was struck with the idea that there was a difference of opinion concerning this event in the royal household.

Such occurrences, however, were common enough. The Duc d'Angoulême almost worshipped his wife, who had the tenderest affection for him, but they did not agree upon points of politics. In this respect Madame was rather in sympathy with Monsieur, and neither of them had any influence upon the Duc d'Angoulême. When Madame would begin one of her ultra-Royalist harangues he used to cut her short.

"My dear Princess"—it was thus that he addressed her—"we will not talk of it: we can neither agree nor persuade one another."

Thus all party intrigues were checked by the wisdom of the Duc d'Angoulême, who invariably refused to show any opposition to the King's Government. On the other hand, these intrigues found active support among the other princes and their dependants, including those of the King.

The news of the arrival of M. de Blacas caused a great sensation, as might well be imagined. I was speedily informed of the small surprise shown by the King, of the story of Thisbé, and of the "so much the worse" of the Duc

d'Angoulême. The substratum of fact was differently coloured by the various political parties. The courtiers had noticed that after lunch M. de Blacas had spoken to the King in a low voice, and that he had replied loudly in his severe tone:

"It is a matter of right; you have no need to ask permission."

It was known that the question at issue was the installation of M. de Blacas in the room of the Grand Master of the Wardrobe in the Tuileries. This room, which M. de Blacas had secured when he was enjoying the highest favour, communicated directly with the King's apartments. It was remembered that the Major-General of the Guard had been lodging there provisionally while his own apartments were refurnished, but that the repairs had been pushed on with redoubled activity for some time past, and that two days previously he had been able to remove to his own rooms and leave those of M. de Blacas free. I admit that this circumstance, in view of the easy communication possible, seemed to me serious. The straightforwardness of the monarch was not sufficiently recognised to remove all suspicion that the coldness of his reception did not express his real feelings.

M. de Blacas made a point of spending the whole morning in the *salon* of the Louvre, where there was an exhibition of pictures at that time; he spoke of nothing else during the dinner at the house of the Duc d'Escars. He threw out some remarks which pointed to a speedy departure to Rome. Being, however, anxious to know what was in progress, I went to the house of M. Decazes in the evening. Similar anxiety had brought some people, malice had brought others and curiosity still more, so that there was a considerable crowd. Every one seemed much agitated except the master of the house, who was calm as

usual. I cannot say as much for M. Molé,<sup>1</sup> then Naval Minister, whose anxiety was hopelessly obvious. I can still see him sitting upon a little sofa in the corner of the fireplace and pushing forward a screen under pretext of keeping the light from his face, but really to hide his anxious countenance.

Under ordinary circumstances M. Decazes did not pay his daily visit to the King upon days when he was at home, but he now disappeared from his drawing-room. A short time afterwards some one, I think it was M. de Boissgelin, coming from the ceremony of the password, told me that M. de Blacas, resuming his ancient habits, had followed the King to his apartments when he had retired. The absence of the Minister of Police was not long, and his attitude was perfectly calm upon his return. I observed that though his conversation was less witty and his manner less courtly than that of M. Molé, he had much more the bearing of a statesman upon this occasion.

When the people were going away I came up to M. Decazes and said:

"What news shall I write to my father to-morrow? The mail starts then."

"Tell him that I am his most devoted servant, as I am yours."

"You know that it is not mere curiosity that makes me ask. The Ultra newspapers will raise the war cry, so tell me seriously what I am to say to the Ambassador."

"Well, seriously, tell him that M. de Blacas arrived to-

<sup>1</sup> Louis Mathieu, Comte Molé, born at Paris in 1781. Junior member and sub-councillor of the Council of State; Prefect, Councillor of State, Director-General of Roads and Bridges, Chief Judge under the Empire, peer of France at the Restoration; Naval Minister in 1817; Foreign Minister of the July Monarchy; President of the Council; member of the French Academy in 1840. He had married Mlle. de la Briche. Died at Champlatreux in 1855.

day, which is Friday, from Rome, and that next Thursday he will start from Paris for Rome."

"Thursday? And why not to-morrow?"

"Because such haste would make his journey an event, and it is infinitely better that it should appear an absurdity."

"I quite understand the force of that argument, but are you not afraid of prolonging those communications which are permitted by the proximity of the two apartments?"

"I am afraid of nothing, and I advise you to imitate me."

These last words were accompanied by a somewhat presumptuous smile. I admit that I was very far from sharing his confidence, as I knew the weakness of the King and the intrigues which surrounded him. However, M. Decazes was right. The King was capable of intriguing against his ministers, but he would not be disloyal to his favourites. Whenever a favourite was taken from him, it was by superior force and never through any complicity of his.

At lunch the next day the King purposely said that he hoped the weather would improve, that M. de Blacas might have a pleasanter return journey. As the party broke up he said aloud:

"Comte de Blacas, if you wish to speak to me this evening, come before the time of the password. Afterwards I have an appointment with the Minister of Police."

As the royal family left the King at eight o'clock, and as the password was given at a quarter past eight, the conversation could neither be long nor intimate. M. de Blacas bowed deeply, but the blow was felt, and at that moment Thisbé could have caressed him without finding any imitators. However, the so-called party of the Pavillon de Marsan, with its usual optimism, asserted and possibly believed that this coldness was merely apparent, and would be compensated by some mark of favour which would produce an explosion in the near future. My opinion inclined in this direction, especially



when M. de Blacas asserted that he was ill upon the day before the time fixed for his departure. He kept his room for forty-eight hours, and then reappeared with a hoarseness which did not allow him to undertake a long journey. He gained a dozen days by different pretexts. The last excuse was his desire to accompany the King upon his ride of May 3, the anniversary of his entry into Paris. He used to go round the streets in an open carriage, escorted only by the National Guard, as this sight pleased the populace.

M. de Blacas hoped that the rights attaching to his post would secure him a place in the King's carriage; the latter, however, exhausted all the resources of etiquette to deprive him of this satisfaction. I no longer remember precisely what manœuvre was employed, but M. de Blacas only appeared in a subordinate carriage. When he returned to the palace the King stopped at the door of his room; he held the door open for him, an unprecedented action, and said aloud:

“Good-bye, my dear Blacas; a pleasant journey to you; do not over-tire yourself by hurrying. I shall be delighted to hear from you from Rome.”

Thereupon he shut the door in the face of the Comte, who was preparing to follow him. M. de Blacas, much disconcerted by the brevity of this friendly leave-taking, started the same evening.

The result of this journey was the nomination of a Minister of the King's Household.<sup>1</sup> Though he did not precisely claim the title, M. de Blacas drew the salary and retained the right of patronage, the duties being performed by one of

<sup>1</sup> This nomination was not made until the second Ministry of the Duc de Richelieu. When the King's household was reorganised by the decree of November 1, 1820, the Marquis de Lauriston was appointed Minister of the King's Household and member of the Council of Ministers. Previous to that date the *Almanach Royal* mentions no titular officer.

his adherents, M. de Pradel.<sup>1</sup> By way of compensation M. de Blacas was made a duke and First Gentleman of the Chamber somewhat later.<sup>2</sup>

The intrigue having failed, Martin was entirely forgotten, the more so as the King had handed him over to the care of M. Decazes. He spent some weeks at Charenton, though the doctors were unable to assert that his mental derangement amounted to actual madness. He was sent back to his village, whence the Congregation recalled him upon several subsequent occasions. One of his principal visions concerned the life of Louis XVIII., and attempts to frighten the royal family by this means were made several times later. He was last heard of during the stay of Charles X. at Rambouillet in 1830.

The Duchesse de Narbonne went to join her husband,<sup>3</sup> for whom she had procured the post of Ambassador at Naples; I do not know whether this action was entirely voluntary. The energetic part which she had played in this intrigue had displeased the King, and M. Decazes even more. Though exile had been abolished under the Charter, it was generally understood that she had received orders not to reappear at court, and had been advised to withdraw.

<sup>1</sup> The Comte de Pradel was director-general of the department of the King's household. He became First Chamberlain and Master of the Wardrobe in 1820.

<sup>2</sup> The Comte de Blacas was made duke and First Gentleman of the Chamber in 1820. He received the *ordon bleu* at the same time on the occasion of the honours conferred after the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux.

<sup>3</sup> The Comte de Narbonne Pelet (1771-1855); went into exile, and became peer of France August 17, 1815, duke in 1817, and Ambassador at Naples until 1821. He married Mlle. Emilie de Sérent.

## CHAPTER XX

M. Decazes as favourite—His style of flattery—The conspiracy of Lyons—The Duc de Raguse calms popular feeling—Speech of M. Laffite—The Duc d'Orléans returns to Paris—Story invented concerning my mother—My indignation—The arrival of the whole of the Orléans family—Lunch at the Palais Royal—Absurd slander concerning Mademoiselle.

M. DECAZES was more firmly established than ever as the King's favourite. The King saw only with his eyes, heard only with his ears, and acted only by his will. Flattery is practically the only means of dominating a sovereign. Louis XVIII. was too well accustomed to the flattery of professional courtiers to lay much stress upon it; he needed it as a kind of atmosphere in which he could breathe at greater ease, but it did not appeal to his imagination. His whim was to be liked for himself alone, and upon this feeling all previous favourites had played. Mme. de Balbi<sup>1</sup> was, I believe, an exception; content to allow the King to adore her and anxious only to please and to amuse, without pretending any deeper feeling.

M. Decazes invented a new method of securing the King's favour. He represented himself as the King's handiwork, both socially and politically. He pretended to be his pupil rather than his minister, and spent hours receiving instruction from him. Under this royal professor he learnt both ancient and modern languages, law, diplomacy, history, and especially literature.

The perspicacity of the pupil was the more remarkable for the reason that he knew these subjects of instruction better

<sup>1</sup> Comtesse de Balbi, *née* de Caumont La Force (1753-1832).

than his master. But his astonishment at every new revelation in science and literature never ran dry, and was only surpassed by the gratitude which he manifested. On his side the King grew daily more attached to this brilliant pupil, who induced him at the end of each lesson to sign and approve the contents of his ministerial portfolio, having previously persuaded his most Christian Majesty that his royal will was the only mainspring of action.

The King's feeling for M. Decazes was expressed in the terms by which he used to address him. He habitually called him "my child," and during the last years of his favouritism, "my son." M. Decazes would perhaps have borne these high marks of favour without losing his head if he had not been roused by the insolence of the courtiers. The desire to give as good as he received led him to become haughty and rude; these faults, in addition to his fickleness and want of concentration, made him more enemies than he really deserved.

About this time a conspiracy at Lyons was announced which gave rise to keen anxiety. The agitation in the town and neighbourhood was notorious, and an outbreak of disorder was imminent. Marshal Marmont was sent to the spot armed with wide powers. The Royalists accused him of excessive partiality for the Bonapartists. I know nothing of the details, but in any case he speedily crushed the supposed conspiracy, for three days after his arrival all was once more peaceful, and nothing more was heard of the movement.

The disturbances at Grenoble, which were better authenticated, had brought such credit to General Donnadieu<sup>1</sup> in the

<sup>1</sup> Gabriel Donnadieu, Vicomte and lieutenant-general (1777-1849), took part in the campaigns of the Revolution. He conspired against the First Consul, and was imprisoned. He was then restored to favour, and made a baron and brigadier-general by the Emperor. He was again compromised and once more imprisoned. Louis XVIII. appointed him lieutenant-general. He went to Ghent, and obtained com-

previous year that the authorities at Lyons were suspected of having fomented disorders in the hope of obtaining similar rewards. The reputation of General Canuel<sup>1</sup> gave some colour of truth to this serious accusation; he might well have been aspiring to prove himself a worthy rival of General Donnadieu.

The Prefect of Police, a man held in low esteem,<sup>2</sup> had joined him to hamper and terrorise M. de Chabrol, the prefect of the department, who acted only according to the good pleasure of these two men. The truth concerning the conspiracy at Lyons<sup>3</sup> remains one of the unsolved problems of history. Some have entirely denied the existence of a conspiracy, others have demonstrated its dangerous character. Probably neither party was entirely correct.

Political feeling had always run high in this town, and was mand of Grenoble after Waterloo. From 1821 to 1827 he was deputy. He took part in the Spanish campaign, but was sent home for insubordination. He was retired by the July Monarchy, and in 1837 published a political pamphlet which procured his condemnation by the Court of Assizes.

<sup>1</sup> Simon Canuel, born in Poitou in 1767, was general in the Republican army in La Vendée. He joined the Restoration, and shared in an attempted Royalist rising in La Vendée during the Hundred Days. He was deputy for Vienna to the Undiscoverable Chamber, and commanded the military division of Lyons in 1817.

<sup>2</sup> M. Charrier de Sainneville, lieutenant-general of police at Lyons. "He was an active and intelligent man, well known for the excellent service he had rendered to the town for twenty years in the municipal administration at difficult periods; he was, however, extremely vain, and inclined to magnify his own importance unduly." (*Mémoires*, Vol. du *Chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. IV, p. 173.)

<sup>3</sup> Baron Pasquier, who was Minister of Justice at this time, writes: "My duty obliges me when dealing with this matter to read and consider everything, and I must admit that I can hardly pass a positive judgment upon any one of the disputed facts." None the less, he gives a complete account of the events, which seems sufficient to prove the case, especially as concerns the attitude of the authorities. (*Mémoires*, Vol. III, p. 164 ff.) Mme. de Boigne evidently knew the history of this event but very superficially, as indeed she observes.

even more excited after the Hundred Days, so that the materials for a conflagration were at hand. The incitements of party leaders or any want of tact on the part of the authorities were equally likely to produce a catastrophe. Upon this occasion both influences were nullified by the presence of the Marshal. His reward was the hatred of both parties, and also the discontent of the Government. This he in some degree deserved by the untimely publicity he gave to the events he had witnessed, the blame of which he threw upon the Administration. He thought it his duty also to testify personally to their accuracy. I was, however, absent when these events took place, and know nothing more than the general outlines.

Generals Donnadieu, Canuel, and especially Dupont, who had been carefully chosen as men worthy of all confidence, were entirely insignificant under the Empire, and the favours shown to them always produced a bad impression upon the army.

Negotiations for the return of the Duc d'Orléans had proved successful, and the Prince had come over in person to reconnoitre the ground. The way for his return had been by no means smoothed by a speech of M. Laffitte, a deputy of the Opposition, in which he made most unsuitable references to William III. of Orange in a manner which aroused all the partisanship of the Royalist party. Unfortunately, the arrival of the Duc d'Orléans had been already announced, and it would have been more dangerous to retire before these outcries than to defy them. He therefore came over. The King received him with his accustomed calmness, the Duchesse d'Angoulême with politeness, Monsieur and his sons in a friendly manner, while the Duchesse de Berry, who remembered Palermo and had not seen him since her marriage, greeted him with joy and affection, calling him "my dear uncle" at every moment, and was well scolded in private in consequence. She shed many tears, and entirely changed her manner to the Prince, whom she afterwards addressed merely



as Monseigneur. She always spoke to the Duchesse d'Orléans as "aunt."

The straightforward conduct of the Prince put an end to the gossip, which was nowhere echoed so loudly as in the house of his mother, the Duchesse. Her circle was violently hostile, and she was either too weak to object or too foolish to understand. Upon my return from England, I had been to pay my respects to her. She was in great anxiety because the spaniel of M. de Follemont had fallen ill, and I attempted to distract her by telling her of her grandchildren whom I had just left at Twickenham; hence the nucleus of the Ultra party, who formed her most intimate circle, declared that I was an Orleanist, and spread rumours to that effect. I was greatly annoyed, not so much for my insignificant self as for my father. It was also important in the interest of the Duc d'Orléans that the impartiality of the Ambassador should be above suspicion. The accusation, like so many others, died away. There was not a shade of truth in it, for if the Duc d'Orléans had wished to begin any intrigue in England at this time, he would have found my father entirely unwilling to show him the smallest indulgence.

During the few days that the Duc d'Orléans spent in Paris he called upon me on two occasions. Honoured as I was by these visits, I feared that they might renew the gossip of the winter, but that topic was exhausted. Calumniators had been roused to fury by the success of my brother with the young heiress, who had been pursued by many and desired by all, and another subject for slander was thus provided.

Thinking probably that my father's position had influenced the arrangement of this marriage, a story went about that after a kind of orgie, where my mother had been intoxicated with the Prince Regent, he had attempted to take liberties, to which she had replied by a box on the ears; that the ladies had left the table, and that the Prince had complained to our

court; that since that time my father and mother had never left their house, and that they were about to be withdrawn from London.

This charming anecdote, invented and passed from mouth to mouth in Paris, came over to London: some English newspapers alluded to it and revived the Parisian slander. All my excellent friends came in turn to ask me what was the foundation for the story, what was the true version of it, or what substratum of truth was in it, etc. When I replied with the most exact truth that the relations between the Prince and my mother had been merely those of politeness, condescension and respect, and that no circumstance could have given rise to this wild fiction, my hearers assumed a faint smile of incredulity which made me furious. I have rarely felt keener indignation than upon that occasion. My mother was the model, not only of all the virtues, but of all good manners and proprieties. To invent such an absurdity concerning a woman of sixty years, as vengeance for the success of her son, seemed to me a piece of cowardice of which I cannot speak calmly even at the present day.

The Prince Regent was kindness itself. He met my father in the Park, and made him accompany him throughout his ride; he stopped for a long time amid a large group of English gentlemen on horseback, and was careful when he went away to shake hands with the Ambassador with marked cordiality. My father understood these unusual marks of favour when he learnt at a later date of the foolish rumours current in Paris and hinted at in London. My own disgust gave me a strong desire to go away. My brother's marriage had been certainly postponed until the autumn, and I decided to return to London to await that event.

While this hateful story was being invented and passed round, the whole of the Orléans family had come into residence in the Palais Royal. They arrived late in the evening, and I

called the next morning. Lunch was waiting for the princes upon their return; they had been to pay their respects to the royal family. I saw them come back, and it was easy to infer that the visit had not been a success. The Duchesse d'Orléans was sad, her husband serious, while Mademoiselle felt ill when she entered the dining-room.<sup>1</sup> She had just been extremely ill, and was hardly recovered. We hastened at once to her, but she revived and said, clasping my hand:

"Thank you, my dear; it is nothing. I am better, but I am still weak, and that always tries me."

The gloom upon every face was dispersed by the entrance of a large dish of pastry cakes, smoking hot.

"Ah!" they cried, "Palais Royal cakes!" And their love of their own country effaced the impression which their reception at the Tuileries had left. I spent a large part of the few days that remained to me in Paris with these amiable princesses, who received me with extreme kindness and shared my indignation at the slanders current concerning my mother. They also knew by experience the rapidity with which these calumnious inventions go about. It was at that time that a rumour was current of a secret marriage between Mademoiselle and Raoul de Montmorency: she might easily have been his mother as far as age was concerned.<sup>2</sup> When he married Mme. Thibaut de Montmorency, it became necessary to abandon this fable. I do not know if M. Athalin was immediately substituted for Raoul, as I did not hear this piece of gossip until long afterwards. The second edition was no more true than the first, and both stories equally absurd and slanderous.

<sup>1</sup> See in the Appendix the letter from the Duchesse d'Orléans to the Marquis d'Osmond under date April 21, 1817.

<sup>2</sup> See note, p. 180. Mme. de Boigne exaggerates. Raoul de Montmorency was born in 1790, and Mademoiselle in 1777, so that she was only thirteen years older than he.

## CHAPTER XXI

Tom Pelham—Opening of Waterloo Bridge—Dinner at Claremont—  
Ill-temper of Princess Charlotte—Her kindness—A new caprice  
—Conversation with her—Death of Princess Charlotte of Wales—  
General mourning—Character of Princess Charlotte—Her tastes  
and habits—Suicide of her doctor—Strange advice of Lord Liver-  
pool—Maxim of Lord Sidmouth.

MUCH as I hate the sea, I was amply repaid for the fatigues of my journey by the happiness which my return to London caused my parents. It was a great pleasure to stay peacefully with them, removed from the petty annoyances of a society which was always ready to exact immediate payment for the kind of success which it most appreciates because it is within the range of every intellect.

Everybody can understand how pleasant it would be if his son, his brother, or his friend were to marry a rich heiress, and every one would consider the success of another candidate as an infringement upon his own rights. I have since observed, in cases which touch me less nearly, that no incident is better calculated to rouse the envy and the animosity of society. Wealth is the general desire of every one, and marriage is the simplest and the quickest way to procure it; hence every one regrets to see another come forward as the chosen favourite.

I remember upon this subject the plans of one of my youthful playmates, young Pelham. He was a younger son, had attained his sixteenth year, and had come back to his father's house for the last time before leaving school. The day after his arrival his father, Lord Yarborough, a little dry man, the coldest, most serious, and most formal character I have ever known, called him into his study and said to him:

“Tom, the moment has arrived when you must choose a

profession, and whatever your choice may be, I will support you to the best of my power. I shall not attempt to influence you, but if you should prefer the Church I may inform you that there are livings in my gift which would make you prosperous forthwith. You are, I repeat, entirely free to choose as you will, but I warn you that when you have decided I will have no chopping or changing. Think the matter over carefully. Do not answer me now. I will ask you again on the evening before you return to school, and you will then be ready to inform me of your choice."

"Yes, sir."

At the end of the holidays, during which Tom had much enjoyed himself, while his father had not perhaps spoken to him upon a single occasion, he called him once more to his study, a place which the whole family held in awe, and in the same solemn manner questioned him again.

"Well, Tom, have you thought carefully upon the question of your career?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you settled?"

"Yes, sir."

"Remember that I will have no changing, and that you will have to follow strictly that profession which you adopt."

"I know, sir."

"Well then, speak."

"If you please, sir, I will marry an heiress."

The imperturbability of Lord Yarborough was not proof against this reply, which was given with unmoved seriousness. He burst out laughing.

In any case, my friend Tom did not marry an heiress: he entered the navy, and died very young of yellow fever in the Antilles. He was a handsome fellow and excellent company. This, however, is a story of a former century, and I now return to the nineteenth century.

On June 18, 1817, the second anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, the bridge named after that battlefield was opened with great pomp. The Prince Regent, with the Duke of Wellington at his side, followed by all the officers who had taken part in that battle, with the regiments of the Guards, was the first to pass over it. Stands had been erected for the principal personages in the country.

As he knew that a stand was being prepared for the diplomatic body, my father gave notice that he did not wish to be invited, having decided not to be present at the ceremony. His colleagues of the diplomatic corps declared that they would associate themselves with his action; that this ceremony was purely national, and did not necessitate the invitation of foreigners. The English Government acceded readily to this view. My father was much touched by the action of his colleagues, the more so as, even at the Tuileries, many would have been found to reproach him for thus displaying his French sentiments. He had, however, decided not to sacrifice his patriotism to any slanderous misinterpretations of theirs. It was Prince Paul Esterhazy who, on his own initiative, proposed to refuse invitations to the stand that was being prepared. He met with no difficulty, and came to tell my father of the decision of the diplomatic body and of the consent of the English Cabinet.

My relations with Princess Charlotte of Wales began in 1817. Under pretext that her house was not ready, she had determined to stay away from London. Though this was the time when social functions were at their height, she remained under the cool shade of the trees at Claremont, which she said was a better place for her in view of her condition. My parents were invited to come and dine with her, and I was included in the invitation. My curiosity concerning this young future sovereign of a great country had been



stimulated by numerous disappointments, as hitherto I had always missed seeing her.

We were met at Claremont by Lady Glenbervie, the Princess's lady,<sup>1</sup> and by a German baron,<sup>2</sup> the Prince's *aide-de-camp*, who was the only other inmate of the house. A number of guests had preceded us, and others were following. Prince Leopold appeared in the midst of us and retired. After waiting a very long time we heard a loud and echoing step in the neighbouring rooms, which I can only compare with the tramp of a drum-major. People about me said, "Here is the Princess."

I then saw her come in upon her husband's arm. She was in full dress and looked well, but was evidently anxious to imitate "The Great Elizabeth" with the intentionally heavy step and the haughty carriage of her head. As she entered the drawing-room on one side, a butler appeared on the other to announce dinner. She merely walked across the room without speaking to anybody. When she reached the dining-room, she called two ambassadors to her side, and the Prince sat down opposite between the ambassador's wives. After vainly attempting to see him by leaning to right and to left of a centre-piece, the Princess summoned up her courage and had the ornament carried away from the middle of the table.

The clouds which had gathered upon her brow lifted in some degree. She smiled graciously upon her husband, but was little more than courteous to the others. Her neighbours were able to extract but few words from her. I had full leisure to examine her during the progress of a somewhat bad dinner. Of her figure I can say nothing. All that could be seen was that she was tall and strongly built. Her hair was fair almost to the point of whiteness, and her eyes were

<sup>1</sup> Mistress of the Robes (*Royal Calendar*).

<sup>2</sup> The Baron of Hardenbroek (*ibid.*).

porcelain blue; eyelashes and eyebrows were invisible, and her complexion was uniformly white, without colour. The reader may cry, "What insipidity! It must have been a very inexpressive face." Nothing of the kind.

I have rarely observed a face of greater alertness and mobility; her look was most expressive. Her red lips, showing teeth white as pearls, formed a mouth which was the most delightful that I have ever seen, while the extreme youth of her features compensated for the want of colour in her complexion, and gave her an appearance of remarkable freshness.

When dinner was over, she made a slight signal to the ladies, and we followed her into the drawing-room. She sat in a corner with one of her friends, whom she had known from youth, and who was also newly married and *enceinte*; I have forgotten her name. They whispered together until the Prince and the gentlemen came in.

He found all the ladies at one end of the drawing-room, and the Princess absorbed in her boarding-school conversation. He made vain efforts to bring her into contact with her guests, placing arm-chairs for the Ambassadors' wives, and attempting to begin a general conversation, but his efforts were fruitless. At length the Countess Lieven, wearied by this exclusiveness, took a seat without invitation upon the same sofa, and began a conversation in a low tone, which was apparently not without interest, as it seemed to absorb her entire attention.

The efforts of the Prince to induce his wife to distribute her favours somewhat more impartially remained entirely useless. Everybody was impatiently awaiting the moment for departure. At length the carriages were announced and we took our leave, being dismissed as carelessly as we had been received. As for myself, I did not even receive the

smallest bow when my mother introduced me to the Princess. As I got into the carriage I said :

“I wished to see her; I have seen her, and have had more than enough of it.”

My mother assured me that the Princess was usually more polite, and I was bound to admit that the anxiety of the Prince supported her statement.

Probably he had reproached her for her bad manners, for a few days afterwards, when we were regretfully meditating the necessary call to express our thanks for the obliging reception which we had received, a fresh invitation arrived. Upon this occasion the Princess went to great trouble to show an equal amount of attention to her guests, but her special favour was reserved for ourselves. She kept us with her until midnight, talking familiarly of everybody and everything, of France and England, of the reception of the Orléans family in Paris, of their connection with the Tuileries, of her own relations with Windsor, of the manners of the old Queen, of the etiquette which she could not endure, and of the weariness which awaited her when it would be necessary to open her London house and spend some months in the capital.

My mother pointed out to her that she would be much more comfortable than in the residence she had occupied at the time of her marriage.

“That is true,” she said; “but when one is so entirely happy as myself, one fears a change even for the better.”

With such confidence did the poor Princess look forward to continued happiness. The same evening she said she was certain she would have a boy, since her every wish had always been realised.

The conversation turned upon Claremont and its gardens. I knew them of old, for M. de Boigne had been upon the point of buying this residence. Princess Charlotte assured us that it had been greatly altered in the last twelve years and

begged us to come one morning in order to look round. A day was arranged, subject to the weather; and should that day prove inconvenient, we were to come as soon as the weather and my father's business would allow. She no longer went out except for a walk in the Park, and from two to four o'clock we should always find her delighted to see us.

We separated after reiterated hand-shakes, delivered with a violence that nearly dislocated the arm, and accompanied by protestations of affection uttered in a voice that was naturally sweet and would have been pleasant if the memoirs of the sixteenth century had not informed us that Queen Elizabeth's conversation was loud and curt. I will not deny that Princess Charlotte appeared infinitely more amiable and more beautiful than at the preceding dinner. Prince Leopold was more at his ease, and seemed to be enjoying the success of his admonitions.

On the morning fixed for our visit to the park of Claremont it was raining in torrents. We were obliged to put off our visit for a few days, and when we came the temper of Princess Charlotte had undergone another change. She received us more than coldly, excused herself by saying that her condition only allowed her to walk a few steps, and called a German *aide-de-camp* to show us round the gardens which she was to have displayed to us with so much pleasure; in short, she was obviously most anxious to be rid of our company. When we had reached the extremity of the park we saw her in the distance giving her arm to Prince Leopold and running like a greyhound. She made a wide circuit and then came up to us. This studied and almost audacious rudeness had shocked us so much that we were ready to treat her with equal coldness.

But the wind had changed. She told us that Leopold had forced her to come out, that the exercise had done her good and made her better able to enjoy the company of her friends. She was as gracious and as kind as any one could be. She

attached herself particularly to myself, as I was a better walker than my mother, took my arm, dragging me after her with long strides, and began to speak confidentially of the happiness of her household and of the great gratitude which she owed to Prince Leopold for his willingness to marry the heiress to a kingdom. She drew with much gaiety, archness, and wit a picture of the position of the "Queen's husband," but she added with emphasis:

"My Leopold shall not be exposed to that humiliation, or my name is not Charlotte," and here she stamped on the ground with a foot which was far from small. "Should they wish to cross my will, I would rather renounce the throne and find a cottage, where I can live according to the laws of nature, in submission to my husband. I will not and cannot reign over England except upon the condition that he shall reign over England and myself. He shall be King, recognised as such and independent of my caprices. You see, Mme. de Boigne, I know my faults: you have seen some of them, and they used to be much worse. You smile as though you thought it impossible, but upon my honour it was far worse before Leopold undertook the difficult task of making me a good girl, quiet and reasonable," she said with an enchanting smile. "Yes, he shall be King or I will never be Queen. Do not forget what I am now telling you, and you shall see that Charlotte can keep her word."

She was fond of referring to herself as Charlotte, and pronounced the name with a kind of emphasis, as though it had already acquired the celebrity which she intended for it. Our conversation was concluded beneath the portico of the house, which we had reached before the rest of the company; and it was then that she uttered the phrase which I have previously quoted concerning the perfect happiness which reigned at Claremont, begging me often to come and see her. I never saw her again, and my acquaintance with the bril-

liant and witty heiress to the three kingdoms ended at that moment.

I had already left England, when a few weeks later death carried off in one hour two generations of sovereigns, the young mother and the son whom she had just brought into the world. Both were victims to the caprices of the Princess. Prince Leopold had been able to secure her reconciliation with her father, the Prince Regent, but all his influence could never overcome the animosity which she felt for her grandmother and her aunts. For fear that they should come to be present at her confinement, she attempted to hide her condition as long as possible. Her labour, however, was so difficult that it was necessary to inform her relations. The old Queen, who had purposely been deceived by the calculations of the Princess, was at Bath, while the Prince Regent was with the Marchioness of Hertford, a hundred miles away from London. The only person with the Princess was her husband, and the physician Croft had persuaded him that there was nothing to fear from a labour which had lasted sixty hours.

The doctors who were waiting in the neighbouring rooms desired to be admitted to the chamber of the Princess. She refused absolutely, and the Prince, who was inexperienced and was misled by Croft, did not venture to insist. Eventually she brought a child into the world which was perfectly healthy and had died merely from exhaustion; the exhaustion of the mother was also extreme. They put her into her bed. Croft insisted that she only needed rest, and ordered every one out of the room. An hour afterwards her nurse heard her calling weakly.

"Fetch my husband," she said, and expired.

The Prince, who was lying on a sofa in the next room, could not be sure that he had received her last breath. His grief was such as can only be imagined, for he had lost everything in the world.



I do not know whether the character of Princess Charlotte would have promised an equally happy future for him. At that moment she was under the influence of an affection which made her passionately devoted to him, and showered kindness upon him with love that was increased by the innate reserve of her character. He was taming her, if the expression may be used. The care which he took to soften this rough nature, now dominated by love, must have been very striking, so long as it was followed by success. At the same time, it was obvious that he was obliged to be careful lest he should frighten her, and he certainly felt that the young tigress might remember that she possessed claws.

I may be allowed to doubt whether the young Princess would always have appealed to the law of natural right, which subjects the wife to the authority of the husband. However, at the moment when she assured me of the fact she entirely believed it, and possibly the Prince believed it also. Probably after he had lost her he remembered nothing but the fine qualities of his noble wife. It is certain that when she wished to please she was extremely attractive. Notwithstanding all her caprices, her popularity in England was indescribable; she was the daughter of her country. From her earliest childhood she had been brought up as the heiress to the crown, and she knew so instinctively the means by which to win the national favour that she was almost an incarnation of the national prejudices.

The zeal with which she carried on her opposition to her father had made her most careful in her expenditure and exactly punctual in her payments. When she went into a London shop and the salesman tried to tempt her by some expensive novelty, she would reply:

“Do not show me that; it is too expensive for me.”

A hundred newspapers repeated the phrase, and praised the sentiment the more loudly as it was a criticism upon the

extravagance of the Prince Regent. Claremont was itself a proof of that simplicity of life of which the Princess was careful to set the example. Nothing could be less elaborate than the furniture. In the whole house the only mirrors were that of her dressing-table and a small oval mirror two feet by three hung across a corner in the drawing-room. The furniture was in harmony with the decorations. Even now I can see the large four-posted bed of the Princess. The curtains hung straight down without loops, fringes, or ornamentation; they were of flowered chintz lined with pink cambric. There was no superfluous luxury in this room, where the duplicate furniture, intended rather for use than for ornament, displayed the intimacy of marriage according to the custom of the country. This extreme simplicity in the house of a young and charming woman contrasted strongly with the exquisite magnificence and almost exaggerated luxury which surrounded the Prince Regent at Carlton House and Brighton; the contrast inevitably roused his dissatisfaction. This was not diminished by the fact that the Princess was known to be generous, and ready to give to the deserving poor what she refused to her own caprices. She had assuredly admirable qualities and a love of glory very rare at her age and in her position. Her death spread consternation throughout England, and when I came back in December the entire population, to the post-boys and the crossing-sweepers, were in mourning, and continued to wear it for six months. Dr. Croft became the object of public execration, was eventually driven out of his mind, and blew out his brains.

I remember two remarks of different character which were made to me by English ministers.

During that year my mother was ill on the day of St. Louis, and I did the honours of a dinner which was given at the embassy on the occasion of the King's birthday. Lord Liverpool was sitting beside me. A little dog of which I was

very fond had contrived to get loose, and ran into the middle of the official dinner, to my great vexation. The servants tried to carry it out, but it took refuge under the table. In order to facilitate its capture, I attracted it by offering a piece of meat. Lord Liverpool caught my arm and said:

“Do not betray it; you will spoil its morals.”

I raised my face with a smile, but I found so solemn an expression upon the countenance of the noble lord that I was quite disconcerted. The dog I had betrayed was carried away, and even now I do not know how far the minister's remark was serious, for his Methodistic principles reached the point of puritanism.

No one can conceive, except by actual experience, how far in English opinion the private life of an individual can be separated from his life as a statesman. The one will refuse indignantly to countenance any step which can in the smallest degree hurt the most delicate feelings, while the other will unhesitatingly pursue the most Machiavellian policy and disturb the peace of nations, if any chance of profit for old England may result. The hand with which Lord Liverpool checked mine when I would betray the little dog was bold enough to sign the treaty to the cession of Parga at the risk of the resulting tragedy.<sup>1</sup>

The other observation came from Lord Sidmouth,<sup>2</sup> who was sitting at my left hand at the same time; it has often returned to my memory, and has even become a rule of my life. We

<sup>1</sup> A town in Epirus, which was handed over to the Turks by the English and destroyed by Ali Pasha. The inhabitants preferred to abandon the town, after burning the remains of their ancestors, to living in slavery.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Addington, born in 1757. Member of Parliament in 1789; Speaker in the House of Commons from 1789 to 1800; Prime Minister in 1801; minister upon several occasions; in 1812 he was Home Secretary in Lord Liverpool's Cabinet. Died in 1844.

were speaking of some young household which required a small increase of revenue to be entirely comfortable.

"That may be," replied Lord Sidmouth; "notwithstanding I should advise them to be content with what they have, for a little more would be of no advantage to them. I have never known anybody in any circumstances or any position who did not want a little more to make enough."

This piece of practical morality seems to me eminently wise and worth remembering for personal use. Whenever I have caught myself regretting the impossibility of satisfying some whim, I have told myself that everybody wants "a little more to make enough," and have remained content.

## CHAPTER XXII

The King of Prussia wishes to marry Georgine Dillon—The proposal is broken off—Discourtesy of Louis XVIII. towards the Orléans family—Several instances of the fact—Resulting irritation—The Comte de La Ferronnays—His attachment for the Duc de Berry—Mme. de Montsoreau and the layette—Scene between the Duc de Berry and M. de La Ferronnays—Irritation of the royal family—Mme. de Gontaut appointed governess—Advice of Prince Castelcicala—Mme. de Noailles.

My brother was earnestly begging me to return, as he thought my appearance would accelerate the date of his marriage. I thought otherwise, but I yielded to his wishes, and soon repented it. I reached Paris towards the middle of September. At that period of the year the town is entirely deserted, for those who never leave it at other times then depart in hordes, while those who are resident in the country are careful to keep away from it. Hence my arrival was the more noticed, and I soon observed that my presence only served to make the delay more conspicuous, which already appeared sufficiently ridiculous when it concerned the marriage of a rich heiress who apparently had only herself to please. Deserted as the town was, I none the less found some good friends who said:

"I advise you to be careful; the girl is capricious. She has already been engaged several times, and has either broken her engagement or evaded it by delay. In the case of M. de Montesquiou the presents had already been bought," etc.

I could only make the obvious reply to everything, that if she repented of her engagement, it would be better for her to break it off the day before than the day after marriage. These

remarks, however, gained some colouring of truth from the recurrence of delays every fortnight which were impossible of explanation, although the young lady was as vexed as we were; hence I resolved to see no one. Even when society began to return for the winter season my door was constantly closed, and I went nowhere.

At that time my family was under the public eye by reason of other rumours of a wedding which were by no means agreeable to me. The King of Prussia<sup>1</sup> had fallen deeply in love with my cousin, Georgine Dillon, a daughter of Edouard Dillon, a young lady as charming in face as in character. He wished to marry her at any cost.

This event had turned the head of Mme. Dillon, and my uncle was considerably flattered. Georgine, who had excellent good sense, though she was by no means a brilliant intellect, and all the tact that might be expected from the simplest, most straightforward, most honourable, lofty, and generous heart that I have ever known, felt the false nature of the position which was offered to her, and refused the honour which Prince Radziwill was commissioned to induce her to accept. It was proposed that she should be Duchess of Brandenburg, and that splendid provision should be made for herself and for her children. However, her royal suitor could offer no more than his left hand, for the legitimacy of her children would not be recognised. Her personal position among the royal family would never be easy, and her simplicity made her the wrong person to support it.

The King, however, induced her to go and spend a week

<sup>1</sup> Frederick William III. (1770-1840). King of Prussia in 1797. In 1793 he had married Louise of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who died in 1810. He had seven children, including the Emperor William I., his second son, and the Empress of Russia, Charlotte Alexandra Feodorovna, wife of Nicholas I. In 1824, King William III. contracted a morganatic marriage with the daughter of the Count of Harrach, who was born in 1800 and died in 1873.



at Berlin with her parents. The couple dined with the family upon two occasions, and the princes overwhelmed them with courtesy. The marriage seemed to be imminent when they returned to Dresden, where my uncle was French Minister. Everything was arranged. The King demanded that the Duchess of Brandenburg should adopt the Lutheran faith, to which Georgine replied by a peremptory refusal. He then requested that she would conform to the outward ceremonies of the Reformed Church, to which she returned a fresh refusal. He urged that she need only be a Catholic privately, and abstain from public profession of her faith: once more the wise Georgine refused, in spite of the secret prayers of her mother, who was too pious to urge her directly. Her father left her free to choose. The negotiations were prolonged, and the King's passion for her died away. His advisers pointed out to him the objections to marrying a foreigner, a Frenchwoman, and a Catholic. Eventually the marriage proposal was allowed to drop without ill-feeling or formal rupture, after providing a topic of gossip for the whole of Europe, with some reason, as may be seen.

The girl did not utter a single sigh for the loss of these tinsel splendours, and her mother, who adored her, was consoled when she saw her satisfaction. My uncle asked to be transferred from Dresden, that he might not be obliged to conduct business directly with the King of Prussia, which would have been unpleasant for everybody, in view of past events. His Prussian Majesty was accustomed to visit Carlsbad every year, and a new meeting might have revived his affection, a possibility desired by no one. My uncle therefore secured his transference from Dresden to Florence. This capital pleased him: it suited his years and his tastes, while it was convenient for the finishing of his daughter's education, for, though a chosen queen, she was not yet seventeen.

I found the d'Orléans family greatly irritated by the nature of their position at court. The King never lost an opportunity of showing them some discourtesy. He attempted to adopt a different mode of behaviour towards the Duchesse d'Orléans, her husband, and his sister-in-law, apparently based upon the title of "royal highness" which she bore, but really intended to provoke the two latter personages, whom he did not like. As long as the *émigration* had lasted he had defended the Duc d'Orléans against the hatred of the Royalist party, but after his return to France he had himself adopted the exaggerations of the party. In particular, after the events at Lille in 1815 he persecuted the Prince with untiring animosity. The Orléans family had been excluded from the royal pew in the chapel of the palace, from the royal box at the theatre, and in short from every mark of royal distinction. Eventually, at a public ceremony in Notre Dame, Louis XVIII. had ordered the cushions upon which the Duc d'Orléans and Mademoiselle were kneeling to be moved and put outside the carpet, upon which they had no right to place themselves.

Only a prince can appreciate how these little insults may wound the feelings of others. The Duc d'Orléans himself told me what had happened upon the occasion of the birth of the Duc de Berry's child, which only lived a few hours. The birth certificate was drawn up and brought by the Chancellor to the King's study, where the whole family and part of the court were gathered. The Chancellor gave the pen to the King to sign, then to Monsieur and Madame, the Duc d'Angoulême, and the Duc de Berry. When the turn of the Duc d'Orléans arrived, the King cried loudly, in the shrill voice which he assumed when he wished to be rude:

"Not the Chancellor, not the Chancellor; the Master of the Ceremonies."

M. de Brézé.<sup>1</sup> Grand Master of the Ceremonies, who was present, came forward.

"Not M. de Brézé; the Master of the Ceremonies."

The Master of the Ceremonies presented himself.

"No, no," cried the King with greater acerbity; "the Assistant Master, the Assistant Master."

Meanwhile the Duc d'Orléans was standing before the table with the pen in front of him which he did not dare to take, as this would have been a misdemeanour, waiting for the end of this outburst of ill temper. There was no assistant master of the ceremonies at hand, and it was necessary to send for one from the adjoining rooms. The time of waiting seemed extremely long to every one, and the other princes were themselves much embarrassed. At length the assistant master arrived, and the ceremony of signature, thus tactlessly interrupted, was concluded, though the Duc d'Orléans was smarting with irritation. As he went out he said to the Duc de Berry:

"Sir, I hope you will be good enough not to expose me a second time to any similar unpleasantness."

"Upon my word, cousin, I understand you so well that I should say the same in your place."

Thereupon they shook hands cordially.

The Duc d'Orléans justly observed that if etiquette demanded this change, and if the King was anxious to secure a rigorous adherence to conventional forms, he should have taken care to arrange the matter beforehand. It mattered little to him whether the cushions were on the carpet or whether the pen was given to him by one officer or another, but the whole business looked like an attempt to humiliate

<sup>1</sup> Henri Evrard, Marquis de Dreux Brézé, born in 1762, died in 1829. Grand Master of the Ceremonies, an hereditary privilege of the Brézé family, in 1781. Peer of France.

him in public.<sup>1</sup> By these petty persecutions continually renewed the d'Orléans family were alienated and their hostility was roused.<sup>2</sup>

I am certain that they never began any serious conspiracy. But when they returned home wounded by this treatment, which is, I repeat, doubly wounding to princes, and when they found themselves surrounded by the respect and the good wishes of every malcontent, they certainly did not reject these tokens of homage so vigorously as they would have done if the King and the royal family had received them as relatives and friends. On the other hand, the members of the Opposition made a show of surrounding the Duc d'Orléans and proclaiming him their leader, and in my opinion he did not refuse this dangerous honour with sufficient emphasis. The part seemed to please him, and one may ask whether he regarded it as a road to the crown. Possibly it seemed a distant prospect for his children, and was only entertained with the idea of accommodating the Legitimist principle to the necessities of the age.

The ephemeral existence of the little Princesse de Berry gave rise to another vexatious occurrence. I cannot remember whether in these disjointed passages the name of M. de La Ferronnays<sup>3</sup> has already occurred: it is very probable, for I was intimate with him for years.

<sup>1</sup> The Duchesse de Gontaut says in her *Mémoires*, p. 197: "At that time I often used to go to the Palais Royal, where I was received with kindness, I may even say as a friend. . . . I did my best to soften the wounds so easily inflicted upon the delicate susceptibilities of the Duc d'Orléans. I was often fortunate enough to explain these cases to his satisfaction. Self-conceit is a dangerous enemy, and should be watched; it leads men astray to their destruction."

<sup>2</sup> See in the Appendix the letter of the Duchesse d'Orléans to the Marquise d'Osmond, under date January 24, 1818.

<sup>3</sup> Auguste Pierre Marie Ferron, Comte de La Ferronnays, born at St. Malo in 1777. Went into exile to Switzerland, joined the army of Condé, and then proceeded to England with the Duc de Berry, to whom

He had always accompanied the Duc de Berry, was tenderly and sincerely devoted to him, and able to tell him the truth. Sometimes he told it with undue excitement, but always with a friendly frankness which the Prince was able to appreciate. Relations between them were on a footing of the most perfect intimacy. M. de La Ferronnays, after reproaching the Duc de Berry for his foolish actions, did his best to avert as many as he could, and spent his life in palliating the rest and hushing them up where possible. He had vainly hoped that the Prince would settle down after his marriage, but he seemed rather to redouble the scandalous nature of his private intimacies. M. de La Ferronnays had never given the smallest assistance in satisfying the transitory desires of the Duc de Berry. At the moment he loudly proclaimed his dissatisfaction, while he watched over his master's safety day and night, and relations between the two men became somewhat strained.

M. de La Ferronnays was First Gentleman of the Chamber in theory, and in fact absolute master of the house, where he gave orders rather than the Prince. His wife<sup>1</sup> was lady of the bedchamber to the Duchesse de Berry, and they inhabited a magnificent suite of rooms in the Elysées, where they seemed to be permanently settled.

When the Duchesse de Berry was expecting her child, choice was made of a governess. The Duc de Berry requested and secured that Mme. de Montsoreau, the mother of Mme. de La Ferronnays, should be appointed. It was usual for the King to give the layette for the children of the sons of France;

he was attached, and whom he did not leave until the events which Mme. de Boigne narrates. He became field-marshal, and, at the Restoration, peer of France; he was afterwards Minister of Denmark in 1817, and Russian Ambassador in 1819, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Ambassador at Rome. He retired to private life in 1830, and died in 1842.

<sup>1</sup> M. de La Ferronnays had married in exile Mlle. Albertine Marie Charlotte de Montsoreau, daughter of the Comte de Montsoreau and of the Comtesse, *née* de Nantouillet.

one of extreme magnificence was sent. As the little princess had only lived a few hours, the layette was claimed by the civil list. Mme. de Montsoreau asserted the rights of her position, which secured to her the "profits of the layette." She was informed that it only belonged to the governess when she had actually performed duty, and several letters upon the subject were exchanged. Eventually the disputants wrote directly to the Duc de Berry, and I believe that the King spoke to him upon the subject. He was transported with rage, sent for Mme. de Montsoreau, and scolded her so violently that she went to her room again in tears. There she found her son-in-law, and was so imprudent as to excite his anger by her complaints. He went down to the Prince. The Duc de Berry called out:

"I will not have that woman sleeping in my house."

"You forget that 'that woman' is my mother-in-law."

Nothing more was heard, for the door was shut upon them. Three minutes afterwards M. de La Ferronnays came out of the room, ran into his own apartments, ordered his wife to pack up, and immediately left the Elysées, where he never returned. I have never been able to learn precisely what passed during that short conversation, but the breach was complete, and every member of the royal family retained a dislike for M. de La Ferronnays, who survived the Duc de Berry and even the overthrow of the thrones.

I was never able to extract either from M. de La Ferronnays or from the Duc de Berry any other answer than that they must not speak of it.<sup>1</sup> If M. de La Ferronnays lost an excellent position, the Duc de Berry lost a real friend, a loss much more difficult to repair. The conduct of M. de La Ferronnays was irreproachable, being both modest and dignified. He was without means, and obliged to support a

<sup>1</sup> The Duc de Berry having used the expression "thief" in speaking of Mme. de Montsoreau, it is believed that blows were exchanged by the two men, who were of equally violent temper.



numerous family. M. de Richelieu, who was always ready to listen to any demand that seemed honourable, considered his case, and appointed him minister in Denmark.

When he informed the Duc de Berry of his choice, the latter merely replied, "I offer no objection." The other princes were much displeased, and this nomination added to their dislike of M. de Richelieu, the more so as shortly afterwards M. de La Ferronnays was appointed Ambassador at St. Petersburg. Delight at his retirement from court counter-balanced in some degree the vexation that was felt at his good fortune. We shall meet with him again as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and as continuing to enjoy the displeasure of the Tuileries.

The Duchesse de Berry was expecting another child, and was therefore obliged to fill the place of Mme. de Montsoreau. The Duc de Berry demanded Mme. de Gontaut<sup>1</sup> as governess for his children. This choice surprised everybody, and scandalised those who had been witnesses of Mme. de Gontaut's early years,<sup>2</sup> but we must hasten to add that she fully justified her appointment.

The education of Mademoiselle was as perfect as she could

<sup>1</sup> Marie Joséphine Louise de Montaut Navailles, Duchesse de Gontaut, born in 1772; married in 1792 Charles Michel, Marquis of Gontaut Saint Blancard. Lady of the bedchamber to the Duchesse de Berry in 1816; governess of the Children of France in 1819; Duchesse de Gontaut in 1827; she followed the royal family into exile during the Revolution of 1830, and died in Paris in 1857. She has left a volume of *Mémoires*.

<sup>2</sup> Mme. de Gontaut, at that time Mlle. de Montaut Navailles, shared the education of the children of the Duc d'Orléans, Philippe Egalité, in consequence of the marriage of her cousin german, the Vicomte de Valance, with the daughter of Mme. de Genlis. At a later date events produced a desirable reaction upon the ideas which she had derived from this education, but at the outset, if we may believe her *Mémoires*, she was entirely under the charm of the "governor" of the d'Orléans children.

"The enthusiasm of the young princes for Mme. de Genlis was equally shared by myself, and I should have blushed to be backward in giving

make it, and it would have been very fortunate for the Duc de Bordeaux if she had been solely responsible for his education. Mme. de Gontaut lived for a long time with Monsieur and his son, but her political opinions never became high-flown or intolerant. The customs acquired by living almost exclusively in English society, together with her wise and enlightened intellect, had enabled her to avoid the prejudices of the *émigré* party. Her special favour at the moment with the Duc de Berry resulted from the fact that she helped to conceal from his young wife the indiscreet rumours which disturbed their household.

The Duchesse de Berry was extremely jealous, and although the Prince would not give up his habits, he was too kind-hearted at bottom not to be most anxious to make his wife happy and to keep the peace in his own house. He was infinitely grateful to Mme. de Gontaut, who replaced Mme. de La Ferronnays for the moment as lady of the bedchamber, for her efforts to maintain domestic peace.

Prince Castelvicala had blunted the early jealousies of the Duchesse de Berry. He used to repeat, with his Italian gestures, in the most ridiculous manner, a conversation when in answer to her lamentations and her fury he had assured her that all men had mistresses, that their wives knew it and were

proof of that romantic passion which every one attempted to display towards her. I have seen the Prince and Mademoiselle kiss the ground upon which she had trodden. And I confess to my shame that one day, desiring to distinguish myself by a special show of sentiment, I ran to the arm-chair which she had just left, kissed it ardently, and obtained a mouthful of dust, which calmed my zeal" (*Mémoires de Mme. la Duchesse de Gontaut*, p. 7). It will easily be understood that these recollections, which were then in the minds of many, gave rise to those feelings noted by Mme. de Boigne at the moment when Mme. de Gontaut was nominated to the much-desired post of governess to the children of the Duc de Berry. Under the ancient monarchy this was the most important position in the kingdom, and the occupant enjoyed high privileges.

perfectly satisfied, and this in so decisive a manner that she did not venture to rebel against conditions which he asserted to be so universal, the only complete exception to which was the Duc d'Angoulême.

The Neapolitan Princess, however, would by no means have cared for such a husband. She had made particular inquiries concerning the Duc d'Orléans, and Prince Castelcicala did not hesitate to reply:

"Most certainly, Madame; for whom do you take him?"

"And my aunt knows it?"

"Undoubtedly, Madame; the Duchesse d'Orléans is too clever to take offence at this point."

Notwithstanding this good advice from her Ambassador, the little Princess was constantly seized with fits of jealousy, and Mme. de Gontaut was useful both to calm them and to keep from her ears such revelations as indiscretion or malice might have offered. She continued to play this part as long as the Duc de Berry was alive.

The Comtesse Juste de Noailles<sup>1</sup> was appointed lady of the bedchamber, the Duc de Berry personally requesting her to accept the post. This nomination was generally approved, and no one seemed more likely to fill such a position with dignity and propriety.

The eminently high tact of Mme. de Noailles supplied her want of intellectual power, while her politeness always made her very popular, though she had been in succession lady to the Empresses Joséphine and Marie Louise and lady of the bedchamber to the Duchesse de Berry; the latter never regarded her as a favourite, though she always treated her with much respect.

<sup>1</sup> Honorine de Talleyrand Périgord, niece of Prince Talleyrand. She had married Antonin Claude Juste de Noailles, born in 1777, second son of the Prince de Poix.

## CHAPTER XXIII

I refuse to consult a fortune-teller—Adventure of the Chevalier de X.—Elections of 1817—The Royalist party under the influence of M. de Villèle—The Duc de Broglie and Benjamin Constant—M. de Chateaubriand calls the Left Opposition “the Liberals”—My brother’s marriage—Visit to Brighton—Elaborate hospitality of the Prince Regent—Customs of the royal pavilion—Account of the Regent’s visit to King George III.—Breakfast on the staircase—The Grand Duke Nicholas at Brighton.

My brother’s marriage was put off from day to day. My impatience at these incomprehensible delays had risen to the highest point, when one evening a certain Comtesse de Sch—, a Russian lady with whom Mme. de Duras was intimate, spoke to us of a visit which she had made to Mlle. Lenormand,<sup>1</sup> the fortune-teller, and of all the extraordinary things which she had foretold. I was somewhat curious to learn whether my brother’s marriage would take place that year. The Duchesse was still more curious to discover whether she would succeed in preventing the marriage of her daughter, the Princesse de Talmont, with the Comte de La Rochejaquelein, for the mere thought of this alliance was the torment of her existence.

She begged me urgently to go with her to consult the clever fortune-teller, and promised us to ask her only a single question. I should perhaps have yielded had it not been for a promise which I had given to my father never to have

<sup>1</sup> Marie Anne Adélaïde Lenormand, born at Alençon, died at Paris in 1843.

recourse to the black arts under any form whatever. The reason which had induced him to exact this promise is sufficiently curious to be related here.

When my father entered the army his friend and adviser was the lieutenant-colonel of his regiment, the Chevalier de X.,<sup>1</sup> a friend of his family, who treated him like a father. He was a man of magnificent appearance, had fought with distinction, while his kindness and indulgence, though he was by no means a weak man, made him popular throughout the regiment. While they were quartered in a little German town during one of the campaigns of the Seven Years' War, a gipsy made her way into the mess-room. Her arrival offered some possibility of amusement to the officers, of whom the Chevalier de X. was one. At first he felt some repugnance to her, and began to remonstrate with his comrades, but eventually he yielded and held out his hand for the inspection of the gipsy. She examined it attentively, and said to him:

"You will progress rapidly in your military career, you will make an unexpectedly brilliant marriage, you will have a son whom you will not see, and you will die of a gun-shot before you have reached the age of forty."

The Chevalier de X. was by no means impressed by these prophecies. When, however, a few months later he obtained a double promotion for his excellent conduct upon the field, he reminded his friends of the fortune-teller's

<sup>1</sup> I have not been able to identify this Chevalier de X. M. d'Osmond, volunteer in the cavalry regiment of Chartres, joined his regiment at Metz in June, 1767. He was appointed sub-lieutenant in August, 1768, and entered the cavalry regiment of Burgundy at Niort as captain in May, 1771. The cavalry regiment of Chartres was at Metz in 1766 and 1767, and afterwards at Epinal. The lieutenant-colonel, M. de Moutier, still appears in the army lists after the departure of M. d'Osmond, and became field marshal; hence he cannot have been the unfortunate hero of this incident.

words. They recurred once more to his memory some years later, when he married a rich young lady of excellent family.

When his wife was expecting her confinement he obtained leave of absence to go and see her. The evening before his departure he said:

“Upon my word, the sorceress did not tell the whole truth, for I shall be forty years old in five days; I am starting off to-morrow, and there is no prospect of a gun-shot in the midst of peace.”

The post-chaise in which he was to start had stopped before his door when a cart ran into it, broke the axle, and a delay of several hours for repairs became necessary. The Chevalier de X. was lamenting before his door, when several officers of the garrison passed by on their way to some cover shooting. The Chevalier was very fond of this amusement, and resolved to follow them to occupy the time of his enforced delay. His station was given to him, and the shooting began, the Chevalier alone wearing a brown suit. One of the guns forgetting or not knowing this fact, and remembering only that his comrades were dressed in white, fired at something dark which he saw moving in the bush. The Chevalier de X. received several shot in the back, and was carried to the town. Though the wound was serious, it was not mortal; he was bled several times, and recovered so far that the surgeon guaranteed his restoration to health, and even fixed the day when he would be able to start within a comparatively short period. Letters were brought which had come for him during the early stage of his sufferings. He opened one from his mother, which announced that his wife had been confined earlier than had been expected of a healthy boy.

“Ah!” he cried, “that accursed sorceress was right. I shall not see my son.”

He was suddenly seized with convulsions, tetanus super-



vened, and twelve hours later he expired in my father's arms. The doctors declared that the only cause of death was the moral impression of the letter, as the nature of his wound gave no ground for apprehension. This incident which my father had witnessed in his early youth had given him a keen impression of the perils of feeding the imagination upon such dangerous sustenance. The Chevalier de X. was a man of sense and sympathy, and entirely rational in his mode of life. In good health he laughed at the predictions of the gipsy, but when he was weakened by suffering he gave way beneath this fatal obsession. My father therefore made us promise never to expose ourselves to any risk from this dangerous weakness.

My stay in Paris enabled me to see the elections of 1817, the first of the kind since the new law: they were not of a reassuring nature. The malcontents, whom we knew as Jacobins at that time, displayed much activity, and were sufficiently successful to cause the Government keen anxiety. The Government called Royalists of every shade to its help in order to struggle against the difficulties which were due to their excesses. As the Royalists were afraid, they listened for a moment to the voice of reason, and their conduct during these elections sufficed to avert the chief danger.

I sometimes had an opportunity of meeting M. de Villèle: his views were expressed with a moderation which was highly creditable in my opinion. At a later date he has been accused of secretly feeding the fire which he seemed anxious to extinguish. On this subject I know nothing but the vague accusations of his enemies. It is, however, certain that he was then beginning to assume the attitude of a leader. His language also gave colour to this idea, though it was perhaps more moderate than might have been expected from a man who aspired to lead a party entirely dominated

by party passion. The good conduct of the Royalists at the elections was largely due to his influence, and the Opposition did not secure all the success for which it had hoped, though it had once more become very threatening.

The Duc de Broglie,<sup>1</sup> with his usual candour, happened to be praising the King, though a leading member of the Opposition party, and said to M. Benjamin Constant that upon the whole it would probably be difficult to find a King whose character was better suited to the needs of the country. M. Constant replied:

“On that point I will grant all you desire, and admit that Louis XVIII. is a monarch entirely suited to France as she is: that, however, is not what we want. What we ought to desire is a King who reigns by our support, who inevitably falls when we abandon him, and who knows that he may so fall.”

The Duc de Broglie turned his back, as he had no desire for a revolution. He was, however, young, and at all times far too straightforward to be a party leader. Unfortunately, there were other people in his society ready to disseminate the doctrines of M. Constant in preference to the speculative theories of progressive improvement which M. de Broglie announced.

It was about that period that M. de Chateaubriand in some pamphlet or other honoured the Left in the Chamber with the fair name of “Liberals.” The party included too many intelligent characters not to appreciate forthwith the value of this contribution: the name was eagerly accepted, and

<sup>1</sup> Achille Charles Léonce Victor, Duc de Broglie (1785-1870); auditor to the Council of State under the Empire; member of the Chamber of Peers in 1814; Minister after 1830; President of the Council in 1835; deputy to the National Assembly in 1848; retired from political life after December 2. He was a member of the French Academy in 1856. He had married Mlle. Albertine de Staël.

largely contributed to the success of the party. Many honourable persons who would have shrunk from a party styled Jacobin threw themselves into the arms of the Liberals with clear consciences and joined their conspiracies without the least scruple. France, where the power of words is so great, is the one country where party titles have a special influence.

As my presence did not succeed in securing the celebration of the marriage decided eight months before, the young couple demanded my father's support, and he accordingly obtained leave of absence for a fortnight. After five weeks longer of petty annoyances, all pretexts for delay were at length exhausted, and on December 2, 1817, he was able to be present at the marriage of his son with Mlle. Destillières. A week later he conducted the newly married couple to London, where he had left my mother behind; she was awaiting us impatiently. Every class was in mourning for Princess Charlotte, and London was correspondingly sadder at a season of the year when society is never greatly animated. My young sister-in-law was not attracted by the capital, and I think she was delighted to return to her own country in a month and to resume her usual mode of life, with a husband whom she loved and who adored her. I continued my own stay in England for a short time longer, and promised to rejoin my sister-in-law in time to accompany her upon her first round of visits and to present her at court and in society.

During my constant absences my parents had twice visited Brighton. As I was in London that year, I was included in the next invitation. Upon the occasion of their first visit, the Prince's butler had called at the embassy to inquire into the tastes and customs of the inhabitants, that everything might be as they wished at the "pavilion." No householder could be more careful than the Prince Regent or more prodigal in small attentions when he wished to please. No

detail was too insignificant for his care. As soon as any one had dined with him three times he knew his tastes and took much trouble to satisfy them. Such attentions from people in high station are always impressive, especially upon those who make a point of displaying their independence. I never met any one who was not speedily conquered by this means.

The mourning for Princess Charlotte did not permit any great festivity at Brighton, but the season of sorrow, if the Prince had ever felt any, had now passed, and the royal pavilion was rather sombre than sad. It was indeed a masterpiece of bad taste. The most heterogeneous magnificence had been gathered at vast expense from the four quarters of the globe and piled beneath the eight or ten cupolas of this ugly and eccentric palace, the several parts of which displayed not the slightest architectural unity. The inside was no better arranged than the outside, and art was certainly conspicuous by its absence. After these observations, criticism was disarmed. The comforts and the pleasures of life were equally well understood in this palace, and when the spectator had satisfied his artistic conscience by criticising the association of so many strange curiosities, much amusement might be found in considering their elaboration and their extravagant elegance.

Guests who were invited to stay at the pavilion were asked for a certain number of days, which rarely exceeded a week. The guest arrived in time to dress for dinner, and found his rooms arranged with a care which respected even the personal habits of every individual. The royal host was almost always in the drawing-room before any one else. Should he have been delayed and the ladies have arrived before him, he offered a kind of apology. A numerous company sat down to dinner, composed of the inmates of the palace and of people invited from Brighton itself, for this town is frequented by a brilliant society during the winter months. As the

court was in mourning, balls or concerts were impossible. The Prince, however, had a band of musicians playing horns and other noisy instruments, which gave a maddening performance in the vestibule during the dinner and throughout the evening. Distance rendered the music bearable, but by no means agreeable in my opinion. The Prince, however, delighted in it, and often joined in, beating time on the dinner gong.

After dinner other guests came in. About eleven o'clock the Prince went into a drawing-room where a little cold supper had been laid. Here he was followed only by those whom he specially invited, ladies staying in the house and two or three intimate male friends, and then it was that the Prince threw off all reserve. He sat on a sofa between the Marchioness of Hertford and some other lady to whom he wished to show special politeness, and monopolised the conversation. He had a marvellous knowledge of all the stories of gallantry of the court of Louis XVI., as well as those of England, and related them at length. His stories were sometimes interspersed with little madrigals, and more often with obscenities. The Marchioness assumed a dignified air, and the Prince passed the matter off with a jest not always in the best of taste. Upon the whole these evening parties, which went on until two or three o'clock in the morning, would have seemed desperately wearisome had they been given by a private individual. But the enchantment of the crown kept the whole company awake, and sent the guests away delighted with the condescension of the Prince.

I remember, however, that I was extremely interested one evening by one of these conversations. The Prince Regent was telling us the story of his last visit to his father the King; he had not seen him for several years. The Queen and the Duke of York, who were charged with the care of his person, were alone admitted to see him. The term "see" is



precisely accurate, for no one ever spoke to him. The sound of any voice, familiar or strange, threw him into an agitation which lasted for days and sometimes for weeks. The old King had had such fits of frenzy that all his rooms were padded to prevent any mishap. He was attended with extreme care in complete silence; only thus had it been possible to secure him some little peace. He was entirely blind.

As the Queen was ill and unable to pay her visit, the Regent undertook this pious duty. He told us that he had been shown into a large drawing-room, where, separated from him by a row of chairs, he had seen his venerable father, neatly dressed; his head entirely bald, with a long white beard which fell down upon his breast. He was holding a council of state at that moment, and addressing Mr. Pitt in language entirely lucid. Some objection had apparently been offered, for he seemed to listen, and after a few moments' silence resumed his argument, advancing his own opinion. He then called upon another member to speak, to whom he listened in the same way; and then to a third, addressing him by his name, which I have forgotten. At length he announced in official language that the council was adjourned, called his page, and went to pay a visit to his children, with whom he talked for a long time, especially his favourite, Princess Amelia, whose unexpected death had contributed to bring about the last phase of his malady. As he left her he said:

"I must go away, for the Queen, you know, does not like me to be absent too long."

This idea, in fact, he pursued, and went back to the Queen. All these excursions were carried out leaning upon the arm of a page and without going out of the same drawing-room. After a short conversation with the Queen he rose and went alone, though closely followed, to a piano, where he sat down and began to play some pieces of Handel from memory,



singing in a voice both sonorous and touching. His musical talent, and of music he was always passionately fond, had increased in an extraordinary degree during the progress of his cruel malady.

The Prince was informed that he would probably sit at the piano for three hours or more, and after listening to him for a considerable time he came away. The remarkable fact is that this poor old man, who was unable to tell the time by a clock or even by the daylight, was driven by some instinct to do the same things at the same hours every day. His duties as a king always took precedence of his family cares. His entire blindness made it possible to surround him with the complete silence which the doctors considered indispensable after every other treatment had been tried.

I must do the Regent the justice to say that he had tears in his eyes when he told us this story, which he did very late one evening when only four or five of us were with him; and the tears ran down his cheeks as he spoke to us of this voice singing the beautiful motets of Handel, and of the constraint which he was obliged to put upon himself to refrain from clasping the venerable musician in his arms.

King George III. was both loved and respected throughout England, and his unhappy condition weighed upon the country like a public calamity. It is noticeable that in a country where the Press takes every license and does not scruple to call a spade a spade, no unseemly allusion was ever made to the King's condition, and every one rendered him due respect, including even Cobbett.<sup>1</sup> Such is the value of private virtue, even upon a throne, when revolutions are not in progress, though it must be said that this respect did not prevent seven attempts to assassinate George III.

<sup>1</sup> William Cobbett, English publicist, creator of the Twopenny Tracts intended for the popular classes. He was in succession Conservative, Liberal, and Radical. (1762-1835.)

Guests invited to the pavilion had the option of breakfasting in their own rooms or of sharing a common meal, the honours of which were done by Sir Benjamin and Lady Bloomfield. The latter alternative was preferred, unless any one felt indisposed. At the same time, some of the older lady friends of the Prince, who were attempting to hide the irreparable outrages of time, never appeared, except by artificial light, a very superficial precaution and a very ineffectual sacrifice. The Marchioness of Hertford set the example.

I was much astonished when I came out of my room to find the table laid upon the staircase landing. But what a landing and what a staircase! The carpets, the tables, the chairs, the porcelain, the china there displayed were as exquisite as luxury and good taste could possibly find. The Prince attached more importance to the perfection of this meal for the reason that he never appeared to share it, and was anxious that none of his careful precautions for the comfort of his guests should be neglected.

At Brighton he led practically the same life as in London, staying in his room until three o'clock and riding out on horseback, usually alone. If before his ride he happened to meet any new-comers to the pavilion, he took a delight in showing them over the palace himself, a special point being his kitchens, which were entirely steam heated by a system at that time new, with which he was charmed. When he returned, the Prince dismounted at the door of Lady Hertford, who lived in a separate house, though connected with the royal pavilion by a covered way. There he sat until it was time to dress for dinner. During the week which we spent at Brighton the course of each day was the same, and such was the custom.

The following year I was staying there again with the

Grand Duke Nicholas, who afterwards became Emperor.<sup>1</sup> He was too young for the Regent to make any great difference upon his account. The only change which I noticed was that, instead of leaving every one free to spend their morning as they pleased and placing horses and carriages at their disposal, the Regent arranged an excursion every day for the young Prince, and in this all the guests in the pavilion joined except himself. Thus we visited the most remarkable spots for fifteen miles around. I remember that upon one of these rides the Grand Duke addressed a question to Admiral Sir Edmund Nagle, whom the Regent had specially attached to his person. Sir Edmund took off his hat to reply.

“Do put on your hat.”

And with these words the Grand Duke tapped the hat with his riding-whip. Apparently the Admiral was not holding it tightly, for it fell from his hand, and the wind skirmishing over the lofty beach of Brighton whirled it into a neighbouring field divided from ours by a hedge and a high fence, before which we had stopped to examine the view. The Admiral was short, fat, and very old, and before he could attempt to dismount his Imperial Highness had leaped to the ground, lightly and gracefully crossed and recrossed the fence, and brought the hat back to Sir Edmund with his apologies. This graceful and courteous act made the Grand Duke highly popular amid our clique at Brighton, which at this time included almost the whole of the diplomatic body.

The regulations of etiquette constantly placed my mother at the side of the Grand Duke Nicholas throughout his journey. Accustomed to court life and to the association of princes, she speedily attracted him. They were admirable friends: he called her his governess, and turned to her for

<sup>1</sup> Nicholas I. (1796–1855), third son of Paul I. He became Emperor in 1825, on the death of Alexander I., as his older brother, the Grand Duke Cesarevitch Constantine, renounced his claims.

advice more readily than to Countess Lieven, of whom he was afraid. My mother upon her side grew quite fond of him, and boasted to us of her conquest. I did not share her taste for princes in general, and needed more time to become intimate with persons of that class than the stay of the Grand Duke would allow. I thought him very handsome, but his face seemed to me hard, and he displeased me by the way in which he spoke of his brother, the Emperor Alexander. His enthusiasm, carried to the point of devotion, was expressed in melodramatic outbursts delivered in so exaggerated a tone that their falsity was obvious. I have rarely met a more entirely artificial young man than the Grand Duke Nicholas, but one could hardly expect a prince and brother of an absolute monarch to be natural. Hence I do not reproach him for his failing, but advance it merely as a reason to explain why he has left no great sense of admiration in my mind, notwithstanding his handsome face, his fine manners, his politeness, and my mother's praises.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> After the Revolution of 1830, and the usurpation of the younger branch, the Emperor Nicholas I. displayed much hostility to the Government of Louis Philippe. In conducting business with him he always declined to employ the forms of politeness customary between sovereigns.

## CHAPTER XXIV

I am shipwrecked on the coast between Boulogne and Calais—Results of this accident—Patriotic remark of Monsieur—Strange conversation of Monsieur with Edouard Dillon—The law concerning recruiting—The peers with posts in the King's household vote against the Ministry—Reply of Mr. Canning on this subject—M. de Marcellus and Rome.

IF I proposed to tell the small events of my private life, or if I had the talent to make them interesting, I ought to have referred under 1800 to a naval engagement sustained off the Texel<sup>1</sup> by the ship in which I was returning from Hamburg, and under 1804 I ought to have described a storm which I encountered at the entrance to the Meuse. On these two occasions I was highly complimented for my courage. The explanation of my bravery is most unpoetical, but the fact is that I was horribly seasick.

I may perhaps more reasonably claim some credit for preserving my calmness in a very dangerous situation which occurred in the course of the short crossing from Dover to Calais in February, 1818. Owing to the negligence of the captain, we ran ashore upon a little tongue of sand between two rocks a quarter of a league from the coast. Each wave raised us a little, and we fell back more deeply embedded than ever. This was fortunate, for if we had been dashed upon the rocks which were close at hand the ship would have broken up in a few seconds. The vessel was crowded with passengers. The one little boat which could be put to

<sup>1</sup> An island in the North Sea at the entrance of the Zuyder Zee.

sea could only carry seven people, including two sailors to work the oars; hence I understood forthwith that the greatest danger in our perilous situation was the possibility of a panic which might drive every one to rush at once into this little boat.

My position as an ambassador's daughter made me a personage of some importance on board, the more so as I was accompanied by a Government messenger, and for such the captains of the packets have particular respect. I therefore took advantage of my position to go to the commander's help. He proposed to put me in the boat first, but I insisted that he should send a mother and five little children who were crying at the top of their voices. One man, and I am sorry to say that he was a Frenchman, jumped in under pretext of carrying the children, and the boat went off.

I will not deny that the forty minutes which elapsed until its return seemed to me extremely long. My action, however, gave me some authority over my companions in misfortune, and I secured that there should be no crying and no rushing. Everybody behaved excellently. The women who were left behind (there were five of us and two children) were to be taken off at the second trip. The men drew lots to decide who should follow, and all was carried out as had been arranged.

The captain had explained to me that the most dangerous moment would be the turn of the tide. If the wind drove the boat landwards before she gained steerage way, it was extremely likely that she would be dashed upon the rocks. If, on the other hand, she was so deeply embedded as to be immovable, she would be swamped by the rising tide. Both chances were equally possible, but there was still some time before us. The night, however, was approaching, and it was snowing heavily.

When I put off, the vessel was leaning at such an angle that



the sailors could only cross the deck with the help of a ladder which had been laid across it. Our departure was effected in complete order and entire silence. A young woman absolutely refused to leave her husband. He had drawn one of the last numbers, but an officer who was to start by the next boat was so touched by this devotion, expressed almost silently, that he forced the husband to take his place. I might write a volume upon all the touching and ridiculous circumstances which accompanied this incident of my travels, from the moment when the ship struck until the moment when we entered Calais, after seven hours on the road in the middle of the night, through the snow and over roads almost impassable in a cart which carried us huddled together on the hay.

When the captain had got rid of his passengers he manœuvred his ship with gr̄eat cleverness. Some help reached him from the coast, and he was able to get his ship off and bring her into Calais, though greatly damaged. The next day he apologised to me, and thanked me warmly for the example which I had set, assuring me that I had saved the situation. I have observed that great danger always produces calm, and important transactions secrecy. Shouting and chatting are reserved for trivialities.

When I left London I was ill, but I arrived at Paris in excellent health. I paid dearly, however, for this apparent recovery, and the reaction soon set in. I suffered at first from an inflamed tumour, which was the forerunner of a malignant fever: the doctor attributed it to the fact that I had had what is vulgarly known as my blood curdled. The more responsibility one assumes in an obvious and realised danger, the more likely is this result. In any case, I had been ill for a considerable time, and should perhaps have been prostrated even had the shipwreck not occurred.

I presented my sister-in-law at court the day after my arrival. I have a special remembrance of that day, as I then witnessed the only touch of patriotism that I have ever seen in Monsieur, and I am pleased to record it to his credit. It will be understood that a shipwreck is so convenient a subject that the Princes naturally made the most of it. I had paid my respect, at the expense of the shipwreck, to the King, to Madame, and even to the Duc d'Angoulême. When I reached Monsieur, after some preliminary questions he said to me in a rather sad tone:

"It was a French packet?"

"No, my lord, it was English."

"Oh, how glad I am."

He turned round to his attendants who were following him, and repeated to the ladies around me:

"It was not a French captain," with an air of satisfaction for which I was infinitely obliged to him. If he had often expressed such sentiments, he would have been much more popular than he was.

I arrived at Paris a few days before my uncle, Edouard Dillon, who was passing through on his way from Dresden to his new post at Florence. He belonged to the household of Monsieur, and, as I have already stated, was upon terms of intimacy with him which dated from their childhood. One morning when he had left Monsieur's company he gave me an account of the conversation which had just taken place upon the subject of the improper language used regarding the Prince by the Opposition and even more by the Ministerial party. The Prince considered that their object was to undermine his reputation because he was a Royalist and had warned the King of the precipice towards which the monarchy was being driven, etc., etc. Edouard, who was one of the most reasonable persons with access to Monsieur, did his best to combat these impressions and assured him

that he might easily make himself popular if he would appear less exclusively as a party leader.

"But I am not the leader of a party."

"Sir, you are represented as such."

"It is an entire mistake, but how can I avoid it?"

"By being less exclusive."

"I will never receive the Jacobins, and that is the reason why I am hated."

"But devoted servants are not Jacobins."

"It depends. You see, Ned, the old revolutionary taint will always reappear even at the end of twenty years. Those who have served others are useless to us."

"I am sorry to hear you speak in this way, sir, as you thus confirm what people say."

"Oh, indeed, and what do they say? Just tell me."

"Well, sir, they say that you want to make Mathieu or Jules a minister."

Monsieur, who was walking about in his study, stopped short and burst into a hearty laugh.

"Good gracious, that is too ridiculous! You are surely not speaking seriously."

"Quite seriously, sir."

"But you know Jules so well that I need not tell you what he is; and Mathieu is the same kind of character, perhaps a little less boastful, but with no depth or solidity about him. If people wish to attribute intentions to me, they might at least invent some of a more credible nature. So, my old friend, you may set your mind at ease, and if they never tell you anything less ridiculous concerning me, there will be no cause for any alarm. Mathieu! Jules! Good gracious, what ministers they would make! And they think me precipitate? If those were my intentions I should only be fit for a lunatic asylum. It is impossible that any one can have believed it seriously. They must have been laughing at you."

Edouard expressed his great satisfaction at these views, and came away in haste to talk to me about the prudence of the Prince. I often thought of this conversation, upon the authenticity of which I can have no doubt, at a later date, when first Mathieu de Montmorency and then Jules de Polignac became successively Ministers of Foreign Affairs. Had Monsieur changed his opinion of their character, or was he misleading Edouard in 1818? It is conceivable that both possibilities were realised, and it is certain that from that time Jules enjoyed his closest confidence and acted as Minister of Police to the secret Government.

The opposition to the King was supported by the whole of the court, and he dared not show his displeasure lest he should disturb such domestic peace as remained to him. The recruiting law<sup>1</sup> was especially hateful to the nobility. From time immemorial the nobility had regarded the army as its special preserve. Their right was as much a burden as a privilege, seeing that for centuries the nobles had gained more honour than profit from their connection, but they insisted upon the exclusive enjoyment of this right, and could not understand how times had changed. Hence they opposed the system of promotion by seniority with great vehemence. The law was carried in the Chamber of Deputies, but it was known that it would only pass the Peers by a small majority. As the King did not venture to proclaim his views, he took with him upon his usual drive those peers who were on duty and who were all pledged to vote against his Government.

The King never went out on Sundays or Wednesdays, when there was a Government council. For the remaining five days of the week he had five drives, which were always the same and recurred in regular order every week. The usual drive for

<sup>1</sup> First Conscription Law of March 10, 1818, regulating recruiting and promotion.

the morning on which the voting was to take place was one of the shortest, and the peers had counted on this fact. But the King had taken the unexampled step of changing the orders for relays of horses, and had also commanded that he should be driven slowly.

Usually he drove with excessive speed and always upon the paved streets. However dusty or slippery the ground might be, he never relaxed his pace. Serious accidents constantly happened to the suite, but these left him entirely impassive. If a man fell he was picked up without any fuss. If he was an officer, inquiries were made concerning his condition, and if his horse was injured a new one was sent to him; there the matter ended.

Only political motives could influence these established customs, but the King's move was unsuccessful. His zealous servants had been careful to order their carriages to be in waiting in the court of the Tuileries. When they left the royal coach they jumped into these carriages, and reached the Luxembourg in time to vote against the ministerial demands. Their position in the royal apartments was by no means injured in consequence, while in the Pavillon de Marsan it was greatly improved. We constitutional Imperialists were furious, but the Ultras and even the more reasonable courtiers were delighted with this show of independence.

Mr. Canning<sup>1</sup> was then in Paris for a few days. I remember that he came into the drawing-room of Mme. de Duras the same evening where an animated discussion upon this business was in progress. Our hostess questioned him.

"Is it not true that in England those who are attached to

<sup>1</sup> George Canning (1770-1827); entered the House of Commons in 1793; was Foreign Secretary in 1807; Portuguese Ambassador, head of the India Office, and Prime Minister. He signed with France and Russia the Treaty of London which terminated the Holy Alliance, and died a short time afterwards in 1827.

the King's service can vote according to their conscience, and are not necessarily obliged to support the ministry?"

"I do not quite understand."

"Well, for instance, if the Lord High Chamberlain considers a law inadvisable, is he free to vote against it?"

"Certainly, entirely free; in matters of voting every one is completely independent."

Mme. de Duras began to triumph.

"But," added Mr. Canning "he would send in his resignation before taking this step, or would be asked to resign immediately afterwards."

Her triumph was considerably diminished. Like a witty woman, however, she proceeded to argue that our constitutional education had not been carried sufficiently far to appreciate that kind of independence; she then turned the conversation to a general subject, and so retired from the ground upon which she had opened so disastrous an engagement.

The so-called Royalist party had pushed extravagance of ideas to such lengths that when M. de Marcellus,<sup>1</sup> at that time a deputy, was appointed to the Commission to examine the law which was to accompany the Concordat and to guarantee the freedom of the Gallican Church, he could think of nothing better than to refer the matter to the Pope, sending him a copy of the proposed law and of all the documents entrusted to the Commission. The Pope told him that the promulgation of this law should be opposed in every possible way. M. de Marcellus proceeded to take this remarkable letter to the Duc de Richelieu, who flew into a violent rage and threatened to bring him before the law courts for betraying state secrets to a foreign court. He told him that if the *ancien régime*, which he professed to respect, was still in

<sup>1</sup> Louis Marie Auguste Demartin du Tyrac, Comte de Marcellus, born in 1776; deputy for the Gironde, peer of France in 1823; refused to take the oath in 1830; died in 1841.



force, he would be left to rot in a state prison, and that only as a favour, lest Parliament should decree his arrest and make a worse example of him, etc. M. de Marcellus was entirely staggered by the violence of this interview, and admitted his mistake, but the powerful Jesuit party and the Ultramontanes in general praised his action highly. Monsieur took him under his special protection, and the uproar died away.

My own opinion is that the negotiations with Rome were taken out of the hands of M. de Blacas, who was accused of sharing in this intrigue, and that M. de Portalis was sent there.<sup>1</sup> He succeeded in securing the signature of a Con-

<sup>1</sup> A new Concordat has been signed at Rome on June 11, 1817, by the Duc de Blacas, then Ambassador, and Cardinal Consalvi. This document modified the Concordat of 1801 and the "organic" articles which had accompanied it. A law was necessary to secure its enforcement; this had been prepared by M. Pasquier, Guardian of the Seals, and M. Portalis, junior, and raised objections both in Rome and among the different parties in Paris, which would be too long to recount.

"M. de Marcellus, one of the members of the Commission, well known for his Ultramontane tendencies, had thought himself obliged, for the satisfaction of his conscience upon so delicate an occasion, to write directly to his Holiness and humbly beg that he might be informed if a faithful Catholic was really allowed to accept the proposed law. The nature of the reply could not be doubtful. If the law had been passed, the Roman Curia would have made no stir, and at most would have issued some formal protest; but when it was consulted beforehand, it could do nothing else than defend its own work. M. de Marcellus therefore received a letter which congratulated him upon his religious scruples, and assured him of the resolution of his Holiness to support all the clauses of the Concordat with the bulls in connection, and informed him that his Holiness formally condemned the proposed law.

"This letter was immediately passed about the drawing-rooms of Paris and also about the Parliament. . . . After these papal admonitions, the best-intentioned politicians thought they were bound to hesitate no longer, and loudly announced their intention of rejecting the whole. . . . It was agreed that the Commission should adjourn its report."

As it was necessary to negotiate some provisional arrangement with

cordat in which Gallican liberties were spared as far as circumstances would allow. Louis XVIII. did not attach sufficient importance to them to defend them against his brother with any vigour.

the court of Rome, it was considered that M. de Blacas, "who had negotiated the convention now to be superseded, was not the man to conduct this further negotiation. At any rate, he must have a colleague who would be able to inform him of the actual state of affairs in France, of the interests which must be respected, and who could at the same time be received with confidence by the Roman Government. I proposed M. Portalis, and was obliged to use much pressure to secure his agreement. . . . The Duc de Richelieu decided upon M. Portalis, and the result showed that he did well to follow my advice. M. Portalis was sent to the Pope on May 16." M. de Blacas continued to conduct negotiations in conjunction with M. Portalis, and his support proved very useful in the conclusion of the new treaty. (*Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. II, pp. 227 and 229 for the quotations; see also pp. 194 and 201, 225 and 230, 303 and 304 for details of the whole affair.)

Joseph Marie, Comte de Portalis (1778-1858), son of the famous lawyer, was Councillor of State under the Empire and First President of the Court of Angers in 1813; the Restoration appointed him councillor and afterwards president of the Cour de Cassation. He became peer of France, Keeper of the Seals, and First President of the Cour de Cassation in 1829. He was First President of the Chamber of Peers after 1830, and senator under the Second Empire.

## CHAPTER XXV

Pistol shot fired at the Duke of Wellington—Discovery of the assailant—Anxiety of Monsieur concerning the withdrawal of foreigners—General agitation—Vespers in the chapel of the Tuileries—The Duc de Rohan at Saint Sulpice—His absurdities—The Duc de Rohan becomes a priest—An adventure at Naples—Prince Talleyrand in favour—Ball given by the Duke of Wellington—Will of Queen Marie Antoinette—Death of the little Princesse d'Orléans born at Twickenham—Death of the Prince de Condé—The funeral oration.

A FEW days after my arrival in Paris a great sensation was caused by an attempt to assassinate the Duke of Wellington. A pistol had been fired at his carriage in the middle of the night, as he was returning to his residence in the Rue des Champs Elysées. It was an event that might have had most disastrous consequences. The Duke of Wellington was the most important personage of the time; everybody was convinced of the fact and no one so strongly as himself. His displeasure would have been a calamity. Everybody therefore connected with the Government made a great outcry concerning this outrage, and the Duke was accordingly in a fairly good temper the next day.

Nothing, however, was discovered. No one had been hit, and no bullet could be found, while the shot had been fired in complete darkness at a carriage going full speed. These facts appeared suspicious, and the Opposition spread a rumour that the Duke, in agreement with the Ultra party, had caused a blank shot to be fired at his carriage as a pretext for prolonging the occupation of the country. To do justice to the Duke of Wellington, he was incapable of lending himself to

such a machination. But he was exceedingly angry at this talk, and, it must be repeated, our fate largely depended upon the goodness of his temper. He alone could take the initiative and tell the sovereigns that the presence in France of the army of occupation, of which he was generalissimo, had ceased to be necessary to the peace of Europe.

All the police were at work, but discovered nothing. The Ultras rubbed their hands, and felt certain that the foreigners would remain five years longer. At length a revelation came from Brussels. Lord Kinnaird, a strong revolutionist, but not sufficiently advanced for assassination, explained that an emissary called Cantillon had been sent by the revolutionary committee at Brussels, where the old Jacobins had taken refuge under the leadership of the exiled regicides. Evidence was found to show that this Cantillon had fired at the Duke. He was handed over to the law, and the Duke professed himself satisfied.<sup>1</sup> He was conscientiously working to free France from the troops under his orders, but his caprices were always to be feared.

The diminution of the army which had been secured in the preceding year gave grounds for great hopes. The treaties, however, provided for five years of this occupation, with its burdens and humiliations and the third year had hardly begun. The Government's every care was devoted to the task of securing our deliverance, but these efforts were thwarted by the Ultra party, which felt or professed to feel great alarm at the prospect of seeing France evacuated by the foreigners.

<sup>1</sup> Cantillon was arrested upon the denunciation of a woman with whom he had spent the night after the attempt. Lord Kinnaird had learnt of the Brussels plot, and had done nothing more than write an anonymous letter to the Duke of Wellington, advising him to be on the look-out. It was not until May, 1819, that Cantillon's case came before the Court of Assizes. He was acquitted. The foreign troops had evacuated French territory on and after the previous November 30.

Monsieur had said to the Duke of Wellington, and unfortunately loud enough for the remark to be heard and repeated:

“If you go I shall go too.”

“Oh dear, no, sir,” the Duke had replied; “you will think better of it.”

Some weeks later a small pamphlet discussing the advisability, not of abbreviating, but of prolonging the occupation, was widely disseminated; it was anonymous, but the envelope was stamped *Chambre de Monsieur*. The authorship was attributed to M. de Bruges.<sup>1</sup> It was the forerunner of the famous *Note secrète*.<sup>2</sup> All these little circumstances helped to cause the great unpopularity to which Charles X. succumbed within three days some years afterwards. These intrigues even affected people who took no share in them. There was a general uneasiness which did not seem justified by the situation as such. As soon as I had arrived, the existence of a great conspiracy was dinned into my ears. I asked who the conspirators were, and was told “I do not know, but,” added my informant with a knowing air, “be certain that we are living upon a volcano, and it is assuredly not M. Decazes who will save us.”

He had become more and more exposed to the hatred of the court party.

Constant repetitions of these stories eventually shook my faith, when a trivial circumstance restored my balance by showing me upon what feeble foundations these rumours were raised. I was at vespers in the chapel of the Tuileries, when a gentle knock was heard at the door of the royal pew. The knock was not answered, and Madame cast a glance of irritation behind her. A second knock came, but obtained

<sup>1</sup> Comte de Bruges, lieutenant-general, and *aide-de-camp* to the Comte d'Artois.

<sup>2</sup> By M. de Vitrolles.

no reply; at the third repetition the King gave orders to open the door. A note was handed to him, which he read, made a sign to the Major-General of the Royal Guard, and said some words to him in a low tone. The Major-General went out, and vespers were concluded amid the agitation of the congregation. No doubt the great conspiracy had begun. Some courtiers left the chapel to go and spread the news even upon the Bourse. When he returned to his apartments the King announced that the hall of the Odéon was on fire, and that the Minister of Police was asking for troops to maintain order. Pious minds forthwith proceeded to discourse upon the scandal of interrupting divine service for a burning theatre, while the courtiers professed their indignation that the King should be disturbed for such a trifle.

"And what about M. Decazes? He seems to give his orders through the King—a wholly new method of procedure!"

In the evening a rumour spread through the town that the burning of the Odéon was the beginning of the outbreak of a great conspiracy. At court, where people were better informed but more stupid, the only subject of conversation was the insolence of the repeated knocks at the door of the royal pew. One might have thought that the door had been beaten in with a hatchet. This was a far greater event at the Tuileries than the destruction of one of the finest monuments of the capital.

This incident in the chapel recalls to my mind another scene which I witnessed at St. Sulpice during the same Lent, when the Abbé Frayssinous<sup>1</sup> was preaching there. His sermons were highly popular, and as the Minister of Police

<sup>1</sup> Denis, Comte de Frayssinous, born in 1765; founder of the celebrated lectures of St. Sulpice; King's Almoner, member of the French Academy, Bishop of Hermopolis, Grand Master of the University, Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs. Died in 1841.



had announced his intention of being present, the churchwardens' pew was reserved for him. A carriage, with several servants in full livery, stopped at the door, and a man in uniform got out; this was obviously the minister. The usher arrived in haste, halberd in hand, to clear the way for my lord. The beadle followed, and addressed Alexandre de Boisgelin, a rather stupid fellow, to ask whether he belonged to his excellency's suite.

"What excellency?"

"The Minister of Police."

"Where is he?"

"There, with the usher going in front of him."

"But that is not the Comte Decazes; it is the Duc de Rohan."

Off went the beadle at a run after the usher, to fetch him back to his post at the doorway. The Duc de Rohan was deprived of his usurped honours, left alone in the middle of the church, and obliged to place his peer's coat upon an ordinary wicker chair by our side like the poorest among us. The laugh was against him, notwithstanding the aristocratic prejudices which would willingly have given him precedence over M. Decazes. His absurdities were too flagrant.

Auguste de Chabot,<sup>1</sup> a young man of talent and well educated, had been almost forced to become the Emperor's Chamberlain. His conduct at the imperial court was marked by dignity, propriety, and simplicity. At the Restoration he took the title of Prince de Léon, and his head was turned

<sup>1</sup> Louis François Auguste, Comte de Chabot, then Prince de Léon, and finally Duc de Rohan Chabot; son of Alexandre Louis Auguste de Rohan Chabot, Duc de Rohan et de Penhoël, and of Louise Anne Elisabeth de Montmorency. He was born in 1778, was Chamberlain to Napoleon's sister, and afterwards to the Emperor himself, and was exiled for visiting Pope Pius VII. when a prisoner at Fontainebleau. Colonel of the staff, and officer of the Red Companies, he became peer of France at his father's death in 1816. In 1809 he married the daugh-

by vanity. He lost his wife, Mlle. de Sérent, a rich heiress, by a dreadful accident, and a few months before the time of which I am speaking the death of his father had put him in possession of the title of Duc de Rohan and of the peerage. These honours, though he must have foreseen them, intoxicated him with pride, and he became the rival of the Marquis de Tuffières.

His aristocratic claims were pushed to the point of extravagance; his seat of La Roche Guyon was decorated with all the implements of feudalism. His servants used to address him as Monseigneur. He was always dressed as a peer, and had the peer's collar and decorations fitted to a dressing-gown in which he received people in the morning, thus recalling the late Marshal Mouchy, who had a *cordon bleu* made of plate so that he could wear it in his bath.

Hence Mme. de Puisieux said when she saw a portrait closely resembling the Duc de Rohan:

"Oh, it is certainly Auguste. And look there," she added, pointing to a coat of arms in a corner of the picture, "there you have the expression of his face."

The Duc de Rohan had advertised his importance in England, in the hope that his title would procure him the hand of some rich heiress. He had come forward as a suitor for the hand of my sister-in-law the preceding year, and in order to ennoble this connection, which he thought somewhat beneath him, he had used the King as a go-between. When this exalted negotiator failed with Mlle. Destillières, the Duc could find no one in France sufficiently rich to aspire to the honour of sharing his name and his rank. The journey of

ter of the Comte de Sérent, who had died at Quiberon, and granddaughter of the Duc de Sérent (*Mémoires de Mme. de Gontaut*). She was burnt to death on January 10, 1814, when about to go out to dinner with the Dowager Duchesse d'Orléans. In answer to a divine call, the Duc de Rohan entered St. Sulpice in 1819, was ordained in 1822, became Vicar-General of Paris, Archbishop of Auch, and afterwards of Besançon, and finally cardinal. He died in 1833.

matrimonial enterprise to England proved equally fruitless, and he therefore decided to enter the Church. He surrounded himself with young priests, and conducted his seminary in the drawing-rooms of La Roche Guyon. I do not know how it was arranged, but he was an adaptable person.

Gossip asserted that the regulation of celibacy did not greatly trouble M. de Rohan. I have positive knowledge of a fact from which readers can deduce what they please. In 1813, Auguste de Chabot, at that time Chamberlain to the Emperor, was a handsome and talented young man, who drew very well, sang delightfully, had a pretty wit, and as he was a Frenchman from Paris, secured, when he reached Naples, the favour of the Queen, the wife of Murat,<sup>1</sup> who was governing during her husband's absence. A vigorous flirtation sprang up between them, which was succeeded by stolen interviews, solitary walks, letters, and portraits. The Queen's head was turned, and she did not attempt to hide the fact from herself. Although M. de Chabot professed even at that time a certain outward piety, things went so far that he was given the key of a secret door leading to the Queen's rooms. An interview was arranged for the following night, and Auguste kept the appointment. The next morning he received a passport obliging him to leave Naples in the course of the day. A confidential messenger came at the same time to ask for the elegant little box which contained the key. After that day the Queen, who had seemed entirely devoted to him, never mentioned his name. M. de Chabot was never able to understand the reason of this disfavour, for he prided himself that his conduct had been wholly respectful. He had retained her portrait, and I have seen it in the hands of the confidant of this intrigue, to whom he gave it when he took orders.

<sup>1</sup> Caroline Bonaparte, third sister of Napoleon. The Comte de Chabot had been attached to her household before he joined that of the Emperor.

Whatever the truth may be, his ecclesiastical profession did not prevent him from preserving habits of the most exaggerated dandyism, and the luxury of his toilet was infinite. He entered upon a long and earnest negotiation with the Roman court to gain permission for cutting chasubles in a new style which seemed to him more becoming. In any case it must be remembered that he said Mass more gracefully than any one else and yet with the utmost propriety.<sup>1</sup>

These paltry ambitions did not exclude other and more important aims. He speedily became archbishop and cardinal, and this I believe was the true object of his vocation. Civil and military careers were overcrowded: he believed that he possessed capacity, and with reason up to a certain point, and so he had entered the Church.<sup>2</sup> But I am anticipating, and return to the spring of 1818.

I had left M. de Talleyrand in disgrace with the Pavillon de Marsan; I found him again enjoying the full favour of Monsieur and of his circle. His good fortune in this respect was especially brought before the eyes of the public at a ball given by the Duke of Wellington at which the Princes were present. I could remember him the preceding year in this same room, making his way behind the chairs towards the Duchesse de Courlande; she had reserved a place for him

<sup>1</sup> "An exalted personage formerly famous at court for the distinction of his manners, his dress, and his furniture. Something of this remained even beneath the dress of an ecclesiastic, and on this side he had remained a duke and perhaps too much a man of the world. The priest, however, took precedence of the prince: whether in his elaborate and beautifully furnished study or in his chapel with all its Italian grace, the man of God was to be found with a heart of fervent piety, a soul zealous for good, and a well-furnished intellect."—Mgr. Baunard, *Le Vicomte Armand de Melun*, p. 30. From *La Congrégation*, by Geoffroy de Grandmaison, p. 356.

<sup>2</sup> After the Revolution of 1830, Cardinal de Rohan absolutely refused to take the oath to Louis Philippe, which fact may possibly have influenced the judgment of Mme. de Boigne.

at her side where no one came to disturb him. Of all the Princes, the Duc d'Angoulême alone addressed a few words to him as he passed by.

On this occasion his position was greatly changed. The crowd opened as he passed through; he was received with hearty hand-clasps, and led forthwith to Monsieur. The Duc de Berry seized this flattered hand, and would only resign it to Monsieur, and the attentions of the suite were equally assiduous. I have not retraced the thread of this intrigue, the results of which were displayed with such affectation beneath our eyes. I can hardly believe that M. de Talleyrand flattered the wishes of Monsieur, for he at this time especially desired the continuance of the occupation. M. de Talleyrand knew too well the pulse of popular feeling not to be aware that this fever of independence was daily growing, and that an explosion would result if no precautions were taken. However, he certainly lent himself to every intrigue for driving out the Duc d'Richelieu, and that was sufficient motive for his alliance.

At this ball again I had reason to observe the rudeness of our Princes. Towards the middle of the evening the Duke of Wellington suggested to Madame that she should walk round the rooms. He made a movement to offer his arm, and, great personage as he was, would have been flattered by an acceptance of his offer. Madame, however, took the arm of the Duc de Berry; the Duchesse de Berry took the arm of Monsieur. The Duc d'Angoulême had already gone away, according to his custom, and the Duke of Wellington was therefore reduced to walk before the royal group to show the way.

Thus the company reached the last drawing-room, where Comte was performing conjuring tricks. At that moment he required an assistant to act as subject, and managed to secure M. de Ruffo, son of Prince Castelcicala, Ambassador



at Naples, whose foolish face perfectly fitted the part he was called to play. Comte found cards in his pockets, in his breast, in his trousers, in his shoes, and in his necktie, a perfect deluge of them. The Princes laughed loudly, repeating in their well-known tone of voice, "It is M. de Ruffo." Now M. de Ruffo was almost upon intimate terms with them, yet when the trick was over they left the room without addressing a word of thanks to him or paying the smallest compliment to Comte, notwithstanding his bow, and in short displayed a callousness which set me upon thorns, as I was able to feel a keen interest in the proceedings. A few weeks previously I had seen the Prince Regent at my father's house in London: there he had watched a performance of this same M. Comte, and though no less exalted a personage, his behaviour had been very different.

I have already spoken of the great kindness of Queen Marie Antoinette. Madame had declined to inherit these qualities, and possibly of set purpose, for she cared little for her mother's memory. All her devotion was expended upon her father, and notwithstanding her virtues, her manner was by no means gracious. About this time a striking revelation was made of the feelings of Madame. M. Decazes discovered among the papers of some Terrorist of 1793 the autograph will of Marie Antoinette. He carried it to the King, who told him to show it to Madame: she returned it to him a few hours later with some extremely cold phrase to the effect that she recognised the writing and admitted the authenticity of the document.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It was a letter written by the martyr Queen, between her condemnation and her execution, to Madame Elisabeth. Courtois of the Convention, who was banished as a regicide in 1815, sent this precious document to the Minister of Police before he went into exile. It was communicated to the Chambers on February 22, 1816. Baron Pasquier writes in his *Memoirs*: "When we heard it for the first time, every eye was filled with tears, and emotion kept us silent" (Vol. IV, p. 78).



M. Decazes had facsimiles of the document made, and sent a number of them to Madame: she did not give away a single copy, and showed bad temper throughout the affair. The will, however, was carved in the expiatory chapel of the Rue d'Anjou, which was built under her patronage. While Madame was careless of her mother's memory,<sup>1</sup> she was passionately devoted to the recollection of her father, and this was a theme which always touched her heart-strings.

As I left the Duke of Wellington's ball, I was standing near the Duc and Duchesse de Damas Crux,<sup>2</sup> violent Ultras, who, like myself, were awaiting their carriage. Edouard

<sup>1</sup> With reference to the phrase in which Mme. de Boigne, in speaking of Queen Marie Antoinette, says, "There was little doubt among her friends that she had yielded to her passion for M. de Fersen" (see first volume of these Memoirs, p. 27), M. Lucien Maury, who was, I think, professor at the University of Upsala, writes in the *Revue Bleue*:

"It is well known that historians have vainly sought proof of the statement here advanced by the Comtesse de Boigne. Here follows the fragment of a letter from Marie Antoinette to Fersen, which is not, I believe, as yet published, and which may throw some light upon the question:

(In cipher.)

"Undated; probably belongs to September 1791 (1792?).

... "I can tell you that I love you, and I have only time for that. Do not be anxious upon my account, as I am quite well, and I wish I could learn that you were the same. Write to me in cipher by the post; address the letter to M. de Brouvne, and a second envelope to M. Gougeno. Have the addresses written by your valet. Tell me where to address such letters as I shall be able to write to you, for I cannot live without writing. Good-bye, most beloved and loving of men; I kiss you with all my heart. (a)

"Nowhere, as far as I know, is a clearer confession of the royal passion to be found." (*Revue Bleue*, April 27, 1907, p. 538.)

<sup>2</sup> Etienne Charles, Duc de Damas Crux, February 19, 1816; first gentleman of the chamber to the Duc d'Angoulême; married the daughter of the Duc du Sérent (1753-1846).

(a) I owe the copy of this fragment to the kindness of the Baron of Klinckowström. The Baron's father, who inherited the papers of Fersen, has published some incomplete letters from Marie Antoinette; by some inexplicable caprice, and in direct opposition to his theory, for Klinckowström was a warm defender of the Queen's memory, he destroyed the originals shortly before his death. The archives of the castle of Stafsund, in Sweden, contain but a very small number of authentic fragments of the correspondence of Marie Antoinette, and a few sheets of copies; the copy of the fragment quoted above seems to have escaped the Baron's attention, and to have been preserved in error.

de Fitz-James passed, and I shook hands with him; then M. Decazes, with whom I also shook hands; then Jules de Polignac, whom I greeted similarly; and then Pozzo, who shook hands more warmly than any of them.

"You have friends of every colour," said the Duc de Damas to me.

"Yes," I replied; "among those who proclaim themselves the King's servants and among those who really serve him."

He was stupid enough to give me a look of gratitude, but the Duchesse glared at me furiously, and has never pardoned me since.

The d'Orléans family, whose affability and courtesy were in such marked contrast with the elder branch, was not present at this ball, so far as I can remember. They were in great trouble. The little princess who had been born in England was extremely ill, and indeed died a few days afterwards. Death carried off at the same time the youngest and the eldest representatives of the house of Bourbon. The old Prince de Condé then concluded his long career, vainly calling for his children to close his eyes. I have already spoken of the mode of life which kept the Duc de Bourbon in London. The Princesse Louise also refused to soothe her father's last moments, asserting that she was unable to leave her house in the Temple, where she was in cloister, though all the ecclesiastical authorities had authorised her departure, and though Cardinal Talleyrand,<sup>1</sup> Archbishop of Paris, went to fetch her himself. This is the kind of virtue which I have never been able either to understand or to admire.

<sup>1</sup>Alexandre Angélique de Talleyrand Périgord (1736-1821); Almoner to the King; coadjutor and then Archbishop of Reims, deputy to the States General in 1789. He went into exile, and was High Almoner of Louis XVIII. in 1808; peer of France in 1814; Director-General of Public Worship in 1816, cardinal in 1817 and Archbishop of Paris. He was the uncle of Prince Talleyrand.

The Prince de Condé died in the arms of Mme. de Reuilly, natural daughter of the Duc de Bourbon; she surrounded him with the most filial and tender care. The Duc de Bourbon arrived after the death of his father, and appeared greatly distressed that he had not been able to see him again, the more so as it seems that in his last days the old Prince recovered the memory which he had lost for some years, and bitterly regretted the absence of his son. The Duc de Bourbon retained his own name, saying that the name of Condé was too heavy a burden for him to support. He settled at the Palais Bourbon and at Chantilly, where his conduct speedily gave rise to fresh scandal.

The funeral service at Saint Denis for the Prince de Condé was very magnificent: I do not remember precisely what departure from custom was made, but some marked change of the kind was carried out to do more royal honour to his memory. King Louis affected to give him more than was due to his rank according to the etiquette of the court of France, possibly to mark more definitely the displeasure with which he visited the Duc d'Orléans. I remember that this funeral was a great affair at court, and throughout the preceding days the public and the Ministry were greatly troubled by the style of the funeral oration. To speak over the tomb of the general of the *émigrés* was a difficult task to perform with satisfaction to both parties, for if one party was in power, the other party composed the nation.

The Abbé Frayssinous, who was entrusted with this responsibility, acquitted himself admirably. I remember one phrase which attracted much attention. In speaking of the two French camps opposed to one another, he said, "Glory was everywhere, happiness nowhere;" hence the oration was not absolutely displeasing to either party, and no better result could have been expected.

## CHAPTER XXVI

Death of Mme. de Staël—Influence of her work upon the Revolution—  
I return to London—Agents of the Ultra party—Presentation of  
the secret note—The King deprives Monsieur of the command of  
the National Guards—Fury of Jules de Polignac—Conspiracy of  
the Water's Edge—Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle—The Duc de  
Richelieu secures the liberation of the territory.

I OMITTED at the proper time to mention the death of Mme. de Staël; this took place during one of my absences in England, after a long illness, during which she went out as long as possible into that Parisian society which she so keenly appreciated. It was painful to see her at the beginning of an evening party. She would arrive exhausted by her sufferings, but in a short time intellect would entirely overpower instinct, and she was as brilliant as ever, as if she had wished to show to the end that inimitable superiority in which she was unrivalled. The last time that I saw her was in the morning, and I was going away the next day. For several days she had been unable to leave her sofa, and livid spots covered her face, her arms, and hands, clear symptoms of decomposition of the blood. I was painfully impressed with the thought of an everlasting farewell, yet her conversation turned only upon her future projects. She was busy looking for a house where her daughter, the Duchesse de Broglie, who was expecting her confinement, would be better lodged. She was making plans for the following winter, and saying that she wished to be at home more often and to give dinners more frequently. She even mentioned by name the guests who would be regular. Possibly she was attempting to deceive

herself; in any case, the contrast between this dying figure and these words of hope was heartrending, and I left her greatly saddened.

There was too wide a difference of age and certainly of intellectual power between us to enable me to boast of a friendship with Mme. de Staël in the true sense of the word; but she had been extremely kind to me, and I was greatly flattered. Her mode of enlivening a party was precisely that which pleased me especially, because it was in perfect conformity with my own idle tastes. Mme. de Staël could enliven a circle of guests without ever rising from her sofa. Intellectual vigour is as agreeable to me as physical exercise is burdensome. When I am obliged to look for pleasure out of doors, I risk losing it in the course of the search.

Though my grief at the death of Mme. de Staël was not heartrending, it was none the less sincere.<sup>1</sup> The sorrow of her children was overwhelming. They loved her passionately, and the revelation which she made upon her bed of pain of which I have already spoken,<sup>2</sup> in no way diminished their affection or their regret.

Auguste de Staël undertook the publication of the book at which she was working, and which appeared in the spring of 1818.<sup>3</sup> It produced an effect which was not without important results. Under the Empire, the Revolution of 1793 and the actors in it were in disgrace. The Restoration did not restore their credit, and no one would claim the dangerous honour of having worked to overthrow the throne of Louis XVI. It would have been vain to look in France for a man willing to admit any participation in this work. The regicides themselves made excuses for their action, saying

<sup>1</sup> Mme. de Staël died on July 14, 1817.

<sup>2</sup> See first volume of these *Memoirs*, p. 229.

<sup>3</sup> *Considérations sur les principaux événements de la Révolution française.*

that a purely fortuitous circumstance had driven them to the precipice, and that upon the whole the only guilty party was the "Little Cat,"<sup>1</sup> possibly because he was not in a position to explain his conduct.

Mme. de Staël's book entirely changed current opinion upon this subject by boldly speaking in honourable terms of the Revolution and of the revolutionaries. She began by distinguishing principles from actions, and differentiating between the thwarted hopes of honourable people and the atrocious crimes which stained these fatal days, and obliterated in blood all the reforms with which they had thought to endow their country. She thus rehabilitated the title of revolutionary: formerly it had been a deep insult, now it became almost an honour. The Opposition did not reject it. The Liberals recognised themselves as the successors of the revolutionaries, and retraced their parentage to 1779. MM. de Lafayette, d'Argenson, de Thiard, de Chauvelin, de Girardin, etc., etc., formed the links of connection. The Lameth family, though they claimed the title of patriots of '89, and were disowned by the *émigrés* and the Restoration, did not join the anti-Royalist opposition. They remained moderate Liberals, after serving the Emperor with much less zeal than those whose names I have just quoted.

My own opinion is that this posthumous work of Mme. de Staël was a gift of ill-omen to the country, and largely contributed to revive that revolutionary spirit which afterwards pervaded the young generation, with the fatal effects that we have seen. As soon as Mme. de Staël's book had set the example, panegyrics upon 1789 poured forth continually. Very few minds retained sufficient balance to extract the good grain from amid these blood-stained tares and thus the

<sup>1</sup> Nickname given to Robespierre.



figures of the Revolution, even including the name of Robespierre, were sanctified.

The third volume was almost entirely written by Benjamin Constant; the difference of style and especially of thought is obvious. It is more bitterly republican, and the aristocratic leanings, which were always visible beneath Mme. de Staël's democratic tendencies, have disappeared.

A malignant fever, of which I nearly died, kept me confined to my room for several weeks. I left it to nurse my sister-in-law, who had had a miscarriage and was causing us considerable anxiety, apart from the disappointment. As soon as she had recovered her health I returned to London.

The payment of the liquidation indemnities, which had been finally determined at sixteen millions in satisfaction of private claims, had occupied almost the whole of my father's attention. He had constantly seen obstacles reappear in his path which he believed he had overcome, and could not understand the reason. A sad discovery explained this delay. The loyalty of M. de Richelieu had been obliged to resign itself to the dishonesty inevitably bound up with governmental necessities. He had grown more pliable since the time of my adventure in the case of Dr. Marshall. The *Cabinet Noir* furnished him with the clearest proof of the manner in which M. X., commissioner of liquidation, was selling the interests of France to foreigners for hard cash. Certain letters, which had been written in Berlin and were intercepted in the Paris post, supported the charge. The Duc de Richelieu dismissed M. X. with ignominy. As, however, he could not make public the revelations which had justified this step, the dismissed official became an insolent foe. He immediately adopted strict Royalist views, announced that he was a victim to the honesty of his opinions, and his opposition eventually proved inconvenient.

As soon as he had been replaced by M. Mounier,<sup>1</sup> business proceeded rapidly. His integrity disentangled the complications which his predecessor had purposely produced. The task of liquidation was speedily ended, and its conclusion was a success for the Government. This event marked the beginning of the intimacy between the Duc de Richelieu and M. Mounier.

As pecuniary difficulties were removed, the prospect of our liberation drew near, and the fury of the Ultra party increased proportionately. Its stupidity was only equalled by its intolerance. I remember that before leaving Paris I heard invectives delivered against the Government which could exact 66 per cent. from the French capitalists for a new loan, whereas it had only been able to obtain 54 per cent. in the preceding year from Messrs. Baring & Co., while reproaches were uttered against the Ministry which had raised the public credit 12 per cent. in a few months. No one could believe such foolishness who had not lived amid the storms of political passion.

In London I saw the successive arrival of several envoys sent by Monsieur: Crussol,<sup>2</sup> Fitz-James,<sup>3</sup> de Bruges, etc. My father was well informed of their objects, and the English ministers were indignant. The Duke of Wellington had previously explained the false nature of their reports. All had come to represent the situation of France in the gloomiest light and as most dangerous to the peace of the world, while demanding the prolongation of the foreign occupation. The

<sup>1</sup> Claude Edouard Mounier (1784-1843), son of the constitutional deputy of 1789. He was a member of the Imperial Administration, was sub-councillor to the Council of State in 1810, and afterwards joined the Restoration; he was Councillor of State in 1816, director-general of departmental administration, and peer of France in 1819.

<sup>2</sup> Duc de Crussol, colonel and *aide-de-camp* of Monsieur.

<sup>3</sup> Duc de Fitz-James, peer of France, colonel and first gentleman of the chamber to the Comte d'Artois.

Duc de Fitz-James drew so exaggerated a picture that Lord Castlereagh said to him:

"If this description is exact, we should be obliged to recall our troops forthwith to form a *cordon* round France and leave the inhabitants to devour one another. Fortunately, my lord, we have less terrifying information to oppose to yours."

The expression of these gentlemen when they spoke of my father was that he had gone over to the enemy, and it was a pity. How fortunate it would have been for the monarchy if it had been exclusively surrounded by such enemies. M. de Richelieu, in their opinion, meant well but had been led astray. The other ministers were all scoundrels and rascals. In this description were included Decazes, Lainé, Pasquier, Molé, and Corvetto. No exception was made of any one. As the prospect of liberation drew near, the anxieties of the party were doubled. It was at this time, I think, that the *Conservateur* began to appear. The editor in chief of this weekly publication was M. de Chateaubriand, but every supporter of the Ultra party poured his venomous eloquence into it. It was a paper which did much harm to the throne.

Jules de Polignac was the last to arrive in England, bringing the famous Secret Note,<sup>1</sup> recognised and admitted as the composition of Monsieur, though it had been drawn up<sup>2</sup> by

<sup>1</sup> A memoir addressed to the principal foreign ambassadors residing in Paris. It apparently formed the continuation of a secret correspondence, carried on without the knowledge of the King and his Government. Its object was to secure the aid of the foreign Powers to force Louis XVIII. to change his ministry and his Liberal policy.

<sup>2</sup> Baron Pasquier, minister at the time, is less emphatic concerning the collaboration of the Comte d'Artois. "At other times," he writes, "M. de Vitrolles would have been prosecuted for treason. As Minister of State, his oath obliged him particularly to serve his sovereign loyally, but full confidence would have been required that he had not communicated his memoir to the exalted personage who honoured his production. No further action was therefore taken beyond the deprivation of his title of Minister of State." (*Mémoires*, Vol. IV, p. 252.)

M. Vitrolles.<sup>1</sup> No more unpatriotic action could have been urged upon a prince, and no more culpable action was ever performed by the heir to a throne. The foreign Governments received the note with scorn, and Louis XVIII. was so incensed with his brother that he gained courage to deprive him of his command of the National Guards of the kingdom. For a long time the Ministers had been urging the King to hand over the organisation of the National Guards to the Minister of the Interior and to place them under his orders; the King had recognised the necessity of the step, but had been intimidated by the uproar which Monsieur would have made. In 1814 he had been appointed Commander-General of the National Guards of France. He had collected a staff after his own heart. Inspectors-General made their rounds every three months and inquired into the attitude of the officers, who were all appointed by Monsieur and were devoted to him. The majority were members of the Congregation; they were in daily correspondence with Jules de Polignac, First Inspector-General, and the zeal and activity of his police was indefatigable.

Thus there was a state within the state, a government within the government, an army within the army. This organisation, which has been justly styled the Secret Government, was then at the height of its power. The decree which deprived Monsieur<sup>2</sup> of the com-

<sup>1</sup> Eugène François Auguste d'Arnaud, Baron de Vitrolles, born in 1774. Went into exile to the army of Condé; returned after Brumaire 18; inspector of the Imperial Bergeries in 1812, secretary to the King's Councils during the Restoration; arrested at Toulouse during the Hundred Days; Deputy for the Basses Alpes; Minister of State; minister at Florence in 1827; retired after 1830, and died in 1854. He had married Mlle. de Folleville, natural daughter of the Duchesse de Bouillon.

<sup>2</sup> The decree left to the Comte d'Artois, "Colonel-general, his rights and prerogatives, but deprived him of his nominations to the general staff, and therefore of organisation, direction, and general supervision. It abolished all general and superior officers, and handed over to civil

mand also deprived the party of the greater proportion of its power by taking from it so large an armed force which was under its orders and which it could use as it pleased.

Jules de Polignac learnt the news, which had been kept very secret, through my mother, who gave him the *Moniteur* to read. Notwithstanding his habitual reserve, he could not help uttering some phrases which my mother regarded as so culpable that she told him she would repeat them to my father, that he might report them to the King. Realising his imprudence, he attempted to laugh the matter off. But as he could not throw my mother off the scent by this means, he had recourse to prayers which soon became tears and supplications, and eventually secured her promise that she would not repeat an observation which he assured her was not so important as she thought. I never learnt precisely what his words were, but the name of M. Villèle was mentioned, and I have reason to believe that the conspiracy known as the "Conspiracy at the Water's Edge" was only a commentary upon the remarks which Jules had dropped in his anger. No one who knew anything of affairs at this time ever doubted the reality of that conspiracy, which was intended to bring Charles X. to the throne before Providence had disposed of Louis XVIII. I do not propose to narrate this event in any further detail, though most of the conspirators, and also the majority of their intended victims, were people with whom we were intimate. I was absent when the discovery was made and the intrigue involved such high interests that the Ministry and the King did not care to trace it to its source. They confined their action to de-

and local authorities, under the control of the Minister of the Interior, the entire exercise of those functions which had been originally entrusted to the officers." (*Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. IV, pp. 253-254.)



stroying its power for ever, and did not pursue their investigations further.<sup>1</sup>

The King was deeply wounded, and did not fail to let his brother know what information he possessed. I do not know if the Duc de Berry was in the secret, but I trust that he was not. As for the Duc d'Angoulême, the party concealed its actions with greater care from him than from anybody else. Although the prudence of the Government had made no sensation of this affair, the Ultra party was somewhat hampered by the discovery. It was now obliged to be more careful in its attitude towards the Government, and became, or at least attempted to appear, more moderate for some time.

None the less it maintained agents at the Congress of Aix la Chapelle for the purpose of thwarting the negotiations of the Duc de Richelieu with the foreigners. These negotiations, however, were successful, and he had the glory and happiness of signing the treaty which freed his country from the occupation of foreign garrisons. Doubtless freedom was dearly bought, but France could afford to pay the price, and agreed to do so. What she could not endure was the humiliation of not being mistress in her own house.<sup>2</sup>

The respect and confidence inspired by the loyal character of M. de Richelieu largely contributed to the success of these negotiations, the result of which overwhelmed us with delight. I remember that when the signature of the treaty was known in London the whole of the diplomatic body and the English

<sup>1</sup> The judicial inquiry was held, which, as in all such cases under the Restoration, voluntarily passed over the main criminals to seize upon certain subordinate scapegoats. These latter were released for want of sufficient evidence by the preliminary chamber of the Royal Court of Paris. The Ministry did not venture to carry the affair to extremes.

<sup>2</sup> The Congress met on September 29, 1818, and on October 9 the treaty was signed which arranged the withdrawal of the foreign troops for November 30. France was to pay 265 millions.



ministers hastened to my father to compliment him and to share our satisfaction. The Duc de Richelieu's praises were in every mouth, and every one could quote some special instance of his honour and his tact.

## CHAPTER XXVII

Comte Decazes desires a change of ministry—Attacks upon the Duc de Richelieu—He resigns—General Dessolle succeeds him—Marriage of M. Decazes—Comte de Sainte Aulaire—My father requests permission to retire—He is replaced by the Marquis de La Tour Maubourg—The King is displeased with my father—My ideas concerning a diplomatic career—Creation of a batch of peers—M. de Barthélemy.

IT might be thought that after the triumph of Aix la Chapelle the President of the Council would return to Paris with supreme power. It was not so: the two oppositions of the Right and Left amalgamated for the purpose of minimising the success, while the ministerial party under the influence of M. Decazes took little trouble to give that success the importance it deserved. M. de Richelieu was the least competent of men to make full use of his triumph, though M. Decazes fully understood the art of using it. As things were, he did not wish to do so, an attitude due to intrigues within the Ministry. M. Decazes had joined the semi-Liberal party, which has since produced the product known as the *doctrinaires*. This party had long been inveighing against the Ministry of Police, and persuaded M. Decazes that if he reformed this ministry after the withdrawal of the foreigners, it would seem that he had only been appointed to act in a critical moment, and that the King would have made a clever move and would secure all the popularity of it. M. Decazes was ready to consider the idea, though under the natural condition that he should remain minister and influential minister. He spoke of it to M. de Richelieu,

who adopted the idea. M. Lainé, Minister of the Interior, was constantly proclaiming his disinterestedness, his want of ambition, and his weariness of public business.

M. de Richelieu, who had perfect confidence in him and in his words at this time, went to him with his usual straightforwardness and asked him to hand over his portfolio to M. Decazes, who wanted it. M. Lainé was furious at the proposal, and the Duc de Richelieu, with the usual clumsiness of his loyal candour, informed M. Decazes that his idea must be abandoned because M. Lainé would not hear of it. He fully recognized the advisability of abolishing a special Ministry of Police, and admitted the difficulty of maintaining the ministry as explained by M. Decazes, but he said that some other means of suppressing it must be found. After this extraordinary manner of satisfying M. Decazes and M. Lainé, he went off to Aix la Chapelle in full confidence of the loyalty of his colleagues towards himself. The empty nature of this trust was clear to him on his return.

I have no clear knowledge of the intrigues which were carried on, or of the affronts by which he was surrounded, but at the end of a year he resigned, as also did MM. Pasquier, Molé, Lainé, and Corvetto.<sup>1</sup> General Dessolle<sup>2</sup> became the ostensible leader of the new Government, which was really guided by M. Decazes. I could never understand why M. Decazes failed to realise that the veil of purity with which the presidency of M. de Richelieu covered his favouritism

<sup>1</sup> Mme. de Boigne here commits a slight mistake. M. Corvetto, Minister of Finance, was obliged to resign on December 7, 1818, in consequence of the criticism upon the loans offered by Casimir Perier. He was replaced by M. Roy, who followed the Duc de Richelieu, MM. Pasquier, Molé, and Lainé on the following December 29, when a Government of Decazes-Dessolle was formed.

<sup>2</sup> Jean Joseph Paul Augustin Dessolle, born at Auch in 1767. General of division in 1799, member of the Privy Council and marquis in 1815; died 1828.

was necessary for the maintenance of his credit. It was only under the protection of this noble and transparent ægis that he could make head against the hatred of which he was the object. M. de Richelieu never envied his favoured position, and allowed him all the power which he enjoyed, all the importance, all the profits, and also all the weariness; for it was not a matter of mere amusement to keep in a good humour an old valetudinarian monarch, the domestic peace of whose household was disturbed.

Some months previously M. Decazes had married<sup>1</sup> Mlle. de Sainte Aulaire, a girl of rich family and almost directly connected with royalty<sup>2</sup> through her mother, who was Mlle. de Soyecourt. This connection flattered M. Decazes and pleased the King,<sup>3</sup> who took such interest in the marriage as to make it his personal affair: this circumstance had brought about a kind of reconciliation with the section of the opposition party to which M. de Sainte Aulaire belonged.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> M. Decazes was a widower; his first wife, whom he had married in 1805, was Mlle. Muraire, second daughter of Comte Muraire, First President of the Cour de Cassation. She died childless in 1806.

<sup>2</sup> Louis de Beaupoil, Comte de Sainte Aulaire, had married as his first wife Mlle. de Seiglières de Soyecourt, daughter of M. de Seiglières de Boisfranc, Marquis de Soyecourt, and of Wilhelmina Henrietta, Princess of Nassau Saarbruck. After her death he married, on May 29, 1809, Louise Charlotte Victorine de Grimoard de Beauvoir du Roure Brison.

<sup>3</sup> The Duchess of Brunswick Bevern, Princess of Nassau Saarbruck, and aunt on the mother's side of Mlle. de Soyecourt, secured from the King of Denmark, Frederick IV., the transference of the Duchy of Glucksberg in favour of her niece and her descendants.

<sup>4</sup> Louis Claire de Beaupoil, Comte de Sainte Aulaire, born in 1778, passed out of the Polytechnic School in 1796; Chamberlain to the Emperor in 1809, prefect in 1813, and prefect of Toulouse under the Restoration. He was deputy and peer of France, and a supporter of the July Monarchy. He was Ambassador at Rome in 1831, Vienna from 1833 to 1841, and London from 1841 to 1848. After his retirement he devoted himself to historical studies. Was a member of the French Academy, and died in 1854.

For him I have a friendship that has lasted for thirty years; at the same time, I must admit that at the outset of the Restoration his behaviour had been marked by ill-tact, to say the least of it. He had successively refused to recognise Napoleon, whose Chamberlain he was in 1814, and Louis XVIII. in 1815, in the two towns of Bar-le-Duc and of Toulouse, in each of which he had been prefect, while his refusals were expressed in a pointedly insulting manner, which was in accordance neither with his position nor with his character and intellect, for he was one of the gentlest and pleasantest men that I have ever known.<sup>1</sup> However, in an overwhelming crisis very few men are able to preserve their balance, least of all men of high intellect. Stupid characters are more successful, owing to their lack of intelligence.

His conduct during the Hundred Days had thrown M. de Sainte Aulaire on the side of the Left. The marriage of M. Decazes with Mlle. de Sainte Aulaire, instead of bringing the minister into connection with the aristocratic party to which she belonged by birth, had drawn him into the society of the Opposition and gave his attitude, though most unjustly, a revolutionary colouring which the Ultra party exaggerated in the most glaring manner. I would not venture to assert that their continual outcries had not exerted some influence even upon ourselves in London, though not to our knowledge.

The news of M. de Richelieu's retirement was most unexpected by my father, and was a serious blow to him. I have already said that the important business of the embassy was conducted between them by means of confidential and autograph letters which did not pass through the office. My father had no personal connection with M. Dessolle, and could

<sup>1</sup> M. de Sainte Aulaire held no office during the Hundred Days, but he resigned the prefecture of Toulouse after the arrest of M. Vitrolles, advising his officers to join the Emperor Napoleon, as the Bourbon cause was finally lost.

not continue a similar correspondence with him.<sup>1</sup> From the new minister he received a kind of circular letter in the politest terms, which informed him with many compliments that the policy of the Government had changed. My father was already anxious to follow his chief into retirement, and this letter decided him. He replied that his task had been accomplished. Like the Duc de Richelieu, he had thought it his duty to remain at the post until the complete withdrawal of the foreign troops, as the negotiations in progress must necessarily have been conducted by the same hands as far as possible; as, however, a new era with new views seemed about to open, he would take advantage of the opportunity to request that relief to which his age entitled him.

My mother and I were delighted by this decision. I hated diplomatic life, and my mother could not bear to be separated from my brother. Moreover, we observed that my father was growing unable to deal with work which he had so conscientiously performed. His powers of judgment remained unimpaired, but we had noticed that his memory was failing. When a man has been out of business from the age of thirty to sixty, and then returns to work, he either mismanages his duties or is crushed by them. My father's case was the latter.

M. Dessolle replied, begging him to reconsider his decision, but he persisted. He said he had no intention of refusing his assent to the King's Government, but he considered that a

<sup>1</sup> The Duc de Richelieu thought a great deal of the Marquis d'Osmond, and had great confidence in his capacity. The Comte de Gabriac wrote to the Marquis d'Osmond from Turin, under date March 29, 1816: ". . . I have already heard of his successful mission at London, as the Duc de Richelieu wrote to me as follows: 'The relations of France with England are all that could be desired. England showed herself more exacting than any other power during the negotiations for the Treaty of Paris. To-day her attitude is entirely conciliatory, and the arrival of the Marquis d'Osmond at London has produced a great change for the better.'" (Unpublished letter.)



new appointment would be better able to deal with the English Government than a man who seemed bound to contradict himself. Negotiations, for instance, had been opened to induce the King of the Low Countries to expel from Belgium the nest of conspirators who sent out the pamphlets, and the agitators by which the kingdom was disturbed. M. Decazes attached the greatest importance to the success of these negotiations, and spoke of them daily to the Duc de Richelieu, whom he induced to request the good offices of the English Government. One of the first cares of Dessolle's Ministry was to send a letter of thanks to the King of Holland for the noble hospitality he had extended to those refugees, who would soon, it was hoped, restore their powers and their talents to the service of their country. A copy of this letter was shown to my father by Lord Castlereagh in answer to a note written in the spirit of the earlier policy. This action was perhaps prudent, but a new negotiator was required to conduct a new policy.

A further letter came from M. Dessolle, who now seemed more inclined than previously to follow in the footsteps of his predecessor. My father had announced his intended retirement at London, and would not change his mind, notwithstanding the kindly representations of the Regent and his ministers. The Marquis de La Tour Maubourg<sup>1</sup> was appointed to take his place. With his invariable straightforwardness, my father immediately did his best to smooth the path of the new Ambassador and to make his diplomatic and social position as easy as possible. M. de La Tour

<sup>1</sup> Marie Victor Nicolas, Marquis de La Tour Maubourg, born in 1768; lieutenant in the Life Guards, cavalry colonel and prisoner with La Fayette, *aide-de-camp* to Kleber. He supported the monarchy and became peer of France; he took no action during the Hundred Days. He became Ambassador at London, Governor of the Invalides from 1822 to 1830. In 1835 he was guardian of the Duc de Bordeaux, and died at Paris in 1850. He had lost a leg at the battle of Leipsic.

Maubourg, who was also a keen loyalist, was deeply touched by this action, and has always remained profoundly grateful.

My father added another service to these kindnesses. When he had returned to Paris and had no personal interest in the matter, he clearly explained that the London embassy was insufficiently salaried, and secured the addition of sixty thousand francs to the salary of his successor. If M. de La Tour Maubourg was touched by my father's action, M. Dessolle, on the other hand, was irritated by his return, while M. Decazes was also wounded because he thought that my father's action had disturbed his own enjoyment of the King's favour. The favourite was not entirely wrong. The retirement of a man so respected as my father, who had hitherto pursued the same course of policy, might be interpreted as a breach. Notwithstanding the extreme moderation of my father's language and that of his family, the enemies of M. Decazes immediately seized this pretext and turned it to account against him.

Some weeks had elapsed during which the discussions between my father and the Ministry were in progress. Although his resignation had immediately followed that of M. de Richelieu, it was not accepted until the end of January, 1819.<sup>1</sup> I immediately set off for Paris to prepare a house for the family.

I found the King highly exasperated, and asserting that hitherto he had believed himself to be represented by ambassadors who acted in his name, but that the Marquis d'Osmond preferred to represent only M. de Richelieu. It will be observed that the author of the Charter had not entirely thrown off the temper of Louis XIV.'s grandson, and was speaking in the language of Versailles. He would

<sup>1</sup> The resignation of the Marquis d'Osmond is dated January 2, 1819; M. de Richelieu had resigned on December 29, 1818.

probably have appreciated my father's action better if it had been agreeable to his favourite.

The latter, in any case, received me with a kindness the sincerity of which I have reason to doubt. Though my father had been overwhelmed with compliments throughout the conduct of his embassy, he not only received no mark of satisfaction upon his retirement, but had much trouble in securing the retiring pension to which his right was indisputable, the pretext being that no funds were available. In any case, he was not the only man to endure the *ben serviré é non gradiré*: the retiring ministers, and especially M. de Richelieu, reaped a rich harvest of ingratitude at court, in the Chambers, and in public opinion.

Monsieur and Madame treated me with more than usual kindness when I went to pay my respects upon my arrival from London. The Duc de Berry attempted to force an admission from me that my father was abandoning the party because he saw it in the hands of the Jacobins. I declined to be forced, and emphasised his age, which required rest, the advisability of leaving business when the task of liberating France had been accomplished, and my mother's health. The Prince persisted, but in vain, and displayed some small vexation, though he was no less friendly than usual. As for the rest, when they saw that our attitude was not that of opposition, and that my father voted with the Ministry in the Chamber of Peers, they ceased their affability and resumed their habitual coldness of demeanour.

My mother had fallen dangerously ill at Dover, and caused us much anxiety. At length she was able to make the crossing, and we were united at Paris, to our great satisfaction. My father began to feel the want of occupation which always affects men when they retire from an active life. His sound sense and admirable character speedily triumphed over these feelings. No one is more likely to feel regrets of this nature

than an ambassador when he retires to private life. His social connections are broken, he is a stranger to the influential personages of his country, he has no longer that intimate knowledge of petty details which occupies the attention of men in power—for they gossip as much as we do; he is accustomed to lay stress upon social distinctions, and these are suddenly withdrawn. In my opinion, there is no situation more disagreeable, and none in which the chief actor can so entirely play the part of the donkey loaded with relics, none in which every mark of distinction is so dissociated from all esteem and from all considerations of personal merit.

I am aware that there is a general theory that a diplomatic career is the most pleasant of all, especially when the rank of ambassador is reached. My acquaintance with the career is confined to its ambassadorial stage, and I pronounce it detestable. A man may work all night to report his achievements of the day, may succeed in a difficult and complicated negotiation, often hampered by clumsy instructions: the credit of the success is secured by the minister, whose ambiguous despatches have allowed his ambassador to guess his intentions, expressed with sufficient obscurity to enable him to disavow the negotiations if they should fail. On the other hand, if failure is the result, the minister shrugs his shoulders and the ambassador is pronounced to be wanting in tact, and as secrecy is the first law of the trade, self-justification is impossible.

I have seen the diplomatic career under the pleasantest conditions—when my father occupied an embassy of first importance, enjoyed the complete confidence of his own Government, and was in high favour with the London authorities—nevertheless I emphatically repeat that it is one of the least agreeable that a man can pursue.

I can understand that a politician, who might find a temporary absence suitable to his purpose, might like to spend

a few months at a foreign court in a diplomatic position. Nothing, however, is worse for the business of a country than the appointment of such ambassadors, who have not their hearts in their work. I admit that this kind of exile is not without its attractions. Still, it is inadvisable for a man to attach himself too permanently to these pleasures, for no other kind of absence more rapidly and more definitely breaks his connection with his friends and adherents.

We have seen M. de Serre,<sup>1</sup> the first orator in the Chamber, unable to secure his re-election after an ambassadorship of two years at Naples: he died of vexation in consequence. It is certain that if he had spent those two years at his country seat in absolute retirement, his election would not have been even contested, and his political career would have continued unbroken.

Here I am speaking only of men with political ambitions; those who merely want positions and salaries will obviously prefer an embassy to retirement. But they also, if their absence is prolonged, will return at the close of their career to finish in their native land a life devoid of interest: they will find themselves strangers to their own families, deprived of all friendship, and possessing none of those habits which can replace the tastes of youth when old age arrives. The more intimate the social life of the country to which an ambassador belongs, the more striking are these disadvantages. The fact is especially true of Frenchmen, who live in cliques which are formed rather by communities of taste than by connections of rank or of family. No tie can be

<sup>1</sup> Pierre François Hercule, Comte de Serre, born in 1776, served in the army of Condé during the *émigration*. Solicitor-General at Metz in 1811, after his return to France in 1802. He was First President of the Court of Hamburg, and was appointed to Colmar at the Restoration. After the Hundred Days he was deputy President of the Chamber in 1817, Keeper of the Seals in 1818, Ambassador at Naples in 1822, and died in 1824.



stronger, and yet none can be more fragile; it is a tie that can last for ever or be broken by a trifle, and one that is hardly ever proof against a long absence. Affection may remain, but mutual understanding has disappeared. Great delights are anticipated from the first meeting, and yet that event is a cause of coldness, for there is no unity of language or of interests. Common sympathies are non-existent, for the tie has been broken.

Frenchmen are so well aware of this social tendency that our diplomatists will always be found anxious to revisit their native society at frequent intervals, and thus to keep in touch with it. Hence of all Europeans the French diplomatists are those who reside least regularly at the courts to which they are accredited. These were reflections which came home to me as clearly at that time as they do now, and I had the utmost satisfaction in finding that my own position was unchanged.

Our resolution not to adopt a hostile attitude towards the new Ministry was checked by the decision of M. Decazes<sup>1</sup> to appoint a group of sixty peers (March 6, 1819). It was not likely that I could regard this measure calmly after three years spent amid the fogs of London reviving my British education. My father insisted upon my silence, but he shared my view that this was a mortal blow at the peerage. The measure bore its fruit, and it would not be difficult to connect the destruction of the hereditary principle with the creation of enormous batches of peers, the first example of which was set by Decazes. The list of 1815, though very numerous, bears a wholly different character. The object was then to found an institution, and not to secure a majority.

<sup>1</sup> He had laid a motion before the Chamber of Peers requesting the King to introduce such modifications as might seem advisable in the organisation of the electoral colleges. (February 20, 1819.)



The nominations of 1819 were made upon the occasion of a proposal advanced by M. de Barthélemy for the revision of the law of election; of this law M. Decazes had himself demanded the repeal a few months afterwards.<sup>1</sup> I have never been able to understand how they had induced M. de Barthélemy<sup>2</sup> to bell the cat.

When he eventually understood the uproar of which he was the cause, he was greatly staggered. The same thing had happened to him when he had been installed as Director of the Republic, and then almost without his knowledge. The shock had been more severe on that occasion, as it had ended in his transportation to the inhospitable shores of Guiana. I knew him well, and I have never been able to understand these two incidents in his life. He was the most honest and upright of men, talented, a man of many acquaintances, an easy and often a stimulating conversationalist. He was, however, timid, cautious, and over-scrupulous; he was always afraid of displeasing some one, and was anxious to follow in the wake of others and to hide himself behind their backs.<sup>3</sup> No one could be more unfitted to play a leading part, and no one was less anxious to do so. Far from attaching importance to the fact that he had been "the fifth part of a king," he was vexed by the memory.

<sup>1</sup>The proposal of Barthélemy, which the Ministry rejected, was adopted by 98 votes to 55. The law concerning the financial year, which the Chamber of Deputies had passed, was rejected by the same majority. It was a struggle against the Dessolle-Decazes Ministry, and the new peers were created in order to out-vote this majority.

<sup>2</sup>François, Marquis de Barthélemy, born in 1750; *chargé d'affaires* in England at the time of the Revolution, Minister in Switzerland, member of the Directory. Deported on Fructidor 18, returned on Brumaire 18. Vice-President of the Senate, count of the Empire, peer of France at the Restoration, and Marquis. Died in 1830.

<sup>3</sup>The proposal had been prepared at the meeting of Cardinal Brause set by MM. Molé and Lainé. (Cp. *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, Vol. IV, p. 284.)

When Barthélemy's motion, as it was called, made such a terrible explosion in the Chamber and among the public, he was panic-stricken. He was so horrified at the uproar he had caused that he fell seriously ill. These, however, are events which make a stir for the moment, but leave a more transitory impression upon the memory than perhaps they should do, for they often bear within themselves the germ of a catastrophe which other forgotten events may mature until some final circumstance brings the growth to blossom.

The Ministry was reorganised before the end of the year. M. Pasquier became Minister of Foreign Affairs.<sup>1</sup> This was a return to the methods of Richelieu's Government, and my father was consequently less disposed to join the Ultra colours. M. Roy<sup>2</sup> took over the finances, and M. de La Tour Maubourg the Ministry of War. In this position he displayed the same uprightness, the same honesty, and the same incapacity as he had shown in London.

My frequent journeys to England had prevented me from visiting Savoy: in the summer of 1819 I seized the opportunity to pay a visit to M. de Boigne and to take the waters at Aix. At the beginning of the winter I settled with my parents in a house which I had taken in the Rue de Bourbon. There I spent the ten years which prepared and completed the fall of that Restoration for which I had so earnestly prayed and which I had seen begun with such joyous hopes.

<sup>1</sup> The Ministry of November 19, 1818, under the presidency of M. Decazes.

<sup>2</sup> Antoine, Comte Roy (1764-1847); solicitor, deputy, treasury clerk, Financial Minister upon several occasions. Member of the Privy Council under the Restoration, count and peer of France; he supported the July Monarchy.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

My habits and my friends—National reward to the Duc de Richelieu—  
The Queen of Sweden follows him upon his journey—*Salon* of the  
Duchesse de Duras—Mme. de La Rochejaquelein and her taste  
for civil war—Mme. de Duras as an author—Marriage of Clara de  
Duras—The Duchesse de Rauzan.

HENCEFORWARD I shall have less occasion to speak of Governments and their policies; my father's retirement diminished my interest in these matters. My desire to keep him informed had encouraged me to pay close attention to public affairs for some years. This stimulus was now wanting; my interest had been damped by the course of events, and I no longer followed their progress with the same enthusiasm. From time to time I received some special information or some secret piece of news. But I no longer took the trouble to inquire into the authenticity of the information or to trace its consequences and results. Except for the fact that I was readier to talk of these matters than people who had taken no interest in them, and apart from the fact that I believed without examination such news as pleased my wishes, I was little better informed than the vast majority of society at large.

I had arranged my mode of life in a manner which pleased me extremely. I went out very little, but when I was away my mother received visitors, so that our *salon* was open every evening. Some long-standing friends came in daily, and when the hour for visitors had passed that of conversation began and was often prolonged till late at night.

From time to time I invited people to those evening parties

which had become fashionable. My invitations were verbal, and were supposed to be given to people whom I met by chance. I was, however, careful to see that chance should bring in my way those whom I wished to meet one another and whom I knew would harmonise. In this way I avoided an excessive crowd and the necessity of opening my house to that number of bores whom courtesy obliges one to invite, and who invariably rush forward at the first sign. In the course of the winter I went round all my acquaintances in small parties, that my drawing-room might not be overcrowded. The uncertainty of an invitation made these parties more valued and gave them a special distinction.

I saw people of every shade of political opinion. Of my invited guests the Ultras were in the majority, because my family and social relations chiefly united me with them. But the regular comers of other days included people of every political clique. We were the Royalists of the King and not the Royalists of Monsieur, of the Restoration and not of the *émigration*—in short, Royalists who would, I believe, have saved the throne if the throne had been willing to listen to them. I admit, however, that we ourselves considered at that time that the Decazes Ministry had fallen into the grooves of the Left, and was lending too benevolent an ear to those theorists whose arguments are chiefly directed to subserve their own interests. Many people would have wished to rally round the Duc de Richelieu to counterpoise this alarming tendency. He, however, announced a positive refusal, and withdrew.

M. Decazes, who perhaps somewhat repented of his conduct to the Duc, was working energetically to secure a decree awarding him a national recompense. But the seeds of ingratitude which had been carefully sown for several months now began to bear fruit. When attempts were made to extol those services which had been depreciated with so

much trouble, nowhere could sufficient energy be found to resist the opposition ill-will of the extreme Left and the extreme Right. Instead of an unanimous vote, the national reward was disputed and discussed, and the proposal was only carried by a small majority. M. de Richelieu, who was the most disinterested of men, was deeply wounded by the methods of this transaction. He used the sum voted by the Chambers<sup>1</sup> to found a charitable institution in the town of Bordeaux.<sup>2</sup> Accustomed to frugality and simplicity of life, his personal income was sufficient for his needs.

He had entered the Foreign Office with a portmanteau as his sole luggage, and he left it in the same way. However, notwithstanding his modesty, he had a Frenchman's pride. He cared little that his services should be ill rewarded, but was cruelly hurt that they were not better appreciated. Hence he was profoundly disgusted with affairs, and declined to return either as leader of an Opposition or still less as head of a Government. He felt like a convict who had been freed from his chains, and was firmly resolved never to resume them. The desire to enjoy the freedom which he had secured induced him to make a tour in the south. He had no suspicion of the fresh persecution which he was about to encounter in that quarter.

The wife of Bernadotte<sup>3</sup> had spent the winter of 1815 in Sweden. The rigour of the climate had brought out a skin disease on her face, and this kind of leprosy, together with her regret for Paris, had inspired her with such a dislike of Stockholm that she would agree to stay there no longer. She had settled at Paris in her residence in the Rue d'Anjou,

<sup>1</sup> A pension of fifty thousand francs.

<sup>2</sup> The Hospice Richelieu.

<sup>3</sup> Eugénie Bernardine Désirée Clary (1770-1860), daughter of a rich merchant of Marseilles. Her sister Marie Julie (1771-1845) had married Joseph Bonaparte.

where she led a somewhat ambiguous existence. Her servants and her husband's ambassador addressed her as "Your Majesty"; the rest of mankind called her Mme. Bernadotte. Louis XVIII. would receive her in the mornings in his study "on business." She never visited the other princes or the court. However, she used to visit her old friends on an equal footing, and lived amid a somewhat small clique. I have often met her at Mme. Récamier's house, and her bearing was by no means that of royalty. Although she caused herself to be announced as the Queen of Sweden, she neither demanded nor received any social distinction.

Towards the close of M. de Richelieu's Ministry she had business to transact on behalf of a relative. She wrote to the minister and asked for an audience. M. de Richelieu called at her house, as ministers were formerly accustomed to do to oblige ladies of society: M. de Richelieu was the only minister who continued this tradition in my time. He was politeness itself. The wishes of Mme. Bernadotte were granted, and he called in person to inform her of the fact. She invited him to dinner, and he accepted. He did not suspect that he was thus inspiring a madness which pursued him to the tomb. Mme. Bernadotte was seized with such a passion for the poor Duc that she followed him like a sleuth-hound throughout his tour. At first he thought it extraordinary, and could not understand why she should always arrive three hours after himself in every place that he visited. Soon he began to realise the fact that he was himself the attraction. Then he became angry. He concealed his route and his plans, laid false scents, chose the gloomiest towns and the dirtiest inns. His troubles were fruitless, for the accursed coach invariably arrived three hours later than his own post-chaise. The thing became an obsession.

He was, moreover, aware that this pursuit would end in ridicule. He therefore found a means of informing this



royal heroine of the high-road that he had decided to return to Paris at once if she persisted in following him. On her side she inquired of a doctor whether the waters which the Duc was to take were necessary for his health. When an affirmative answer was given, she decided to call a truce, and spent the season at Geneva. However, as soon as it was ended she reopened the campaign. It was this persecution rather than the opening of the session that brought the Duc back to Paris, as he thought he could defend himself better in that capital.

The house of Mme. de Duras was always the pleasantest in Paris. Her husband's position at court brought her into connection with every personage of note, from the foreign sovereign who was passing through France to the artist who wished his work to be brought to the King's notice. She had the tact necessary to choose the persons with whom she wished to be intimate from amid this crowd. She had thus surrounded herself with a charming circle, in the midst of which she was overwhelmed with grief and sadness. The marriage of her eldest daughter with M. de La Rochejaquelein<sup>1</sup> had been a real calamity for her. She had constantly refused her consent, and would not be present at the ceremony when

<sup>1</sup> Auguste de Vergier, Comte de La Rochejaquelein (1784-1868), a brother of the famous Vendean hero, Henri de La Rochejaquelein and of the Marquis Louis. During the emigration he entered the English navy service as a midshipman, and upon his return to France was arrested and forced to join the imperial army. A wound which he received at Moskowa secured for him the nickname of Le Balafré. He shared in the insurrection of La Vendée in 1815, and was wounded in the battle of Lesmattes, where his brother Louis was killed. In 1818 he was field marshal, went through the Spanish campaign, and fought against the Turks in 1828. Placed on the retired list by the Government of 1830, he supported the attempt of the Duchesse de Berry in 1832. He was condemned to death for contumacy, and was acquitted two years afterwards. He had married Claire Louise Augustine Félicie Maclovée de Durfort de Duras, widow of Charles Léopold de La Trémoille, Prince de Talmont.

Mme. de Talmont, having attained her twenty-first birthday, resolved upon this celebration. The Duc de Duras accompanied his daughter to the altar, though very reluctantly. It seemed remarkable that she was twice married on her birthday. At the earliest date allowed by the law, on her fifteenth birthday, she married the Prince de Talmont amid the enthusiasm of her family; on her twenty-first birthday she married M. de La Rochejaquelein, notwithstanding the disapproval of her relatives. The great merit of M. de La Rochejaquelein in the eyes of his wife was his Vendean name and the hope that she would be called upon to play some part in the civil disturbances of the west.

Félicie de Duras was hardly out of her childhood when the manuscript of Mme. de Barante, known as the *Mémoires de Mme. de La Rochejaquelein*,<sup>1</sup> went the round of our *salons*. The story took hold of her youthful imagination. From that time she dreamed of nothing but civil war as the height of good fortune. In order to prepare herself, as soon as she became mistress of her own actions, she went out shooting, learnt the use of weapons, practised pistol shooting, broke in horses, rode them bare-backed, and practised all the accomplishments of a dragoon subaltern, to the great despair of her mother and the ruin of her own beauty, which had disappeared under this mode of life before she was twenty years of age.

From 1830 Mme. de La Rochejaquelein enjoyed the pleasures of traversing the country, pistol in hand, fomenting trouble, attracting ruin and misfortune. I do not know whether these things were in reality as charming as her imagination had painted them, but there is more excuse for her

<sup>1</sup> Marie Louise Victoire de Donissan, grand-daughter of the Duchesse de Civrac, widow of the Marquis de Lescure (1766-1793), with whom she had gone through the war of La Vendée. She had married the Marquis Louis de La Rochejaquelein (1777-1815).

precipitate rush into civil war than would be available for another person, seeing that she had dreamed of nothing else since she was twelve years old.

Her mother-in-law, the Dowager Princesse de Talmont, was pleased by her marriage with M. de La Rochejaquelein, chiefly, I think, because the Duchesse de Duras was in despair at this event; she kept house for the newly married couple. She left the whole of her fortune to Félicie, whom she seemed to love passionately, and who was adored to the point of insipidity within this little household. I have heard these words addressed to her by one of her mother-in-law's friends.

"Princess, permit me to take the liberty of informing you that you are always perfectly right."

I have never forgotten this successful circumlocution.

Mme. de Duras attempted, though with some show of diffidence, to assume the position which Mme. de Staël had vacated. She was frightened by her own audacity, and desired that her position should be recognised, while she did not wish to claim it aloud. For instance, she would not display the sprig of green which Mme. de Staël invariably caused to be brought in after lunch and dinner, and which she constantly twiddled in her fingers both at home and abroad: Mme. de Duras had taken up strips of paper, which a footman brought in on a tray after coffee, and with which she made bandages during the evening, tearing them up one after another. She then began to write novels which have since been printed, and which certainly displayed gracefulness, talent, and a thorough knowledge of our *salons* and their customs. Possibly only those who frequent these spots can fully appreciate her works. *Ourika* is an analysis of the inward life of Mme. de Duras. In the person of this blackamoor she has depicted the torments which she suffered from an ugliness which she was inclined to

exaggerate, and which had even disappeared at this period of her life.

These literary occupations did not calm her grief at the growing attachment of M. de Chateaubriand for Mme. Récamier. Her grief again was not sufficiently poignant to distract her mundane ambitions. She had no son. The second marriage of her eldest daughter had made her so angry that she had lost interest in her existence. All her hopes were set upon her second daughter Clara, whom she was anxious to settle in a happiness which would demonstrate to Félicie what she had lost by her rebellion.

Her choice fell upon Henri de Chastellux, and she secured his promise that he would change his name to that of Duras, undertaking that if he married Clara he should inherit the duchy and all the prospects which the Duras family could have offered to a son. Thus we were present at the solemnisation of the marriage of the Marquis and Marquise de Duras: when we returned in the evening the Duchesse de Duras, after paying a visit to M. Decazes, proceeded to introduce us to the Duc and Duchesse de Rauzan. This was an ancient title of the family of Duras, which the King had revived for the benefit of the newly married pair.<sup>1</sup> He had wished this wedding present to arrive through the favourite, to whom the Duchesse de Duras had appealed, notwithstanding party objections and drawing-room coolnesses, in order to secure that the hereditary title and peerage of the Duc de Duras should be secured for Henri de Chastellux.

Many blamed him for abandoning a name which was quite as good as that of Duras. In my opinion, he did nothing more than bring two duchies and a fine fortune into the Chastellux family, for his children will be Chastellux, whatever promises to the contrary he may have made.

<sup>1</sup> By edict of August 15, 1819. The marriage took place on August 31. (*Histoire généalogique de la famille de Chastellux.*)

Mme. de Duras made it her business to surround Clara with all the attractions and amusements which could charm a young lady, with the object of making Mme. de La Rochejaquelein feel the weight of her displeasure. Her vengeance was that of a betrayed lover, for Félicie had been her favourite, and even while she strove to annoy her she still adored her. In any case, she never succeeded in separating the two sisters, who remained genuinely attached to one another, to the honour of them both, although the eldest was treated as a stranger in her father's house, where her sister seemed to be placed upon an altar and worshipped. Friends, contemporary with Mme. de Rauzan, have asserted that her intelligence was very limited. That is not my opinion. She had excellent good sense, much tact, was well educated, and knew several languages and their literatures. Possibly she had not much natural wit, but she had seen so much of society during her early youth that she remained sufficiently sociable to please me entirely. I do not know whether I am blinded by my affection for her, but she seemed to me far superior to the majority of her critics.

## APPENDIX<sup>1</sup>

### I

*Letters from his Eminence* CARDINAL CONSALVI, *Papal*  
*Legate at the Congress of Vienna, to* MME. LA  
COMTESSE DE BOIGNE.

VIENNA, *March 3, 1815.*

The Russian Minister at Turin, Prince Coskuchi (I do not know how to spell his name)<sup>2</sup> has told me that he is about to return to his post immediately; I therefore seize the opportunity of entrusting him with a few lines for you, to remind you of my existence. I have earnestly requested him to give you my very kindest regards, and to assure you of my warm respect. I am not writing to your father or mother as I have not the time and in any case I write to them when I write to you. Please give them my warmest remembrances. You can well imagine that the whole family has been and is much in my thoughts at the present time. I hope that my last letter reached you. In it I said that Pozzo di Borgo was intending to start for Paris the next day. However he has remained as before; he is still here, and perhaps it is fortunate for him not to be elsewhere in view of certain possibilities if these should happen. I think that my own departure will probably take place in a few days and I may be able to return home by the end of April at latest. I do not wish to give up all hope of seeing you at my house; I have a kind of promise from you to that effect and I have no doubt that you will keep it some day. Until that agreeable satisfaction

<sup>1</sup> All these letters are autograph.

<sup>2</sup> See the following letter.



comes to pass, you will, I am sure, grant me one other favour, namely to make use of me with all the freedom which your most long-standing friendship gives you. I am, moreover, the most devoted of your old and new friends and I flatter myself that you have also some small friendship for me, and this I value most highly. I beg you sometimes to give a thought to your grateful friend for life.

P.S.—As the Prince has gone, the Comte de La Tour du Pin will carry this letter; give my love to your dear father and to little Rainulphe.

## II

*Letter from COUNT NESSELRODE, Foreign Minister  
representing Russia at the Congress of Vienna,  
to MME. LA COMTESSE DE BOIGNE.*

If you had any experience of the Congress you would assuredly pardon my delay in answering the letter which you sent to me through our friend Pozzo, but be sure that I am fully sensible of this kind remembrance and of the friendship which I am proud to acknowledge. Pozzo is writing a long letter to you to-day and will have told you all our secrets. As for myself, you will understand that affairs are serious and that I cannot now be less mysterious than before; I almost hesitate to assure you that the Congress will finish not in this way or in that, but in a manner that will pacify everybody. The need of peace is so keenly felt even by those who may be supposed to feel it least, for it to be anything but as permanent as human arrangements can be.

Pozzo has left us to-day; I do not know how I shall get on without him and I cannot understand how he will live in Paris by the fireside in the Rue des Mathurins. The only happy man in the whole business would be Koslovsky<sup>1</sup> if I had not reason to believe that your residence at Turin will not be lengthy. You see that notwithstanding my silence I am careful to learn every incident which can concern yourselves.

Please give my kind regards to Mme. d'Osmond and assure M. d'Osmond of my esteem and friendship for him. Allow me at the same time to offer you a collection of small views of Vienna, by way of keeping up our former customs.

NESSELRODE.

VIENNA, *March 1, 1815.*

<sup>1</sup>The Russian Minister at Turin.

### III

*Letter from PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES, Daughter of  
George IV., Prince Regent, and heiress to the English  
Throne, to the MARQUISE D'OSMOND, at the  
French Embassy in London.*

MADAME,—

Hearing that you had an accident when you left Claremont yesterday, I felt that I must write a line to learn how you are. I am sorry that I did not hear of it in time to offer you our help and hope that in any case you reached London without difficulty.

My husband asks me to say how sorry he is for the shock you have had. We hope that you have found M. d'Osmond in better health; please tell him that we are looking forward anxiously to his recovery.

With kind regards,

Yours very sincerely,

CHARLOTTE.

July 25 (1816 or 1817),

CLAREMONT.

#### IV

*Letters from* QUEEN MARIE AMÉLIE, *then* DUCHESSE  
D'ORLÉANS, *to* MME. LA MARQUISE D'OSMOND  
*and to* MME. LA COMTESSE DE BOIGNE.

TWICKENHAM, *January 16, 1817.*

MY DEAR MARQUISE,—

MM. de l'Aigle have brought me Adèle's charming work from you; it is now before my eyes and I admire it continually. It is like the most beautiful painting, and so excellent a model will encourage me to improve my work, though I cannot hope to imitate it. I enclose a letter for Mme. de Boigne, as I wish to tell her personally what pleasure her present has given me. What terrible weather! I have been thinking much of you since yesterday and hope that your excursion to Brighton will not have done you any harm; I shall be anxious to hear of your return in good health. We are all confined to the house, and all, great and small, send their warmest regards to their good friends the d'Osmond family, in which I join.

Yours most affectionately,  
MARIE AMÉLIE.

TWICKENHAM, *January 16, 1816 (1817).*

MY DEAR ADÈLE,—

It was very kind of you to remember me and to send a specimen of your charming work. We have all been admiring the taste, the patience and the skill of the kind artist; I cannot hope to imitate you, but with so good a model before me, I shall

work with more zeal and my work will become doubly pleasant when I think of you. Your good parents enabled my children to spend a delightful evening, and now they always refer to Mme d'Osmond as "our friend." I hope that you have quite got rid of your cold; we often talk of you with your parents for I see it is a most interesting subject of conversation to them as it also is to myself. My sister and my husband send you their kind regards.

Believe me,

Yours most affectionately,

MARIE AMÉLIE.

• PARIS, *April 21, 1817.*

MY DEAR MARQUISE,—

You cannot think how vexed I have been at not having been able to write to you sooner, but I have no doubt that Adèle will have explained my regrets and have given you my remembrances. Though our journey lasted a week it was fairly successful; my sister bore it very well in spite of her weakness. However, the day after our arrival, she insisted on making a whole round of calls and was taken ill; since that time she has been very weak and suffering especially with her nerves. It is very unfortunate and prevents her from going out or doing anything; I hope that the air of Neuilly will put her right again; we intend to go there in two days. I am fairly well, though I have not had a moment's rest and am always tired. I found the King wonderfully well; he is beginning to walk and it is hoped that he will go out in a few days. He received us very kindly and invited us to dinner yesterday and was most kind and cheerful. We had a most pleasant reception also from all the members of the Royal Family, especially from your favourite,<sup>1</sup> who was charming. I have just taken all my little family to Madame, who was very kind both to them and to myself. I found that my niece<sup>2</sup> had grown fat and was much improved; she is very well and suffers but little from her condition; the day before yesterday we went

<sup>1</sup> The Duc de Berry.

<sup>2</sup> The Duchesse de Berry

to a small performance at her house and I took my three eldest,<sup>1</sup> who were admired. I have seen Adèle twice and she will come to dinner this evening with Rainulphe; I can assure you that they are both excellently well, and I am so glad to be able to talk with them of our good friends of Portland Place. My husband and my sister send their kindest regards to yourself and M. d'Osmond, whom my husband thanks for his letter, which he has no time to answer to-day; he will follow his advice, the value of which he understands, and warmly appreciates the sentiment which has prompted it. We have seen M. de Richelieu and are more and more pleased with him; I have begged him to act as our friend and to tell us without delay anything which he may hear concerning us, in order that ill-feeling may be avoided by a prompt explanation, as we only wish to perform our duty and to live in peace. The black dress has come; it is charming; many thanks for the trouble you have taken and, if the man who fitted it has copied the pattern, will you ask him to make me a pair of long sleeves of the same cut? Will you then kindly draw upon Messrs. Coutts for the money? The poor Prince de Condé was carried in to dinner with the King yesterday; he can no longer stand and looks perfectly ghastly. We see my mother every day<sup>2</sup> and are all upon the best of terms, Heaven be praised! My aunt<sup>3</sup> is suffering from a heavy cold and has not yet gone out. All kind remembrances to M. d'Osmond, and as many, my dear friend, to yourself.

Yours most affectionately,  
MARIE AMÉLIE.

NEUILLY, *June 18, 1817.*

MY DEAR MARQUISE,—

It was not until after my confinement<sup>4</sup> that I received your kind letter of May 30, and I spend the first moments in

<sup>1</sup> The Duc de Chartres and the Princesses Louise and Marie.

<sup>2</sup> The Dowager Duchesse d'Orléans.

<sup>3</sup> Louise d'Orléans, Duchesse de Bourbon, mother of the Duc d'Enghien.

<sup>4</sup> Princesse Clementine de Saxe-Coburg, born June 3, 1817.



which I am able to scribble a line, in saying how pleased I was to get it and how glad I was to hear that our dear Adèle arrived safely, and of the popularity of our ambassador; please remember me most kindly to them both. I send you the hair to supply the empty place; my little French girl is very pretty, which is some slight compensation for the realisation of a king's prophecy; her beauty, however, does not outshine that of M. d'Osmond's little girl, who grows more lovable every day. All the grown ups are well as also are the parents and all send their kindest remembrances to their good friends in Portland Place. I am taking great care of myself and indeed must do so for I am very weak; it is only yesterday that I got out of bed for the first time. I wish your marriage projects would bring you here that you might see how comfortable we are; may God grant that we are left in peace, but the time is critical until the harvest is over, notwithstanding all the efforts of the King and of his ministers to help the distress produced by the want of food. Yesterday there was a family dinner at the Tuileries to celebrate the anniversary of the marriage of the Duc de Berry; I was very sorry to be unable to go but am taking care of myself that I may be well for the time of my niece's confinement. Good-bye, dear friend, I cannot write more but am always

Yours most affectionately,  
MARIE AMÉLIE.

NEUILLY, *July 21, 1817.*

MY DEAR MARQUISE,—

I was most pleased to see our dear Adèle again this morning and to learn from her all the details of your health, your movements, your occupations, and all that concerns you. Pray do not think that I have forgotten you, for we shall always remember our good friends of Twickenham who were so invariably kind to us, and my husband is deeply grateful for the new proof of kindness which M. d'Osmond has just shown him by his refutation of that stupid correspondence article concerning our court days at Pococks. Adèle has given us the greatest possible pleasure by

telling us that we might hope to see M. d'Osmond here soon, but our satisfaction will not be complete without yourself, my dear Marquise, and I shall be very sorry not to be able to have a chat with you and show you our dear Neuilly where we are so comfortable; but the visit of your daughter-in-law will do you good and I am glad of it for your sake, as I take a keen interest in all that concerns you. I was ill for a long time after my confinement but the barège baths which I have been taking here have entirely restored my health; M. d'Osmond's little one has also been very ill with cutting teeth, but the rest of the family, great and small, are in excellent health and send their kindest remembrances to their good friends of Portland Place. Adèle will be able to tell you all that goes on here with greater truth and detail than I can, for I live in the country and do my best to exclude politics from my drawing-room, but I can tell you as an old friend that we are living quietly and content, attempting to do our duty, to please every one and to interfere with no one. Good-bye, my dear Marquise, and believe me wherever I am,

Your sincere and affectionate friend,

MARIE AMÉLIE.

PARIS, *December 27, 1817.*

MY DEAR MARQUISE,—

I did not wish to trouble you with letters while you were expecting your son's marriage and were in receipt of all the most interesting news here, though I thought of you and shared your feelings. Now that you are united with your dearest ones, I hasten to offer you my own good wishes and those of us all for your happiness and for that of your family. These are our New Year wishes, but they are also our desires at all times, as we sincerely wish the perfect happiness of all your family. I hope that your health will keep good and that you will not suffer excessively from the cold, though I am sure you do not think of it and that your attention is absorbed by your children. I was sorry to hear that they had had a bad crossing and hope that no ill effects resulted. Please give our kind regards to the whole family and

especially our best wishes to dear Adèle and tell both her and the Ambassador how sorry we were not to be able to see them before their departure. The little English girl is no better; she is terribly changed and the doctors do not think she will recover before the spring; all of your other little friends are very well and fully recollect your kindness to them; they have grown a great deal. The three eldest are working well and Marie has lost nothing of her archness. We are living a peaceful and happy life, every one seems satisfied with us and all we desire is peace and the continuance of present conditions with anything that can increase the happiness of the King and of this dear country in which I am so glad to find myself once more. Good-bye, my dear Marquise, with all our kind remembrances, believe me,

Your most affectionate friend,

MARIE AMÉLIE.

Be so kind as to remind M. d'Osmond from me of the business of Mme. du Dresnay of which M. de Grave spoke to him on the day of his departure; it is a most important matter for that worthy and unfortunate lady, and I take great interest in it.

PARIS, *January 24, 1818.*

MY DEAR MARQUISE,—

This letter will be handed to you by the Comtesse de Ludolf, wife of the new minister of the King, my father, at this court; she will be somewhat surprised to find herself suddenly transported from Constantinople, which she has never left, to London; I recommend her to your kindness; she is a good, straightforward lady and very pleasant. I have been much grieved by the news in your letter of the 13th, the illness of our dear Adèle and of yourself, the fatigue of M. d'Osmond and above all your depression; I am very sorry, for I should wish you to be as happy and contented in the bosom of your family as I desire. I am very glad to hear that you are so well pleased with your daughter-in-law; all who know her are loud in her praises, and even if you are obliged soon to part from this beloved

couple, I hope that it will not be for long and that I shall sometimes have the pleasure of seeing you at home.

The little English girl is still very weak and the doctors are doing their best to keep up her strength until the spring, when they hope she will get well; all the others are perfectly well and the eldest four have a great treat to-day, as they are going to a children's fancy dress ball, given by the Duchesse de Berry. Ferdinand and Louise will go in old French costume, Marie and Nemours in Turkish dress, and I can assure you that this costume suits your little favourite excellently; I can tell you in confidence how anxious I am that they should look well, for your mother's heart will entirely understand my feelings. Our position remains highly satisfactory to us and I hope our conduct is so to everybody else; the King reiterates his pleasure on every occasion and this is a great satisfaction to us. I am counting the moments until the carnival comes to an end and with it the noisy pleasures which are not to my taste, though I am sometimes obliged to participate in them. My husband and my sister send a thousand good wishes to you, to the Marquis and to your children; please remember me to all the family and especially to my dear Adèle, and believe me,

Yours most affectionately,

MARIE AMÉLIE.

PARIS, *September 28, 1818.*

MY DEAR MARQUISE,—

I have just received your kind letter of the 21st and hasten to thank you for your enquiries.

The day after our departure from Neuilly to return to the Palais Royal, Chartres, Nemours and your little Marie fell ill of scarlet fever; the doctor declared that they could not be moved, and we therefore sent the other three children off to Paris and stayed with the invalids; the illness ran its regular course and though the eldest two had it badly, there was no cause for alarm; after ten days we brought them here, where they are still confined to the house, as this is necessary to prevent any after complications. The other children and the old trio are very well and send

their kindest regards to the excellent trio at Portland Place. We have been thinking constantly of you, dear friends, and I have made many inquiries concerning your health from any one who had any connection with London. I am delighted to hear that you are better and am sure that the tender care of Adèle has helped to restore your health; take care of yourself during the bad season and then try to come here to complete your recovery; such is the desire of the trio, which is keenly interested in your welfare. I imagined the joyfulness of our good Ambassador at the happy results of the Congress; his efforts contributed to that result and let us hope that now we shall be able to enjoy it in peace. We live quietly in our corner, content to stand aloof, trying to fulfil our duty and to live in peace. You will be very pleased with our yellow drawing-room and we should be delighted to see you there; meanwhile I send my kindest regards to yourself and to Adèle.

Yours most affectionately,

M. A.

*Saturday, March 20, 1819.*

MY DEAR ADÈLE,—

You did but satisfy my desires when you told me that your poor mother had reached Paris without mishap; I hope that rest and quiet and the happiness of seeing her children about her will soon restore her to perfect health. As soon as my sister comes in I will give her your note and I know that she and her husband will be pleased to hear of your parents' arrival, for we shared your anxieties upon this subject. Thank your mother kindly for the parcel which she was good enough to bring over for me and tell her how anxious I am to hear of her health and that the three of us send our kindest regards both to her and to M. d'Osmond. Believe me, my dear Adèle, I am no less delighted than you are, and am

Yours most affectionately,

MARIE AMÉLIE.

## V

*Letters from KING LOUIS PHILIPPE I., at that time DUC  
D'ORLÉANS, to the MARQUIS D'OSMOND, French  
Ambassador in England.*

TWICKENHAM, *Friday, March 29, 1816.*

I send with this, my dear Marquis, my letter to the King, which I recommend to your kindness. Pray accept my best thanks for my watch which has reached me from Paris without damage. I also recommend to your care the accompanying packet, containing all my private letters, which I am sending one of my *aides-de-camp* to carry to all the Princes.

Yours very truly,  
(Rubrication).

My wife is as quiet and as well as her condition allows, so is the little girl.<sup>1</sup>

TWICKENHAM, *June 11, 1816.*

I was very sorry, my dear Marquis, to learn yesterday upon my return from London that you had called here with Mme. d'Osmond and Mme. de Boigne during my absence. I should have been delighted to see you and to tell you that the Emperor of Austria is willing to act as sponsor to my youngest daughter. However, I suppose I must not mention it publicly until I have secured the King's consent, though I do not think there will be any difficulty about this. I prefer, however, to act according to rule, and send a letter with this which I will ask you to transmit to the King, in which I am requesting his permission. I hope

<sup>1</sup> The little princess who was born in England and died shortly after the return to France.



we shall soon get a reply and then we can duly carry out the ceremony. We will arrange the details as soon as I hear from the King.

Yours very truly,

LOUIS PHILIPPE D'ORLÉANS.

TWICKENHAM, *July 5, 1816.*

Pray accept my hearty thanks, my dear Marquis, for immediately sending me the King's letter, which is dated June 27. Please send the enclosed to His Majesty. I hope that we shall be able to arrange the baptism for next week and that we shall have the pleasure of seeing you at the ceremony together with Mme. d'Osmond and Mme. de Boigne.

Yours very sincerely,

L. P. D'ORLÉANS.

TWICKENHAM, *Saturday, Nov. 30, 1816.*

MY DEAR MARQUIS,—

I have just received a roe-buck from France and hasten to send it to you. It was killed in the forest of Laigue and I hope it will be fresh, though it did not come wrapped up. I have given orders that game should not be sent to me in this way, for I remember that the regulation limiting to one ounce the weight of each of the ten packets which a member of Parliament could frank every day was made because they used to stick envelopes upon haunches of venison and thus frank them as though they were letters.

Yours very sincerely,

LOUIS PHILIPPE D'ORLÉANS.

TWICKENHAM, *December 4, 1816.*

MY DEAR MARQUIS,—

It is very kind of you thus speedily to reassure me upon a matter which I had thought distinctly alarming. I wish my mind were entirely at rest, but I must admit that the matter

seems to me ominous. A no less ominous fact is the Duke of Wellington's requisition to the Allied Courts to complete their contingents. I had always thought that the best way to complete them was to diminish them, and this increase distresses me as much as it wearies me.

Yours very truly,  
L. P. D'ORLÉANS.

TWICKENHAM, *Tuesday*.

MY DEAR MARQUIS,—

You are most kind and do me a real service in informing me of the intentions of the Grand Duke,<sup>1</sup> which are most pleasant but would have taken me entirely unawares had it not been for the kind thought of Mme. d'Osmond and of yourself. I have also to thank you heartily in the matter of the taxes, which now seems to have been put right, thanks to your kindness. Doubtless that is the way in which they have got rid of all who have not been obliging enough to pay at sight, as I formerly did for my sins. We hope that our Ambassador and his wife will dine with us on Thursday at the usual hour. We should also be glad to see the Ambassador of the Grand Duke and the Ambassadress. Perhaps you will be kind enough to ask them on my behalf. Would you be good enough to ask the Ambassador to arrange on Thursday to accompany General Kutusow and the other gentlemen in the suite of the Grand Duke, whose names I refrain from mangling.

Pray accept my apologies for thus troubling you and believe me

Yours very truly,  
L. P. D'ORLÉANS.

<sup>1</sup> Nicholas of Russia, then visiting London.

## VI

*Note from the DUC DE BOURBON, last PRINCE DE CONDÉ,  
to the MARQUIS D'OSMOND, French Ambassador  
in London.*

*Tuesday.*

The Duc de Bourbon presents his compliments to M. d'Osmond, and begs to inform him that yesterday when walking down Piccadilly, he saw in the caricature shop opposite the church, one of those vile productions entitled Elephant XVIII. It is in every way abominable and indecent and if the Ambassador could find some means of securing its removal before it becomes better known, a good work would be done; even yesterday the loungers in front of it, including some ill-disposed Frenchmen, were indulging in laughs and jests, which such a spectacle is bound to provoke.

## VII

*Letter from Her Royal Highness the DUCHESS OF YORK  
to MME. LA MARQUISE D'OSMOND.*

OATLANDS, *February 23* [1819].

MADAME,—

It is with great regret that I learn the news of your departure and my regret has been doubled upon hearing of its speedy nature. I thank you for your kindness in informing me of the fact and for your obliging offer to carry any letters for me; I cannot take advantage of it at this moment as I have been somewhat unwell for some time and can only write with difficulty, but I beg you kindly to present my compliments to the d'Orléans family, for which I bear so sincere an affection. Pray give my kind regards also to M. d'Osmond, assuring him of my regrets, and of my sincere wishes for your mutual happiness. Believe me, Madame,

Yours very sincerely,  
(Rubrication).



## INDEX

- ABSOLUTISTS, the, 156 *note*  
 Adélaïde, Mme., *d.* of Louis XV., 139  
 — Mme., *d.* of Philippe Egalité, *see*  
 Orléans, Princesse Adélaïde  
 Aiguebelle, regiment carried off from,  
 61  
 Aix, visit of the Comtesse de Boigne  
 to, 170, 331  
 Aix-la-Chapelle, Congress of, *see*  
 Congress  
 Aldegonde, Camille de Sainte, 180  
 Alexander, Emperor—  
 Influence of Mme. von Krüde-  
 ner over, 82, 84–87, 89; policy  
 after Waterloo, 95–98; attitude  
 towards Talleyrand, 107; his  
 farewell to the Duc de Richelieu,  
 113  
 Alfieri, Marquis, 24  
 Allies, the—  
 Behaviour in Paris, 93–94; work  
 of spoliation carried out by, 101;  
 General Pozzo's mission to  
 London, 184 *note*  
*Almanach Royal*, the, cited, 36 *note*,  
 99 *note*, 129 *note*, 240 *note*  
 Alost, Camp d', story of the, 100  
 Ambassadors, position under George  
 Amelia, Princess, death of, 281  
 III., 153  
 Amélie of Naples, Princesse, *see* Or-  
 léans, Duchesse d'  
 Anglesey, Lady, *see* Wellesley, Lady  
 Emily, and Villiers, Lady Caro-  
 line  
 — Marquis of (Henry Wm. Paget)  
 —Account of, 168 and *note* 1; the  
 ball at Uxbridge House, 169–70  
 Angoulême, Duc d'—  
 Receives the declaration of  
 March 13, 39–40; martial ac-  
 tivity of, 48–49; his letters to the  
 Duchesse intercepted and pub-  
 lished, 48; etiquette in the Tuil-  
 eries, 122, 130–31, 234; char-  
 acter, 127, 221–22; his policy  
 hated by the extremists, 200;  
 silence of, during the scene in  
 the Tuileries, 225–26; politics  
 of, 236; mentioned, 37, 65, 228  
*note*, 265, 289, 304  
 — Duchesse d'  
 M. de Valette's pardon, the  
 question of, 120–23; her behav-  
 iour to Mme. de Valette, 123;  
 modelling of the Duchesse de  
 Berry, 221–22; etiquette at the  
 Tuileries, 234; reception of M.  
 de Blacas on his return from  
 Rome, 236; politics of, 236; re-  
 ception of the Duc d'Orléans,  
 245; incident in the Chapel of  
 the Tuileries, 299; rudeness to  
 Duke of Wellington, 304; per-  
 sonality, 303–6; receives her  
 mother's will, 305 and *note*; re-  
 ception of the Comtesse de  
 Boigne, 326; mentioned, 129,  
 198, 232, 288, 346  
 Anna Paulovna, Grande Duchesse,  
 128 *note* 1  
 Annonciade, Order of the, 57; rights  
 bestowed by, 27  
 Antibes, 48, 56  
 Aosta, Val d', 5  
 Argenson, M. d', 311  
 Argyll, Duke of, 169  
 Army of Occupation, the—  
 Remark of M. de Barante re-  
 garding, 214; reduction on the  
 raising of the loan, 218–29;  
 policy of Duke of Wellington re-  
 garding withdrawal, 297, 313–  
 14; withdrawal, 317  
 Army, the French, recruiting law of  
 1818, 291 and *note*  
 Arnault, Antoine Vincent, *German-  
 icus*, 227 and *note* 1  
 Arpajon, Anne Louise d', 171 *note* 1



- Artois, Comte d', afterwards Charles X.—  
 Military attempts in Sardinia, 59 and *note* 2; tour in the South, 74; flight of, 76; in Belgium, 100; attitude towards the trial of M. de Vallette, 123; projected marriage, 128-29; presentation of Lady Elizabeth Stuart, 131; changes *Le Coucher* for "to receive the pass word," 133; appointment of M. de Polignac, 137; attitude regarding the election law of 1817, 225; etiquette at the Tuileries, 234; stay at Rambouillet, 241; reception of the Duc d'Orléans 245; patriotic remark of, 289; conversation with Edouard Dillon, 290; anxiety concerning the Army of Occupation, 298; favour shown to Talleyrand, 303-4; action regarding the *note secrète*, 314; deprived of command of the National Guard, 315; the "Conspiracy at the Water's Edge," 316
- Athalin, M., at Twickenham, 180
- Auerstadt, 94 *note*
- Aulaire, Comte de Sainte, 321 and *note*; politics of, 322  
 — Mlle. de Sainte, 322
- Austria—  
 Attitude towards the Prince de Carignan, 20; troops withdrawn from Piedmont, 23; receives news of the escape from Elba, 36; methods of spoliation, 63; concentration of forces at Chambéry, 67; England, France, and proposed treaty, 96 and *note*
- Auzers, M. d', 18
- Avignon, the catastrophe at, 70
- Ayen, Duchesse d', 178 *note* 3
- BAGOT, Lord, 188 *note* 1
- Balbe, Count, 6-20; personality, 17-18  
 — Countess, 18
- Balbi, Comtesse de, 232, 242
- Barante, Baron de, 214 and *note* 1  
 — Mme. de, *Mémoires de Mme. La Rochejaquelein*, 337
- "Barbets," the, 64, 67
- Barcelona, 49, 72
- Barcelonnette, valley of, 64
- Baring, Mr. Alexander, negotiations for the French loan, 211 and *note* 2, 202-13, 218-313
- Bar-le-Duc, 322
- Barraux Fort, 61-67
- Barthélemy, Marquis de, motion of, 330 and *note* 2
- Bartillat, Marquis de, 99 and *note* 2
- Bastille, capture of the, 181 *note* 2
- Batthyany, Government of, 154 *note* 2
- Baunard, Mgr., *Le Vicomte Armand de Melun*, 303 *note* 1
- Beatrice d'Este, 6 *note* 2
- Beauregard, Marquis Costa de, *cited*, 128 *note* 2
- Bectivé, Lord, the verdict given against, 164-65
- Belgium—  
 Napoleon's campaign through, 67  
 Louis XVIII. in, 99-100
- Bellegarde, Mlle., 55
- Bellune, Duc de, 103
- Belly, M. de, 35 *note* 1
- Benedictine Society of the Temple, 182 *note* 1
- Bentinck, Lady William, 44 and *note* 2, 47  
 — Lord William Cavendish, 33 and *note*
- Bèresford, Lady George, story of, 164-65
- Bergami, Bartolomeo, 46 and *note* 2
- Bergasse, M., 89 and *note*
- Berlin, 264; policy, 199
- Bernadotte, Crown Prince of Sweden—Account of, 95 *note* 2; Pozzo's retort to, 96  
 — Mme., 334 *note* 2; pursuit of Duc de Richelieu, 334-36
- Berry, Duc de—  
 Marriage of, 98 *note*, 128, 171; in Belgium, 99; position in regard to his brother, 127; attitude towards his wife, 221-23; attitude regarding the election law of 1817, 225; birth of the Princesse, 265-66; relations with M. de La Ferronnays, 267-69; Mme. de Gontaut appointed governess to his children, 270; present at the Duke of Wellington's ball, 303-4; questions

Berry, Duc de—*continued*

Mme. de Boigne concerning her father's retirement, 326; mentioned in letters of the Duchesse d'Orléans, 346, 348

## —Duchesse de—

Marriage of, 128-29 and *note* 3; character sketch, 221-22; reception of the Duc d'Orléans, 245; incident of the layette, 268-69; jealousies of, 271-72; present at the Duke of Wellington's ball, 303-4; mentioned in letters of the Duchesse d'Orléans, 346; fancy dress ball given by, 351

## —Princesse de, birth of, 265-67

Berryer, 208 *note*

Bertrand, Mme., arrest, 37

Bethune, 99

Bevern, Duchess of Brunswick, 321 *note* 3

*Biglietto regio*, employment of, 7, 14

Blacas, M. de—

Account of, 98 and *note*; negotiations regarding marriage of Duc de Berry, 129; excitement on his return from Rome, 232-41; the lunch at the Tuileries, 234-35; question of installment as G.M. of the Wardrobe, 237-40; honours for, 241 and *note* 2; negotiations with Rome, 294 and *note* 1

Bloomfield, Lady, 283

Bloomfield, Sir Benjamin, 132, 283

Blücher, General, 94 and *note*

Bocchetta, mountain of the, 32

Boigne, M. de, 74, 254; visit of the Comtesse de Boigne to, 331

Bois de Boulogne, 104

Boisgelin, M. de, 238

Bologna, 84

Bonald, M. de, 208 *note*

Bonaparte, Caroline, Queen of Murat, 46; relations with the Duc de Rohan, 302

—Joseph, 35 *note*, 334 *note* 3

—Napoleon—

Count Bubna's account of, 22; escape from Elba, 30-31, 35 and *note*, 36, 45; treatment of Pope Pius VII., 42 *note* 1; march from Cannes to Paris, 55-56; entry into Paris, 56; interview with Benjamin Constant, 90-91; defeats Blücher at Champaubert,

Bonaparte, Napoleon—*continued*

94 *note*; Pozzo's plans regarding, 184 *note*; disavows the manuscript of St. Helena, 227 *note* 2; mentioned, 5

—Pauline, Princesse Borghese, 9 *note*

Bonapartist feeling in Genoa, 33; effect of excitement on Royalist party, 232

Bondy, 98

Bongard, M. de, 224-25

Bordeaux, Duc de, 53 *note* 1; 271

Bordeaux, the Hospice Richelieu founded at, 334 and *note* 2

Borghese, Prince, 9 and *note*

Borgo, *see* Pozzo di Borgo, General  
—Marchioness del, personality, 14-15

Borgo, Marquis del, 15

Bouillon, Duchesse de, 315 *note* 1

Bourbon, Duc de—

Account of, 181 and *note* 1; life in London, 307; refuses to take up name of Condé, 308; *note* of, to the Marquis d'Osmond, 356  
—House of, characteristics, 74, 132

Brandenburg, Duchess of, title offered to Georgine Dillon, 263-64

Brézé, M. de, 266 and *note*

Briançon, scheme of Victor Emmanuel, 63-64

Briche, Mlle. de la, 238 *note*

Brighton Pavilion, the, 259; visits of the Marquis and Marquise d'Osmond, 278-85, 345

Brison, Louise de Roure, 321 *note* 2

Bristol, Lord, 188 *note*

Broglié, Duc de—

Account of, 277 *note* 1; conversation with M. Constant, 277

—Duchesse de, 277 *note* 1, 309

Brouvne, M. de, 306 *note* 1

Bruges, Comte de, 298, 313

Brune, Marshal, conduct at Toulon, 69 and *note*, 71

Brussels, the Jacobin attempt on the Duke of Wellington, 297 and *note*

Bubna, Count—

Austrian Ambassador at Turin, 22; action on escape of Napoleon, 36-38; accompanies Victor

- Bubna, Count—*continued*  
 Emmanuel to Turin, 41; warning to Count Valse, 62; advance on Lyons, 67-68; mentioned, 50-64  
 — Countess, 58
- Buckingham, John Hobart, second Duke of, 185 *note* 1
- Buckingham Palace, court reception at, 190-92
- Byron, Lord, "Glenarvon," 170
- CADOGAN, Lord, 168 *note* 2
- Cadoudal, 53 *note* 1
- Cagliari, return of Victor Emmanuel from, 5-6
- Cagliostro, impostures of, 89 *note*
- Calais, Mme. de Boigne shipwrecked in crossing to, 286-88
- Caluso, Abbé, 19 and *note*
- Camp of Vertus, 88
- Campbell, Lady Charlotte, 46  
 — Miss, 195
- Cannes, 36, 55, 174
- Canning, Mr., 292 and *note*-1
- Cantillon, attempts life of Duke of Wellington, 297 and *note*
- Canuel, General, 244 and *note* 1, 245
- Caraman, Duc de, 197
- Carberry, plumier, 184
- Carignan, Prince de—  
 Box at the Turin Opera, 11; negotiations to secure recognition, 19-21
- Carlsbad, 264
- Carlton House, 143, 147, 160, 259; a dinner at, 152
- Carnival, the Paris, 127
- Caroline, Princess of Wales—  
 Appearance in Genoa, 44 and *note* 1; the subscription ball to Murat, 45-46; the audience given by, 46-47
- Carrousel, the, Horses of Venice removed from, 101
- Castelbajac, M. de, 208 *note*
- Castelcicala, Prince, 305; his advice to the Duchesse de Berry, 271-72
- Castlereagh, Lady, character, 185-87
- Castlereagh, Lord—  
 Influence of Metternich over, 154; account of, 154 *note* 1, 186; Comtesse de Boigne's estimation of, 183-84; attitude concerning the French loan, 212; interview with the Duc de Fitz-James, 314; shows copy of M. Dessolles's letter to the Marquis d'Osmond, 324
- Castries, Duc de, 208
- Catherine Pavlovna, Grand Duchess, 148 and *note* 2
- Caulaincourt, M. de, 96 and *note*
- Cavour family, the, 18
- Cette, 49
- Chabot, Alexandre Louis A. de Rohan, 300 *note*
- Auguste Comte de Rohan—incident at St. Sulpice, 299-300; account of, 300 and *note*; 302-3 and *note*
- Chabrol, M. de, 68
- Chamber of Deputies—  
 Discussion of the Election Law, 225; success of the "Liberals," 277; the Conscription Law carried, 291-92; Right and Left parties amalgamate, 319; Left policy, 322; Laws passed by, rejected by the Ministry, 330 *note* 1; mentioned, 124, 232  
 — of Peers, *see* Peers, House of
- Chambéry, 54, 63, 67, 73, 74
- Chambord, Comte de, 98 *note*
- Comtesse de, 6 *note* 2
- Champaubert, 94 *note*
- Champlatreux, 238 *note* 1
- Chantilly, 308
- Charenton, 241
- Charles Alexander, Prince of Thurn, 154 *note* 2
- Charles X, *see* Artois, Comte d'
- Charlotte Alexandra, wife of Nicholas I, 263 *note*
- Princess of Wales—  
 Marriage, 146 and *note* 2, 148; intrigues of Miss Mercer, 148-49; influence of her husband, 149; rudeness to Lady Hertford, 150; home at Claremont, 251-56; character sketch of, 252-54, 258-59; her imitations of Queen Elizabeth, 252, 255; death of, 257; national sorrow on her death, 259, 278; letter of, to the Marquise d'Osmond, 344

- Charlotte, Queen of George III—  
 Invitation to the Comtesse de Boigne, 143; personality, 144-45; attitude towards the Princess Lieven, 155; not informed of condition of Princess Charlotte, 257; care of George III, 280-81; mentioned, 154 and *note* 2, 192
- Charter, the, exile abolished by, 241
- Chartres, Duc de, 177 and *note* 2, 347, 351
- Chastellux, Comtesse de, 79 and *note* — Georgine, *see* Labédoyère, Mme. de  
 — Henri de—  
 Apathy regarding the Duc d'Angoulême, 51-53; account of, 79 and *note*; marriage with Mlle. de Duras, 82, 339
- Château, M. de, 36, 38  
 "Château," the, 206
- Chateaubriand, Mme. de, 207  
 — M. de—  
 Treatment of, by Louis XVIII, 103; embarrassments of, 207-8; *Monarchy by Charter*, 231; names the Left "Liberals," 277; editor of the *Conservateur*, 314
- Châteauvieux, J. Lullin de, author of the Manuscript of St. Helena, 227 *note* 2, 230
- Châtenay, 153 *note*
- Châtre, Comte de La, 107, 137, 173
- Chauvelin, M. de, 311
- Chester, Charles, 188 *note*  
 — Miss, 188 *note*
- Chevalier "de Saint Maurice," title of, 27
- Choisy, Mme., 122
- Church of the Holy Shroud, Piedmont, 57-59
- Civrac, Duchesse de, 337 *note*
- Clam, the Count of, 194
- Claremont, 149; visit of the Comtesse de Boigne to, 251-56; life at, 259
- Clary, Eugénie Désirée, *see* Bernadotte, Mme.  
 — Marie Julie Désirée, 334 *note* 3
- Clementine de Saxe-Coburg, Princess, 347
- Cliques in French Society, prevalence of, 205-6
- Clotilde, Queen, 15 and *note* 1
- Cobbett, William, traits of, 282 and *note*
- Coblentz, 181 *note* 2
- Colbert, Mlle. de, 12-13
- Commission of Peers, 136
- Comte, M., tricks of, 304-5
- Concordat of 1801, 27-28, 42 *note* 1, 294 *note*  
 — of 1817, 294 *note*; action of Comte de Marcellus, 293-4
- Condé, Louise de, 182 and *note* 1, 307  
 — Prince de, 181, 347; account of, 181 *note* 1; death, 308
- Congrégation, the, in France, 26-27, 50 and *note* 2, 137, 241, 315
- Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, 318  
 — of Vienna, 32, 35, 93, 96, 156 *note*; union of Genoa with Piedmont, 25, 34; distribution of the Declaration of March 13, 39, 40 *note*, 56; Lady Castlereagh at, 185
- Congreve rockets, experiments with the, 34
- Consalvi, Cardinal, 42 *note* 1, 294 *note* 1; letter to the Comtesse de Boigne, quoted, 341
- Conscription, first Law of 1818, 291 and *note*
- Conservateur*, the, joined by Chateaubriand, 208 and *note*
- "Conspiracy of the Water's Edge," the, 316-17
- Conspiracy, the Lyons, 243-45
- Constant, Benjamin—  
 Lampoon on Napoleon, the, 90; influence of the Baroness von Krüdener over, 91; deputy for Sarthe, 92 *note*; conversation with the Duc de Broglie, 277; connection with Mme. de Staël's last book, 312
- Constantine, Grand Duke, 284 *note* 1  
 "Convention of the Holy Alliance," 88
- Conyngham, Lady, 151
- Corcelles, M. de, 67-68
- Cornuel, Mme., 115 and *note*
- Corvetto, Comte de—  
 Account of, 211 *note* 1; attack by Ultras, 314; resignation, 320 and *note* 1; mentioned, 214, 219
- Costi, Marquis, *La Jeunesse du Roi Charles Albert*, 20 *note*

- Courlande, Duc Pierre de, 193 *note* 2  
 — Duchesse de, 195, 303  
 Court dress of the Comtesse de Boigne, 189-90  
 Court of Assizes, 243 *note*, 297 *note*  
 — Peers, trial of Marshal Ney, 116-18  
 Courtois of the Convention, 305 *note*  
 Coutts, Messrs., 347  
 Cray, house of Lord Castlereagh at, 185-86  
 Croft, physician to Princess Charlotte, 257-59  
 Crosses of Honour, reckless distribution, 74  
 Crussol, Duc de, 313 and *note* 2  
 Cumberland, Duchess of, 154
- DAMAS, Comte Etienne de, 40 *note*  
 Damas-Crux, Duc de, 40 *note*, 234;  
 at the Duke of Wellington's ball, 306  
 — Duchesse de, 130 and *note*, 232;  
 at the Duke of Wellington's ball, 306  
 Dauphiné, troubles in, 29  
 Davot, Marshal, 180 *note* 2  
 Davoust, 94 *note*  
 Decazes, Duc de—  
 Minister of Police, 111, 298-99;  
 account of, 124 and *note*; Royalist hostility towards, 125, 204, 208, 298-99, 314; favoured by Louis XVIII, 134, 232, 233 *note*, 242-43; recalls the secret police from Twickenham, 176; attitude concerning the French loan, 213; dinner given by, 238; attitude on return of M. de Blacas from Rome, 238-39, 241; discovers will of Marie Antoinette, 305; desires a change of Ministry, 319; marriage of, 321-22; policy towards the *Emigrés* of Holland, 324; attitude on retirement of Marquis d'Osmond, 325; the batch of new peers, 329; reorganisation of the ministry, 331; opinions of the Comtesse de Boigne's circle on, 333; obtains a national recompense for the Duc de Richelieu, 333-34  
 Declaration of March 13, distribution of, 39
- Décreé of December 5, *see* Undiscoverable Chamber  
 Delpuits, Père, 50  
 Derlin, Mlle., 223 *note*  
 Dessolle, General—  
 Heads the Government, 320; letters to the Marquis d'Osmond, 322-23; policy regarding the *Emigrés* in Holland, 324  
 Destillières, Mlle. (Comtesse Rainulphe d'Osmond)—  
 Marriage, 224-25, 278; presented at Court Louis XVIII., 289; offer of the Duc de Rohan, 301; illness of, 312  
 Devonshire (6th) Duke of, 148 and *note*, 149; remark to the Duchess of Richmond, 159  
 Dillon, Comte Edouard—  
 Account of Louis XVIII. in Belgium, 98-100; transferred from Dresden to Florence, 264; conversation with the Comte d'Artois, 289-90.  
 — Georgine, King of Prussia proposes for hand of, 263-64  
 Diplomatic career, the, opinions of the Comtesse de Boigne concerning, 326-29  
 Doctors' Commons, Court of, 164  
 Doctrinaires, the, 319  
 Dom Miguel, party of, 156 *note*  
 Dona Maria, party of, 156 *note*  
 Donnadieu, General, at Grenoble, 243 and *note*, 245  
 Dover, Comtesse de Boigne shipwrecked in crossing from, 286-88  
 Downing Street, 184  
 Dresden, 264  
 Dresnay, Mme. du, 350  
 Drôme, bridge of the, the battle on, 48, 51  
 Drury Lane Theatre, 179  
 Dunmore, Lady, 164  
 Dupont, General, 245  
 Duras, Duc de—  
 First Gentleman of the Chamber, 102 and *note*; incident of the sealed letter, 110-11; leaves the Tuileries, 206  
 — Duchesse de—  
 Reception given to the King of Prussia, 101; salons of, 102, 106, 108, 120, 293, 336; sketch



- Duras, Duchesse de—*continued*  
 of, 102 and *note*; attitude on the escape of M. de Valette, 125; party given by, 205; attitude towards the "Château," 206; opinion regarding the sale of La Vallée aux Loups, 207; action regarding the Manuscript of St. Helena, 228; Mme. de Staël imitated by, 338; literary talent of, 338  
 — Mlle. Clara de, 51 *note* 2; 82, 339-40  
 — Mlle. Félicie de, *see* Talmont, Mme. de
- Durazzo, Louise, 33
- Durfoot, Angélique Victoire de, 51 *note* 2  
 — Emeric Joseph de, 51 *note* 2
- Duroc, Marshal, 228
- EGALITÉ, Philippe, 174 *note* 1, 175 *note*, 240 *note*
- Election Law of Feb., 1817, 225 and *note*; 276, 329 *note* 1
- Elizabeth, Mme., 305  
 — Queen, imitations of, by Princesse Charlotte, 147, 252, 255
- Elliott, Sir Gilbert, 95 *note* 1
- Elphinstone, Miss Mercer, *see* Flahaut, Mme. de
- Elysée Bourbon, 83
- Elysée, Palace of the, 98, 269
- Emigrés, the—  
 Indignation at the Decree of Sept. 5, 198; extravagance of party spirit, 200-208
- Emmanuel, *see* Victor Emmanuel I
- Enghien, Duc d', 181 *note* 1, 347 *note* 3
- England—  
 Army withdrawn from Genoa, 34; treaty proposed between France, Austria and, 96 and *note*; Comtesse de Boigne's impressions of the country, 140-41; attitude towards the French loan, 211; relations with France, unpublished, letter quoted, 323 *note* 1
- English characteristics, 163-64
- English society—  
 At homes, 165-66; routs, 167; balls, 168; a country visit, 188-89
- Englishwomen, the Comtesse de Boigne's sketch of the lives of, 157-62
- Epinal, 274 *note*
- Escars, Duc d', 132, 217, 237-38  
 — Duchesse d', 217; action regarding the Manuscript of St. Helena, 228
- Esgrigny, M. d', 40 *note*
- Esterhazy, Prince Paul—  
 Account of, 154 *note* 2; personality, 156; action regarding the opening of Waterloo Bridge, 251  
 — Princess Paul, hostility of the Princess Lieven to, 153-54
- FAUBOURG St. Honoré, 83
- Fénelstrelle, fortress of, 14
- Ferdinand of Austria, 6 *note* 2
- Ferrand, Comte, the incident of the post horses, 120-21
- Ferronnays, Comte de La—  
 Mission to St. Petersburg, 128 *note* 2; account of, 267 *note* 3; relations with the Duc de Berry, 268-70; appointed to Denmark, 270  
 — Comtesse de, 268 and *note* 1
- Fersen, M. de, 306 *note*
- FitzJames, Duc de, saying of, quoted, 107; interview with Lord Castlereagh, 313-14 and *note* 3  
 — Edouard de, 306
- Flahaut, Comte de, 149 and *note*
- Flahaut, Comtesse de, intrigues of, 149-50
- Florence, 264
- Follemont, M. de, influence over the Duchesse d'Orléans, 138, 246
- Folleville, Mlle. de, 315 *note* 1
- Fontainebleau, the Duchesse de Berry welcomed at, 171 and *note* 2
- Fontaines, M. de, 137
- Fontanes, M. de, 229 and *note*
- Fouché, M.—  
 Public opinion regarding, 76; takes B. Constant to Napoleon, 90; resignation of, 106; the intercepted letter to, 109
- France—  
 England, Austria and, proposed treaty, 96 and *note*; elections of 1815, majority for the nobility, 106; society in, compared with



France—*continued*

that of England, 166; negotiations with the English Ministers, 198-99; party extravagance, 199-208; the Red companies disbanded, 202; negotiations for the loan, 210-18; power of words in, 278; payment of the liquidation indemnities, 313

Frayssinous, Abbé, sermons of, 299 and *note*; oration at the grave of the Prince de Condé, 307-8

Frederick Augustus, Duke of York, 146 *note* 1

— IV., King of Denmark, 321 *note* 3

— William III. of Prussia, proposes marriage to Georgine Dillon, 263-64 and *note*

French soldiers, the disbanded, 77

Frimont, General, 64

Frogmore, 192

GABRIAC, Comte de, letter to the Marquis d'Osmond, 323 *note*

Gallardou, 233 *note*

Ganteaume, Admiral de, 69 *note* 2

Geneva, 258

Genlis, Mme. de, 270 *note* 2

Genoa—

Union with Piedmont, 25-26;

Turin court removes to, 32; description of the city, 33-34; Bonapartist feeling in, 33

Genoude, M. de, 208 *note*

George of Oldenburg, Grand Duke, 148 *note* 2

George III., his illness, 281-82

— IV. (as Regent)—

Quarrels with the Princess, 30, 44 and *note*; concert given by, 143-44; care for his mother, 145; attack on Miss Mercer, 148; habits of, 149-52; invitations to dinner, 152; slander concerning the Marquise d'Osmond and, 246-47; attitude towards the Marquis d'Osmond, 247, 324; opening of Waterloo Bridge, 251; reconciliation with the Princess Charlotte, 257; his extravagance, 259; hospitality at the "Pavilion," 278-85; his capacity for story-telling, 280;

George IV.—*continued*

mentioned, 109 and *note* 2, 191, 192, 193

Ghent, 100, 202, 203, 243 *note*

Girardin, Count Alexandre, 203 and *note* 2, 311

Glenbervie, Lady, 252

Gloucester, Duke of, 192 and *note* 3

Glucksberg, Duchy of, 321 *note* 3

Gontaut, Duchesse de—

*Mémoires*, 169 *note*, 267 *note* 1, 270 *note* 2; account of, 270 *notes*; appointed governess to the children of the Duc de Berry, 270-72

Gontaut Saint Blancard, Marquis of, 270 *note* 1

Gordon, Lord William, 182

Goritz, 98

Gosford, Lord, 44 *note* 2

Gougeno, M., 306 *note* 1

Grandmaison, M. Geoffrey de, *La Congrégation*, 26 *note* 2; 303 *note* 1

Grassalcowics, Princess, 35

Grassini, Mlle., 127

Grave, M. de, 350

Grenoble, 54, 73; occupation of, 67; the disturbance at, 243-44

Greville, Lady Charlotte, 146

Grimaldi, Count, 20 *note*

Guards, the, at the opening of Waterloo Bridge, 251

Guiche, Duc de, 40 *note*, 234

Guillot, Mme., 79 *note*

Guise, Duc de, 115 *note*

Guizot, M., 153 *note*; pamphlet of, 200

HALL of the Marshals in the Tuilleries, 123

Ham, fortress of, 26

Hamburg, 286

Hardenberg, Baron, 184 *note*

Hardenbroek, Baron of, 252

Hardwicke, Lord, 129 and *note*

Harley ladies, the, 45

Harrack, Count of, 263 *note*

Hartwell, 128 *note* 2

Havré, Duc de Croy d', 99 *note* 2, 178 *note* 3, 235 and *note* 2

Heidelberg, 85

Herbouville, M. d', incident of the sealed letter, 110-12

- Hertford, Marchioness of—  
 Influence over George IV., 150,  
 151, 257, 280, 283; receptions,  
 167
- Hervey, Lady Theodosia, *see* Liver-  
 pool, Lady
- Hill, Mr., English Ambassador at  
 Berlin, 21, 25, 44, 47
- Holland, *Emigrés* in, 324
- Holland House receptions, 145
- Holland, Lady (Elizabeth Vassal),  
 145 and *note*  
 — Lord (Henry Richard Fox), 145  
*note*
- Holy Alliance, the, 82 *note*, 198, 292  
*note* 1; influence of the Baroness  
 von Krüdener, 88
- Holy Shroud, ceremony of the, 57–59
- Hospice Richelieu, Bordeaux, 334  
 and *note* 2
- Hundred Days, the, mentioned, 21, 69  
*notes* 1, 2; 74, 91, 127, 136, 181,  
 201, 202, 204, 230, 244 and *note* 1
- IENA, bridge of, question of demoli-  
 tion, 94
- Imperialists, the, 292
- Invalides, Les, 223, 324 *note*
- JACOBINS, the—  
 Activity of, 276–77; attitude of  
 the Comte d'Artois towards,  
 289; the attempt to assassinate  
 the Duke of Wellington, 297 and  
*note*
- Janson, Abbé de, 51 and *note* 1
- Jaucourt, Marquis de, 31 and *note* 1;  
 96 *note*
- Jenkinson, Miss, 189
- Jersey, Lord, 168 *note* 1
- Jesuits, the, in Turin, 27; the So-  
 ciety re-established by Pope Pius  
 VII., 42 *note*
- Joseph II., Emperor, 6 *note*
- Joubert, Georges, 79 *note*
- July Monarchy, the, 175 *note*, 243  
*note*
- KEITH, Lord, 148, 149
- Kent, Duke of, 192 and *note* 2
- Kinnaird, Lord, 297 and *note* 1
- Kléber, M., 324 *note*
- Klinckowström, Baron of, publica-  
 tion of the Fersen papers, 306  
*note*
- Koslovski, Prince, Russian Amba-  
 sador at Turin, 21, 341, 343
- Krüdener, Baron von, 82 *note*  
 — Baroness von—  
 Mme. de Labédoyère appeals to,  
 81; visit of the Comtesse de  
 Boigne to, 82; account of, 82 *note*;  
 account of, by herself, to the  
 Comtesse de Boigne, 84–86; po-  
 litical influence of, 87–89; influ-  
 ence over Benjamin Constant, 91
- Kutusow, General, 355
- LA ROCHE GUYON, seat of the Duc  
 de Rohan, 301, 302
- La Vallée aux Loups, sale of, 207
- La Vendée, rising of, 181, 244 *note* 1;  
 336 *note* 1
- Labédoyère, Comte de—  
 Treason of, 51, 54 and *note*, 55,  
 73; condemnation of, 75; exe-  
 cution of, 79–81; youth and  
 marriage, 79
- Labédoyère, Comtesse de—  
 Marriage of, 79; her courage,  
 80–81; visit to the Baroness von  
 Krüdener, 87–88
- Labouchère, Mr., negotiations con-  
 cerning the French loan, 211  
 and *note* 2, 213–14, 218
- La Fayette, M. de, 311, 324 *note*
- Laffitte, M. Jacques, attitude con-  
 cerning the French loan, 210  
 and *note* 2; speech of, 245
- Laigne, forest of, 354
- Lainé, Viscomte—  
 Account of, 117 *note* 1; 135 *note*;  
 Minister of the Interior, 135,  
 320; Royalist attack on, 202,  
 314; resignation of, 320
- Lamartine, M., 208 *note*
- Lamb, Lady Caroline, "Glenar-  
 von," 170 and *note*
- Lamennais, M., 208 *note*
- Lameth family, the, 311
- Lardenay, Comte de, 69, 70
- Latil, the Abbé, 198 and *note*
- Lauriston, Marquis de, 240 *note*
- Lausanne, 85
- Laval, *see* Montmorency
- Le Coucher*, ceremony of, changed for  
 "the Password," 133, 238, 239
- Left Party in the Chamber, 209;  
 called "Liberals" by Chateau-  
 briand, 277

Leipzig, battle of, 95, 184 *note*

Lenormand, Mlle., 273

Léonce, M. Pingaud, 197 *note*

Leopold, Prince—

Marries Princess Charlotte, 146 and *note* 2, 148; his influence over her, 148-49; life at Claremont, 252-57; sorrow on the death of the Princess, 257; mentioned, 178 *note* 2

Lescure, Marquis de, 337 *note* 1

Lesmattes, battle of, 336 *note* 1

*Letters of St. James's*, cited, 330

"Liberals," the, name applied to the Left Party by Chateaubriand, 277; reception of Mme. de Staël's book, 311

Lieven, Prince, 153 *note* 1

— Princess, 153 *note* 1; hostility towards Princess Esterhazy, 154; personality, 155; at Claremont, 253; at Brighton, 285

Life Guards, offer in regard to death of Marshal Ney, 118

Ligny, battle of, 63, 94 *note*

Lille, meeting between Louis XVIII. and the Duc d'Orléans, 174-75 and *note* 2, 265

Liverpool, Lady, a country visit to, 188-89

— Lord, 188 *note* 1; remark of, 259-60

Livorno, 35, 36, 46, 134

London, impressions of the Comtesse de Boigne, 141-42

Louis XVI.—

Old Court customs of, revived by Louis XVIII., 132-37; tenderness of the Duchesse d'Angoulême for, 305-6

Louis XVIII.—

Attitude towards the King of Sardinia, 25, 115; receives news of the Bonapartist plans, 31; at Ghent, 37; return from Belgium, 72, 98; letter of B. Constant to, 92; policy of Alexander towards, 97; stay in Belgium, account by Edouard Dillon, 99-100; attitude on trial of Marshal Ney, 116-19; attitude on trial of M. de Valette, 121-25; a happy saying of, 129; reception of Lady Elizabeth Stuart,

Louis XVIII.—*continued*

130-31; preservation of ancient Court customs, 133; favour shown to M. Decazes, 134, 242-43; appoints a commission of Peers, 136; the meeting at Lille with the Duc d'Orléans, 174-75 and *notes*; letter from Talleyrand, 175 *note*; nature of his Government, 197; illness at the Tuileries, 225; departure from Milan, 228 and *note* 1; Government condemned by the Ultras, 231; religion of, 233; reception of M. de Blacas, 233-40; etiquette at the Tuileries, 234; nomination of a Minister of the King's Household, 241; reception of the Duc d'Orléans, 245-47; continued acts of discourtesy towards the Orléans family, 265-67; the layette presented to the Duchesse de Berry, 269; his manoeuvres regarding the Peers, 290; attitude towards the Concordat, 295; incident in the chapel of the Tuileries, 298-99; arrangements for funeral of the Prince de Condé, 308; deprives Monsieur of command of the National Guard, 315-16; action on discovery of the "Conspiracy at the Water's Edge," 316-17; displeasure at retirement of M. d'Osmond, 325-26; attitude towards Mme. Bernadotte, 334-35; caricature in London, 356

Louis Philippe I., *see* Orléans, Duc d'

Louise of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, 263 *note*

— Princess, *d.* of Louis Philippe, 146 *note* 3

Louvre, *salon* of the, 237

Ludolf, Comtesse de, 350

Lur-Saluces, Marquis de, 48-49

Luxembourg, the, 119, 292

Luzerne, Cardinal de la, 208 *note*

Lyons—

Visit of the Comtesse de Boigne to, 2-4; advance of Bubna on, 69; observation of the festival of St. Louis, 74-75; the conspiracy at, 243-44

- MACCLESFIELD, Lady, 143  
 Mackenzie, army paymaster, 101  
*Madames*, the, of Chateaubriand, 207  
 Madrid, 49  
 Maillé, Duc de, 74, 171  
   — Duchesse de, 205  
 Mallet, Mme., 179  
 Manuscript of St. Helena, the, 227–30  
 Marcellus, Comte de, negotiations with the Pope, 292–95 and *notes*  
 Marchand, General, 37–38 and *note* 1, 55  
 Maria Theresa Josephine of Austria, 6 and *note*  
 Marie, Abbé, 228 and *note* 2  
   — Antoinette, Queen—  
     Her qualities not inherited by the Duchesse d'Angoulême, 305; will of, 305 *note*; letter to Comte Fersen, quoted, 306 *note* 1  
   — Louise, Empress, 38  
   — Louise, Infanta, 42 and *note*  
   — Princess, 192 *note* 3  
 Marion, servant, story of, 2–4  
 Marmont, Marshal, *see* Raguse, Duc de  
 Marsan, M. de Saint, 15 and *note* 2  
 Pavillon de, 122  
 Marshall, Dr.—  
   Discovery of the Bonapartist plans, 30; incident of the sealed letter, 109–12; sketch of, 111  
 Marthe, Sister, visions of, 233  
 Martin, Ignace Thomas, 233 and *note*, 241  
 Masin, Countess, 18  
 Masséna, 36  
 Maubourg, M. de La Tour, 324, 331  
 Maurepas, M. de, 18  
 Maury, M. Lucien, 306 *note* 1  
 Melbourne, Lord, 170  
 Memel, 228 *note* 1  
 Ménageot, François Guillaume, 15 and *note* 3  
 Mercer, Miss, *see* Flahaut, Mme. de  
 Metternich, Prince, 99, 153 *note*, 154; influence over Lord Castlereagh, 183–84 and *note*  
 Metz, 274 *note* 1  
 Meuse, 286  
 Mitau, 228 and *note*  
 Modena, 85  
   — Duke of, 20, 66 and *note*  
 Molé, Comte—  
   Account of, 229, 238 and *note*;  
   Royalist attack on, 314; resignation, 320  
 Monbadon, Anne, de La Faurie, 51 *note* 2  
 Moncalieri, 54  
*Moniteur*, the, letters of the Duc d'Angoulême intercepted and published, 49; letters of the Marquis d'Osmond intercepted and published, 53 and *note*; M. Constant's lampoon on Napoleon published, 90; disavowal of the letters of the Duc d'Orléans, 174 *note* 2  
 Mont Cenis Pass, 62  
 Mont Valérian, Calvary of, 50 *note* 2  
 Montsoreau, Comte de, 268 *note*  
   — Comtesse de, 268 *note*; incident of the layette, 268–69  
 Montesquiou, M. de, 262  
 Montgeron, 180 *note* 2  
 Montjoie, Mme. de, 180  
 Montmélian, 60; seized by the French, 60–61  
 Montmirail, 94 *note*  
 Montmorency, Adrien de, Duc de Laval, 49 and *note* 2, 53  
   — Louise A. E. de, 300 *note* 1  
   — Mme. Thibaut de, 180 *note* 2, 248  
   — Mathieu de, 207 and *note* 2, 290  
   — Raoul de, 180 and *note* 2, 248 and *note* 2  
   — Thibaut de, 180 *note* 2  
 Montpensier, Duc de, 174 and *note*  
 Moreau Marshal, 190  
 Mornington, Colley-Lord, 126 *note* 1  
 Morozzi Palace, Turin, 25  
 Mortier, Marshal, 174, 176  
 Mouchy, Marshal de, 171 *note* 1, 178 *note* 3; story of the *Cordon Bleu*, 301  
 Mounier, Claude Edouard, 313 and *note* 1  
 Moutier, M. de, 274 *note*  
 Mulgrave, Lady, 189  
 Mun, Comte Albert de, 26 *note* 2  
 Muraire, Comte, 321 *note* 1  
   — Mlle., 321 *note* 1  
 Murat, King of Naples—  
   Attempts to help Napoleon, 36;  
   gift to Princess Caroline, 45;  
   the subscription ball at Naples,

- Murat, King of Naples—*continued*  
45-46; defeat at Occhiobello, 50
- Murray, Mr., publisher, 227 *note* 2
- NAGLE, Admiral Sir Edmund, 284
- Naples, the Royalist reaction in, 30;  
the subscription ball to Murat,  
45-46
- Narbonne, Duc de, 53, 241 and *note*  
3  
— Duchesse de, influence over  
Louis XVIII., 232; retirement  
from court, 241
- Narishkine, Mme. de, 88
- National Guard, command taken  
from the Comte d'Artois, 314
- Navailles, Mlle. de Montaut, *see*  
Gontaut, Duchesse de
- Nemours, Duc de, 179 and *note*, 180,  
351
- Nesselrode, Count, 89, 184 *note*; let-  
ter of, to the Comtesse de Boigne,  
101 *note*, 343
- Ney, Marshal, trial and execution of,  
116 and *note*, 120
- Nicholas I., visit to Brighton, 284  
and *note* 1, 231; to London, 355
- Nimes, 39-40
- Niort, 274 *note*
- Noailles, Comte de, 272 *note*  
— Comtesse de, 205, 272  
— Euphémie Cécile de, 178 *note* 3  
— Madame de, 178 *note* 3  
— Vicomte Louis Marie de, 178  
*note* 3
- Note Secrète*, the, 298; presentation  
of, 281
- Notre Dame ceremony, insult to the  
Orléans family, 265
- Novant-ott*, system enforced by Vic-  
tor Emmanuel, 4-6
- Novion, M. Bertrand de, 230
- OATLANDS, 356, 357
- Occhiobello, Murat defeated at, 50
- Odéon, the, fire in, 299
- Opposition, the—  
Tactics, 148, 149; complaints  
concerning the loan, 218-219;  
supports the Duc d'Orléans,  
267; Ultras accused by, of con-  
spiracy, 296-97; reception of  
Mme. de Staël's book, 311
- Ordinance of September 5, 119 and  
*note* 1
- Orléans, Dowager Duchesse d', 137,  
347  
— Duc d' (Louis Philippe)—  
Attitude on trial of the Ministers  
of Charles X., 117 *note* 2; treat-  
ment by Louis XVIII., 137,  
245-46; 265-66; life at Twick-  
enham, 173-182; the meeting at  
Lille, 173-176 and *notes*; policy  
of Alexander regarding, 175  
*note*; sketch of his character,  
177; return to Paris, 245-46;  
visit to the Comtesse de Boigne,  
246; takes his family to the  
Palais Royal, 247; assertion of  
Prince Castelcicala concerning,  
271-72; hostility of Nicholas I.  
to, 285 *note*; Cardinal de Ro-  
han and, 303 *note* 2; letters of,  
to the Marquis d'Osmond, 353-  
55  
— Duchesse d'—  
Life at Twickenham, 180; let-  
ters to the Marquise d'Osmond  
and Mme. de Boigne, 180 *note*,  
345-52; baptism of the little  
princess, 192; reception at the  
Tuileries, 248, 265  
— Louise de, Duchesse de Bour-  
bon, 347 *note*  
— Princesse Adelaïde (Madame  
Adelaïde), at Twickenham, 177  
and *note* 1; slander concerning,  
247-48  
— Princesse Marie Christine, 178  
and *note* 2, 179, 346, 350,  
351  
"Orleanists," 246
- Osasque, General Polycarpe d', 20  
*note*
- Osmond, Bishop d', of Nancy, 51  
*note* 1  
— Comte Rainulphe d'—  
Carries Declaration of March 13  
to the Duc d'Angoulême, 39-  
40; letters to his father, 40-41  
*note*; *aide-de-camp* to the Duc  
d'Angoulême, 48, 73, 200; let-  
ters from Spain, 49 and *note* 1;  
marriage of, 224-25, 262-63,  
273, 278; slanders concerning,  
246-47; mentioned in Cardinal  
Consalvi's letter, 342  
— Comtesse Rainulphe d', *see* Des-  
tillières, Mlle.

## Osmond, Marquis d'—

Ambassador at Turin, 1-32; secures the recognition of the Princes de Carignano, 19-21; revelation of the Bonapartist plans, 30-31; removes with the Court to Genoa, 32; receives news of the escape from Elba, 36; distribution of the Declaration of March 13, 39; audience with the Princess Caroline, 47; return to Turin, 54-56; efforts on behalf of M. de Polignac, 61; reply to First Chamberlain of the Duke of Modena, 66; protest against expulsion of the French from Piedmont, 72; appointed French Ambassador in London, 107 and *note*; return from Turin, 116; attitude of George IV. towards, 152, 247; kindness to the Duc d'Orléans, 173, 180, 246-47; communication with the Duc de Richelieu, 183; the commission from Talleyrand, 192-93; attitude towards Chateaubriand, 207-8; Ouvrard's negotiations with, concerning the loan, 211-14; action on the opening Waterloo Bridge, 257; visit to Claremont, 252-56; story of the Chevalier de X., 274-75; return to Paris for the marriage of his son, 278; visit to Brighton, 279-85; payment of the liquidation indemnities, 312-13; Royalist attacks on, 314; retirement of, 322-23; relations with M. de La Tour Maubourg, 324-25; question of pension, 326; letters to, from the Duc d'Orléans, 353-55; note from the Duc de Bourbon, 356

## — Marquise d'—

Relations with the Princesse de Talleyrand, 193-94; slander regarding, 246-47; visit to Claremont, 252-56; visits to Brighton, 278-85, 345; attraction of the Grand Duke Nicholas for, 284-85; the discovery of the "Conspiracy at the Water's Edge," 316; illness at Dover, 326; letter to, from Princess

Osmond, Marquise d'—*continued*

Charlotte of Wales, 344; letters to, from the Duchess d'Orléans, 345-52; letters to, from the Duchess of York, 356-57

— Vicomte d', 200 *note*

— Vicomtesse d', 200

Oudinot, Marshal, *see* Reggio, Duc de

Ouvrard, Gabriel Julien, negotiations regarding the loan, 210 and *note* 1, 214-15

PACCA, Cardinal, 59 and *note* 1

Palais Bourbon, 308

— Royal, 179, 180, 267 *note* 1; arrival of the Orléans family, 247-48

Palmella, Count, personality, 156 and *note*

Parc, M. du, 180-81

Parga, cession of, 260 and *note* 1

Paris—

Entry of Napoleon, 56; return of Louis XVIII. to, 93; behaviour of the Allies, 93; the Carnival, 127; feeling on the Bourse regarding the loan, 211-12; 218-19; elections of 1817, 276

Pasquier, M.—

*Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier*, cited, 89 *note*, 118 *note*, 175 *note*, 195 *note*, 218 *note*, 244 *note*, 294 *note*, 305 *note*, 316 *note*; discussion of the Election Law of 1817, 225 *note*; Guardian of the Seals, 294 *note*; Royalist attack on, 314; resignation, 320; Minister for Foreign Affairs, 331

"Password," ceremony of the, adopted, 133-34, 238-39

Paul I., Emperor, 148 *note* 2

Pavilion, the Brighton, entertainment in, 278-85

Pavillon de Marsan, 217, 292

Peers, House of—

Vote against the Ministry, the, 291-92; creation of the sixty new Peers by M. Decazes, 329

Pelham, Tom, his reply to his father, 240-50

Perier, Casimir, 210 *note* 2, 320 *note* 1

Périgord, Comte Edmond de, 193 *note*



- Périgord, Comtesse Edmond de, 193  
and *note*
- Perregaux, Messrs., 210 *note* 2
- Piedmont—  
    *Biglietto Regio*, employment of,  
    7; social customs in, 12-15; the  
    paternal government of, 13-14;  
    union with Genoa, 25-26; cere-  
    mony of the Holy Shroud, 57-  
    58; troops of, enter France with  
    the Austrians, 64 and *note* 1;  
    French expelled from, 171
- Pius VI., Pope, 42 *note* 1
- VII., Pope—  
    Congregation in France, his  
    troubles with the, 27; account  
    of, 26 and *note* 2, 42; ceremony  
    of the Holy Shroud, 57-58; at  
    Fontainebleau, 300 *note* 1
- IX., Pope, 43 *note*
- Place Vendôme, design of the Allies  
regarding, 94
- Pococks, the, visit of the Orléans  
family to, 348
- Poix, Prince de, sayings of, 171 and  
*note* 1, 171, 209
- Polastron, Duchesse Yolande de, 26  
*note* 1
- Polignac, Comte Jules de—  
    Imprisonment under Charles X.,  
    26 *note* 1; sketch of, 26-29; made  
    Prince of Rome, 27 and *note*;  
    taken prisoner, 60-61; escape of,  
    60, 61; refusal to take the oath  
    when created Peer, 136-37;  
    Minister of Police to the Secret  
    Government, 137; marriage,  
    195-96; Minister for Foreign  
    Affairs, 291; bearer of the *Note*  
    *Secrète*, 314-16
- Comte Melchior de, 40 *note*
- Duc Jules de, 26 *note* 1
- Portalis, Comte de, 294 and *note* 1,  
295 *note*
- Porto Ferrajo, 36
- Portugal, struggles of, 156 *note*
- Pothier, Colonel, 203
- Pozzo di Borgo, General—  
    Retort on Bernadotte, 95-96;  
    relations with Duke of Wellin-  
    gton, 96-97; his conversation  
    with Alexander, 98-99; mission  
    entrusted to, 184 and *note*; ne-  
    gotiations with Ouvrard, 210-  
    212; tactics regarding the Sal-
- Pozzo di Borgo, General—*continued*  
    vandy pamphlet, 215-16; men-  
    tioned in letters, 341, 343
- Pradel, Comte de, 241 and *note* 1
- Preninville, Mme. de, 138
- Press, the English, respect for George  
III., 282
- Princeteau, Mme., 134, 205
- Provence, feeling in, on escape of  
Napoleon, 37
- Prussia, attitude towards the French  
loan, 211
- Puisieux, Mme. de, 115, 301
- QUÉRARD, J. M., *Les Supercheries*,  
etc., 227 *note* 2
- RADZIWIŁŁ, Prince, 263
- Raguse, Duc de—  
    Account of, 119 *note* 2; sketch of,  
    119-25; attitude on trial of M.  
    de La Valette, 123-25; accepts  
    the Manuscript of St. Helena,  
    229; sent to Lyons, 243-45
- Rambouillet, 94 *note*, 241
- Hôtel de, 115 *note*
- Rauzan, Duc de, 82
- Duchesse de, *see* Duras, Mlle.  
Clara de
- Recamier, Mme., 82-83, 89-90, 91-  
92, 235; relations with Benjamin  
Constant, 89-92
- Recruiting Law, 291 and *note*
- Red Companies, 300 *note* 1; disband-  
ing of the, 203
- Reggio, Duc de, 223 and *note*
- Duchesse de, 223
- Reinhard, M. de, 97
- Restoration, the, attitudes of the Al-  
lies, 93-99
- Reuilly, Mme. de, 308
- Revolution, the, influence of Mme.  
de Staël's book on, 310-11
- Richmond, Duchess of, incident of  
the Waltz, 159-60
- Richelieu, Duc de—  
    Account of, 108 *note*; charac-  
    ter, 108-9; incident of the sealed  
    letter, 110-12; farewell of the  
    Emperor Alexander to, 113;  
    patriotism, 114-15; relations  
    with the Marquis d'Osmond,  
    116, 183; attitude on trial of  
    Marshall Ney, 116-18; attitude  
    on trial of M. de La Valette,

Richelieu, Duc de—*continued*

121-24; supports influence of M. Decazes, 134; dismissal of M. Vaublanc, 135; Lord Castlereagh's opinion of, 185; the task of liquidation, 199, 219, 313-14; extremist opinions of his Ministry, 202; the Salvandy pamphlet, 215-16; influence in passing the Election Law of 1817, 225 *note*; attitude on return of M. de Blacas, 233-35; the lunch at the Tuileries, 235-36; second Ministry, 240 *note* 1; appointment of M. de Ferronnays, 270; appointment of M. Portalis, 299 *note*; Royalist attacks on, 304, 314; policy at Aix-la-Chapelle, 318; attacks on, 319-21; retirement of, 322, 326; the national reward to, 333-34; journey of, and return to Paris, 335-36; mentioned in letter of the Duc d'Orléans, 347

Rivière, Marquis de—

Commanding at Marseilles, 41 *note*, 53 and *note* 2; French Ambassador at Constantinople, 53 *note* 2, 137-38; conduct at Toulon, 69-70

Robespierre, 312; "The Little Cat," 311 *note*

Roburent, Count, 6, 7

Rochejaquequin, August Comte de La, 273, 336 and *note*

— Henri and Louis de La, 336 *note*

— Mme. Louis, 336 *note*

Rohan, Duc de, *see* Chabot

Rossi, surgeon, 65

Roussel, M., 2-4

Roussillon, castle of, 79 *note*

Roy, Antoine Comte, 320 *note*, 331 and *note* 2

*Royal Calendar* of 1818, cited, 152

Royal Court of Paris, 317 *note* 1

Royalists, the Ultra party of the —

Anger of, on escape of M. de Valette, 123-24; quarrel with the Duc de Raguse, 125; extravagance of party feeling, 134-36; complaints against M. de Girardin, 204; animosity against M. Decazes, 205; founding of the *Conservateur*, 208 and *note*; at-

Royalists—*continued*

titude towards the loan, 217-18; effect of the Bonapartist excitement on, 231; effect of M. Laffitte's speech on, 245; attitude on return of the Duc d'Orléans, 245; hatred of the Orléans family, 265; behaviour during the elections of 1817, 276; accusation concerning the attempt on Duke of Wellington, 296-97; agents sent to London, 313-14; presentation of the *Note Secrete*, 314; the "Conspiracy at the Water's Edge," 316-17; agents at Aix-la-Chapelle, 318; welcomed at house of the Comtesse de Boigne, 332

Rue d'Anjou, expiatory chapel of the, 306

Ruffo, M. de, 305

Russia, attitude towards the military occupation of France, 199

SABRAN, Elzéar de, 88

Sainneville, M. Charrier de, 68, 244 and *note* 2

Saint Charles, square of, Turin, 15

— Cloud, plundered by Blücher, 94 *note*

— Denis, funeral of the Prince de Condé, 308

— Helena, the Manuscript of, 227-30

— James's Palace, 145

— Louis' Day, celebrations, 259

— Sulpice, 300 *note*; the incident in, 299

Sainte Enfance, work of the, 50 *note* 2

Saluces, M. de, 20 and *note*

Salvandy, N. A., Comte de, "The Coalition and France," 215

Sardinia, *see* Victor Emmanuel

Sarthe, 92 *note*

Savoy—

Handed over to Sardinia, 25, 115; French armies in, 67; popular feeling in, 73; visit of the Comtesse de Boigne to, 331

Secret Government, the, appointment of M. de Polignac, 137; its method of working, 315-16

Sérent, Comte de, 300 *note* 1

— Duc de, 300 *note* 1

— Mme. de, 130, 232

- Sérent, Mlle. de, 300 and *note* 1  
 Serre, Comte de, 328 *note*  
 Sesmaisons, Donatien de, 104-5  
 Seven Years' War, 181 *note* 2  
 Sidmouth, Lord, 260 and *note* 2, 261  
 Siena, 84  
 Soult, Marshal, 126 *note* 1  
 Soyecourt, Mlle. de., 321 and *note* 2  
 — Marquis de, 321 *note* 2  
 Spencer, Georgina, 148 and *note* 4  
 Staël, Albertine de, *see* Broglie, Duchesse de  
 — Auguste de, publishes his mother's book, 310-11  
 — Mme. de—  
 Death of, 309-10; influence of her book on the Revolution, 310-11; habits of 338  
 Stafsund, castle of, 306 *note*  
 Stahrenberg, Prince, 23  
 Strasbourg, 102  
 Stuart, Lady, presentation of, 129 and *note*, 132  
 — Sir Charles, 95, 129 and *note*, 132  
 Suchet, Marshal, 61, 68, 71  
 Sweden, Queen of, *see* Bernadotte, Mme.  
  
 TALLEYRAND, Cardinal, 307 and *note*  
 — Prince de—  
 Congress of Vienna, at, 31, 36, 93, 96, 156 *note*; message to the Marquis d'Osmond, 72; relations with Alexander, 86, 96, 97, 106; policy of, 96, 97; interview with the Comtesse de Boigne, 100, 106-7; retirement from office, 113; letter to Louis XVIII. from Vienna, 175 *note*; career of, 193 *note*; separation from the Princesse, 193-95; relations with the Comte d'Artois, 303-4  
 — Princesse de, separation from the Prince, 193-95  
 Talmont, Prince de, 103  
 — Princesse de—  
 Marriage with M. de La Rochejaquelin, 337; relations with the Duchesse de Rauzan, 339; mentioned, 103, 273, 338  
 Tancred, Count of Barolo, 12-13  
 Terror, the, incidents, 2-4  
  
 Tèxel, the, 286 and *note*  
 Thames River, the, Madame de Boigne's impressions, 141-42  
 Theresa Mathilda Amelia, Princess, 154 *note* 2  
 Thiard, M. de, 311  
 Thil-en-Forêt, castle of, 79 *note* 1  
 "Thisbe," the story of, 235-36  
 Toulon, conduct of M. Brune at, 69-70  
 Toulouse, 322  
 Tour du Pin, Cécile de La, 104-5  
 — Comte de La, 53 *note* 2, 104-5, 342  
 — Mme. de, 105-6  
 — Pin-Gouvernet, Hombert de, death of, 103-5  
 Tournelle, Marquise de La, 79 *note*  
 Tourzel, Marquise de, 235 *note*  
 Treaty of London, 292 *note*  
 — of Paris, 114, 115, 126  
 Trémouille, La, family of, 103  
 Tuffières, Marquis de, 301  
 Tuileries, the—  
 Return of Louis XVIII., 97-99; court etiquette in the, 122, 129-31; Hall of the Marshals, 123; reception of an English ambassador, 130-1; an ambassador's dinner, 132-33; reception of the Orléans family, 247-48; incident in the chapel, 298-99; dinner to celebrate marriage of the Duc de Berry, 348  
  
 Turin—  
 Political condition on return of Victor Emmanuel, 4-7; Society in, 7-9; distribution of the opera boxes, 9-12; social customs, 17; the diplomatic body in, 21-22; description of the town, 23-24; visit of Pope Pius VII., 57-59; appeal for Austrian help, 62-63; expulsion of the French, 71; Mme. de Boigne leaves, 72-73  
 Twickenham, 246; life of the Orléans family at, 173-83  
 Tyrol, the, 85  
 Tyszkiewicz, Princess, 195  
  
 UNDISCOVERABLE Chamber, the, 244 *note* 1; abolition by Decree of Sept. 5, 137, 197; work of the, 202

- Uxbridge House, the ball at, 169-70  
 — Lord, 168 *note* 1, *see also* Anglesey, Marquis of
- VALANCE, Vicomte de, 270 *note* 2
- Valese, Count of—  
 Return to politics, 5; dinner to the deputies of Genoa, 25-26; action on escape of Napoleon, 37; policy, 61-62; mentioned, 50, 72
- Valette, Mme. de La, 123-25  
 — M. de La, trial of, 120-23; escape of, 124
- Vaublanc, Comte de—  
 Account of, 114 *note* 202; sketch of, 114-15; attitude on trial of Marshal Ney, 119; dismissal, 134-35
- Vaudreuil, Vicomte de, 197 *note*  
 — Vicomtesse de, 197 *note*; conversation with the Marquis d'Osmond, 198
- Vauguyon, La, family of, 21
- Venice, Horses of, removed from the Carrousel, 101
- Verac, Comte de, 178 *note* 3  
 — Comtesse de, at Twickenham, 178 and *note* 3, 180  
 — Marquis de, 178 *note* 3
- Vernerel, Louisa, maid, 2-4
- Vestris, of the Paris Opéra, anecdote, 15-16
- Victoire, Mme., 79, 139
- Victor Amedée, 14  
 — Amedeo III., 64 *note* 1  
 — Emmanuel I.—  
 Establishment of the *Novantott*, 5-7; distribution of the Opéra boxes, 9-12; financial condition, 20; union of Piedmont and Genoa, 25-26; in Sardinia, 32, 50, 73; his policy of neutrality, 37, 50, 57, 60, 62; journey to Turin, 41; ceremony of the Holy Shroud, 58-59; character and personality, 64-65; expulsion of the French from Turin, 71
- Vienna—  
 Papal Conclave of Oct. 1799, 41-42 *note* 1; attitude towards the military occupation of France, 199, *see also* Congress
- Vietinghoff, Juliana von, *see* Krüdener, Mme.
- Villefranche, Comte de, question of recognition of his son, 21
- Villèle, Comte de, 316; influence among the Ultras, 231-32; Royalist leader in 1817, 276
- Villiers, Lady Caroline Elizabeth, 168
- Vitrolles, Baron de, author of the *Note Secrète*, 298 and *note* 2, 314 and *note* 2
- Voisins, Mlle. Gilbert de, *see* Osmond, Victomesse d'
- WAGRAM, battle of, 223 *note*
- Warsaw, 228 *note*
- Waterloo, battle of, 63, 71, 96, 100, 126 *note*
- Waterloo Bridge, opening of, on June 18, 1817, 251
- Webster, Sir Godfrey, 145 *note* 1
- Wellesley, Henry, 168 *note* 1  
 — Lady Emily, incident of the ball at Uxbridge House, 169-70
- Wellington, Duke of—  
 Policy regarding the military occupation of France, 96-97, 198-99, 355; relations with the Duc de Berry, 100; spoliation carried out by, 101; attitude on trial of Marshal Ney, 117-20; parties given by, in Paris, 126; career of, 126 *note*; *note* of, *quoted*, 169 *note*; attitude concerning the loan, 211-15; incident of the Salvandy pamphlet, 215-16; opening of Waterloo Bridge, 251; attempt to assassinate, 296-97; ball given by, 304-7; contradicts the reports of the Ultras, 314
- Whigs, tactics of the, 148
- Wilhelmina Henrietta, Princesse, 321 *note* 2
- William I. of Prussia, 263 *note*  
 — of Wurtemberg, 148 *note* 2  
 — of Holland, 128 *note*, 148 and *note* 1  
 — II. of Prussia, 146 *note* 1  
 — III. of Orange, 245
- Winchelsea, Lord, 152 *note*
- YARBOROUGH, Lord, 249-50
- York, Duchess of, 146 and *note* 1, 147; Court functions, 191; letter to the Marquise d'Osmond, *quoted*, 356-57  
 — Duke of, 280







**DATE DUE**

--	--

98416

bag  
252  
net.

DOMINICAN COLLEGE LIBRARY



3 3645 00032031 0

B  
B63  
v.2

DC 146 .B75 v.2

Boigne, Louise-El eonore-  
Charlotte-Ad elaide

Memoires of the comtesse de  
Boigne

**Dominican College Library**  
**San Rafael, California**

